PHOTOPLAY

CENTS
ents in Canada

FEBRUARY

KAY
FRANCIS

UNDRAPING HOLLYWOOD

YOUTH ROMANCE MELODY

Jesse L. LASKY'S

I am Suzanne!

Lilian HARVEY · GENE RAYMOND

LESLIE BANKS

PODRECCA'S PICCOLI MARIONETTES

Directed by Rowland V. Lee

Romance—tender, heart-warming as "Seventh Heaven"! Your heart follows the lovers down the shining path of their romance . . . While your eyes light up at the grace of beautiful girls, gorgeous dancers, human marionettes . . . and your ears tingle to the lilt of tuneful melodies . . . Truly great entertainment—a love story that lives and throbs against the world's strangest background.

FOX

Even his best friend wouldn't SAVE HIM!

(Mostly boys in this picture, but the moral is for girls)

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Listerine instantly conquers odors that ordinary mouth washes cannot hide in 12 hours. It immediately halts fermentation, the cause of odors, then gets rid of the odors themselves. When you want quick action and lasting deodorant effect, use only Listerine, the safe antiseptic. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

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GRETA GARBO in "Queen Christina" with John Gilbert, Ian Keith, Lewis Stone, Elizabeth Young, A Rouben Mamoulian Production, Associate Producer, Walter Wanger

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PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

Vol. XLV No. 3 | KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, *Publisher* | February, 1934

Winners of Photoplay Magazine Gold Medal for the best picture of the year

1920
"HUMORESQUE"
1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"
1922
"ROBIN HOOD"
1923
"THE COVERED WAGON"
1924
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
1925
"THE BIG PARADE"
1926
"BEAU GESTE"
1927
"7th HEAVEN"
1928
"FOUR SONS"
1929
"DISRAELI"
1930
"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"
1931
"CIMARRON"
1932
"SMILIN' THROUGH"

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On the Cover—Kay Francis—Painted by Earl Christy

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Consult this picture shopping guide and save your time, money and disposition

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

★ *Indicates photoplay was named as one of the best upon its month of review*

ACE OF ACES—RKO-Radio.—Richard Dix in a not-so-hot wartime aviation story. (*Dec.*)

★ **ADORABLE**—Fox.—Janet Gaynor in a gay, tuneful puff-ball about a princess in love with an officer of her army. Henry Garat's the officer—and he's a hit! Don't miss it. (*Aug.*)

AFTER TONIGHT—RKO-Radio.—Connie Bennett's a Russian spy in love with Austrian officer Gilbert Roland; fast, exciting. (*Dec.*)

AGGIE APPLEBY, MAKER OF MEN—RKO-Radio.—Country-boy Charles Farrell is made into a tough mug by bad-lady Wynne Gibson. Bill Gargan. You'll laugh and like it. (*Dec.*)

ANN CARVER'S PROFESSION—Columbia.—Fay Wray shows her competence aside from horror stuff, as a successful lawyer married to Gene Raymond. Gene gets into trouble; Fay must save him. Acceptable entertainment. (*Sept.*)

★ **ANN VICKERS**—RKO-Radio.—Irene Dunne in a finely acted tale of a social worker who loves but doesn't marry. Walter Huston, Bruce Cabot. Strictly for sophisticates. (*Dec.*)

★ **ANOTHER LANGUAGE** — M-G-M. — A slow-moving but superbly acted story of a bride (Helen Hayes) misunderstood by the family of hubby Bob Montgomery. The late Louise Closser Hale plays the dominating mother. (*Oct.*)

ARIZONA TO BROADWAY—Fox.—Joan Bennett, Jimmie Dunn, and a good cast, wasted in a would-be adventure yarn about slicking the slickers. (*Sept.*)

AVENGER, THE—Monogram.—Adrienne Ames and Ralph Forbes wasted on this one. (*Dec.*)

BEAUTY FOR SALE—M-G-M.—An amusing tale about the troubles of girls who work in a beauty shop. Una Merkel, Alice Brady, Madge Evans, Hedda Hopper, others. (*Nov.*)

BED OF ROSES — RKO-Radio. — Ex-reform schoolgirls Connie Bennett and Pert Kelton out to beat life. Not for kiddies. (*Aug.*)

BEFORE DAWN—RKO-Radio.—Dorothy Wilson, a spiritualist, tries to help detective Stuart Erwin solve a murder mystery—in a haunted house! Not for the kiddies. (*Jan.*)

BELOW THE SEA—Columbia.—A Fay Wray thriller; caught in a diving bell on a deep-seas expedition this time. Diver Ralph Bellamy to the rescue. Good underseas shots and good fun. (*Aug.*)

★ **BERKELEY SQUARE**—Fox.—As subtly done as "Smilin' Through"; Leslie Howard thrown back among his 18th century ancestors. Heather Angel. (*Sept.*)

BEST OF ENEMIES—Fox.—No great comeback for Buddy Rogers; he and Marian Nixon reconcile quarreling papas Frank Morgan and Joseph Cawthorn. (*Sept.*)

BIG BRAIN, THE—RKO-Radio.—Clever and fast, except in the climax. George E. Stone climbs from barber to phony stock magnate. Reginald Owen, Fay Wray. (*Aug.*)

BIG EXECUTIVE—Paramount.—Ricardo Cortez, Richard Bennett, Elizabeth Young, wasted in another of these stock market tales. Weak story. (*Oct.*)

BITTER SWEET—United Artists.—A British musical, about a woman musician who lives on after her husband was killed defending her honor. It could have been stronger. (*Nov.*)

BLARNEY KISS, THE—British & Dominions.—British restraint takes zip from this tale of an Irishman who kisses the Blarney Stone, and then has great adventures in London. Well acted. (*Nov.*)

BLIND ADVENTURE — RKO-Radio. — Adventurous Bob Armstrong tangled with Helen Mack, crooks, and a jovial burglar, Roland Young, in a London fog. But the plot is as badly befogged as the characters. (*Oct.*)

★ **BLONDE BOMBSHELL, THE**—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "Bombshell.") Jean Harlow superb in an uproarious comedy of Hollywood life. Press-agent Lee Tracy makes her the hot "Bombshell"; she wants to lead the simple life. (*Dec.*)

BLOOD MONEY—20th Century-United Artists.—Underworld bail bondsman George Bancroft falls in love with pretty Frances Dee and deserts his gangster friends who made him. Good suspense. (*Jan.*)

FASHIONS

No man can escape them and no woman wants to. You'll find this issue of

PHOTOPLAY

full of news about forthcoming styles and fashions.

★ **BOWERY, THE** — 20th Century-United Artists.—Grand fun while Wally Beery as *Chuck Connors* and George Raft as *Steve Brodie* battle for leadership of the Bowery in old days. Jackie Cooper, Fay Wray. Don't miss it. (*Dec.*)

BRIEF MOMENT—Columbia.—Night club singer Carole Lombard marries playboy Gene Raymond to reform him. It has snap and speed. (*Nov.*)

BROADWAY THRU A KEYHOLE—20th Century-United Artists.—Walter Winchell's melodrama of Gay White Way night life. Entertaining. (*Dec.*)

★ **BROADWAY TO HOLLYWOOD**—M-G-M. Frank Morgan, Alice Brady, others, in a finely-done life story of two vaudeville hoofers. No thrills, but supreme artistry. (*Nov.*)

BROKEN DREAMS — Monogram. — Buster Phelps shows how a little child can lead them; it's slightly hokey. (*Dec.*)

BUREAU OF MISSING PERSONS—First National.—Good, stirring detective work by hard-boiled Pat O'Brien, directed by chief Lewis Stone. Bette Davis. (*Nov.*)

CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF DARKNESS—Bryan Foy Prod.—This one has the themes, but not the punch, of some good baseball pictures. (*Aug.*)

CAPTURED!—Warners.—Leslie Howard, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., captured aviators held by prison commander Paul Lukas. Fine acting; weak plot. (*Sept.*)

CHANCE AT HEAVEN—RKO-Radio.—"Poor but noble" Ginger Rogers and rich Marian Nixon want Joel McCrea. Excellent playing makes this old plot highly appealing. (*Dec.*)

CHARLIE CHAN'S GREATEST CASE—Fox.—Warner Oland in another delightful tale about the fat Chinese detective, and a double murder. Heather Angel. (*Nov.*)

CHEATING BLONDES—Equitable Pictures.—A would-be murder mystery and sexer; it's neither. Thelma Todd. (*Aug.*)

CHIEF, THE—M-G-M.—Ed Wynn in a filmful of his nonsense that's good at times and at others not so good. (*Dec.*)

CHRISTOPHER BEAN (Also released as "Her Sweetheart")— M-G-M. — Marie Dressler, Doc Lionel Barrymore's maid, gives you plenty of laughs when she helps daughter Helen Mack elope with Russell Hardie, much to the annoyance of Beulah Bondi, doctor's wife. See it. (*Jan.*)

COCKTAIL HOUR—Columbia.—Bebe Daniels, scorning "steady" Randolph Scott, tries Europe and a fling at "free" life. Entertaining, if not outstanding. (*Aug.*)

COLLEGE COACH—Warners.—Football as it is played and won by coach Pat O'Brien who buys talent to win at all costs, while Ann Dvorak, his neglected wife, finds romance with Lyle Talbot, football hero. Fast moving. (*Jan.*)

COLLEGE HUMOR—Paramount.—Regulation movie college life. Jack Oakie as hero. Bing Crosby; Burns and Allen, Richard Arlen, Mary Kornman, good enough. (*Sept.*)

COUGAR, THE KING KILLER—Sidney Snow Prod.—Life as the official panther catcher for the State of California; good animal stuff. (*Aug.*)

CRADLE SONG—Paramount.—Just as charming is Dorothea Wieck in this her first American picture as she was in "Maedchen in Uniform." The beautiful story of a nun who showers mother-love on a foundling. (*Jan.*)

DANCE, GIRL, DANCE—Invincible.—Dancer Evalyn Knapp can't get along with vaudeville partner-husband Edward Nugent. But when she clicks in a night club, they make up. Entertaining. (*Jan.*)

DANGEROUS CROSSROADS—Columbia.—Chic Sale does the locomotive engineer in a railroad thriller. For confirmed hokum addicts and Chic Sale's followers. (*Sept.*)

DAS LOCKENDE ZIEL (THE GOLDEN GOAL)—Richard Tauber Tonfilm Prod.—Richard Tauber, as village choir singer who attains grand opera fame. His singing is superb. English captions. (*Sept.*)

DAY OF RECKONING, THE—M-G-M.—Richard Dix, Madge Evans, Conway Tearle, below par in an ancient tale of an embezzling cashier and a double-crossing friend. (*Dec.*)

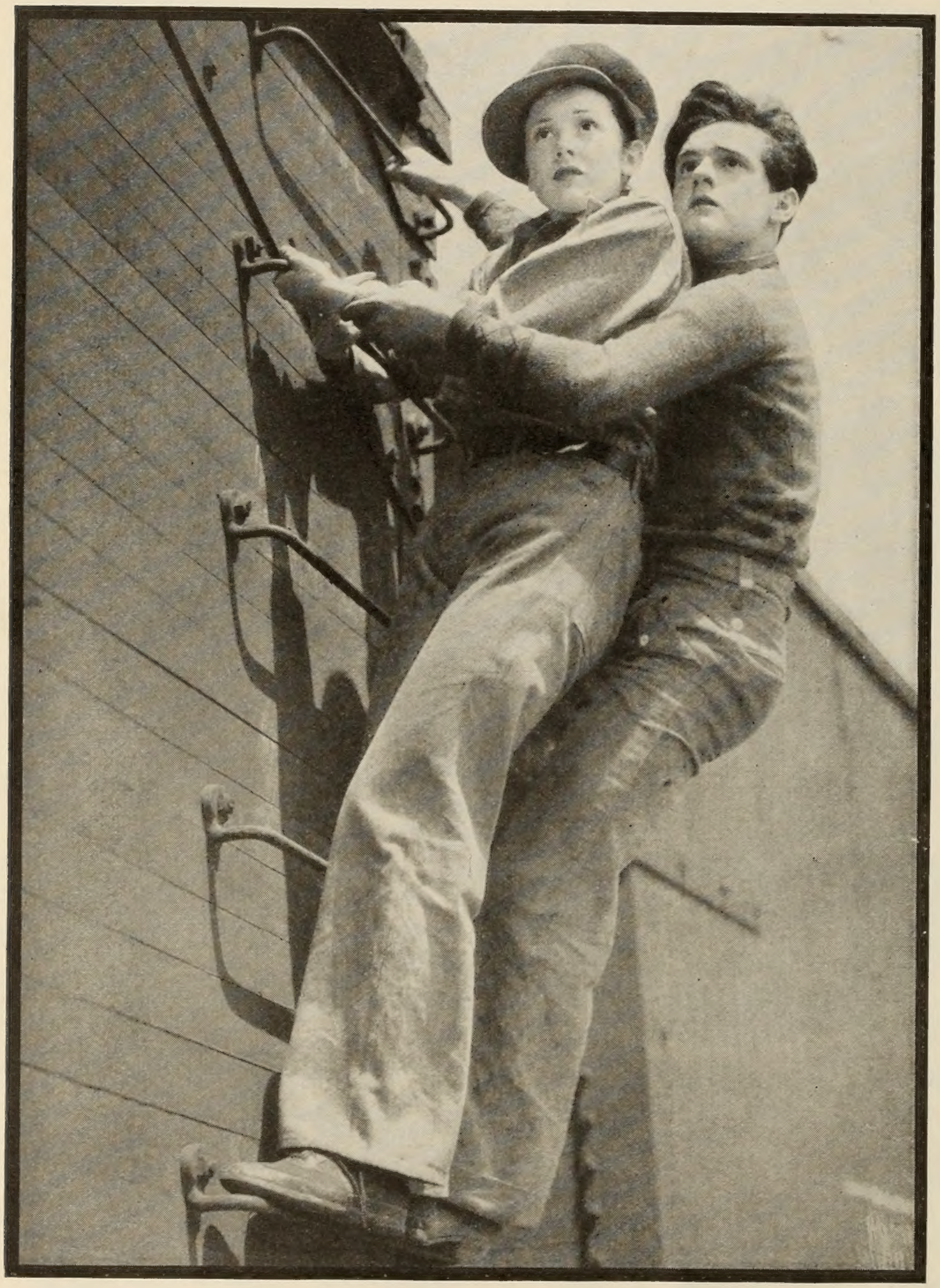
DELUGE—RKO-Radio.—Earthquakes, tidal waves, the end of the world provide the thrills here. Cast and story alike dwarfed by the catastrophes. (*Nov.*)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]

Now see all these Warner Bros. stars in one glorious picture....

As new as the New Year is this latest musical sensation from Warner Bros.! Hailed by six nations as one of the most novel of all stage hits, now at last it comes to the screen, bringing with it an utterly *different* conception of pictures with music! All the flash and glamor of "Gold Diggers" and "Footlight Parade", plus scores of surprise features! Your theatre will announce it soon as its most important attraction in years!

The Audience Talks Back



Those "Wild Boys of the Road" have touched the hearts of many readers. "How can these young children be re-claimed? How will America solve *this* problem?"

When the audience speaks the stars and producers listen. We offer three prizes for the best letters of the month—$25, $10 and $5. Literary ability doesn't count. But candid opinions and constructive suggestions do. We must reserve the right to cut letters to fit space limitations. Address The Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

THE $25 LETTER

I think that moving pictures have been responsible for the good behavior of thousands of children. There is no greater incentive to a child than to be told that he may go to "the movies," if he is good.

How often I have heard mothers say, "Jimmie, if you'll take care of the baby after school every day, I'll take you to the movies Friday night." Or by way of stepping up a child's rating in school, the father will remark with a knowing wink, "If your report card is good this month you may go and see that picture you were talking about."

And they do learn how to behave! What a lesson in the observance of society manners. The only chance some children have to learn how to act properly.

MARY BELLE WALLEY, Butler, N. J.

LEE TRACY, old boy, you are the big news of the month! And popular! Scores of letters have poured into PHOTOPLAY, *demanding* that you be reinstated, forthwith, into your stellar standing.

It takes a kick like that to test the loyalty of your screen followers. And they are loyal, down to the last man—and the last *woman*, too.

We haven't room for all the letters defending you, Lee, but three typical ones tell the story.

Nominations for Hollywood's "Ideal Couple" are coming fast. Movie-goers certainly know marital happiness when they see it. The hunt is on for others besides those named in this month's Brickbats and Bouquets. What's your nomination?

THE $10 LETTER

Recent newsreels have seemed to be exceptionally good, certainly far better from the standpoint of photography and imagination than the average regular run feature film. Yet while actors and actresses are spread all over the newspapers and theater lobbies, one seldom sees an advertisement for a movie talk by Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Litvinov. And as for action, the Pennsylvania coal strikes, the Cuban revolutions, the recent lynchings and National Guard maneuvers are far more exciting than the speediest Western or the hottest passion film.

My point is simply this: More and better advertising of newsreels would bring money to the box-office.

HOWARD LEONARD, Asheville, N. C.

THE $5 LETTER

We hear much talk about "reality." But *do* we really want reality on the screen—the reality eighty per cent of us know? I love every inch of my home, but I have so much reality in my daily life that when I "step out" of an evening, I want to step into the land of make-believe.

I want to live in dreamland for a while. I want to be made love to by Gary Cooper and Fredric March, and imagine *I* have the winsomeness of Shearer, the sophistication of Dietrich, the lure of Loy, the appeal of Crawford—that I'm marrying a prince, that I live in just such a beautiful house.

Don't we all?

ANNA ROBINSON, Tucson, Ariz.

THE CASE OF LEE TRACY

Hollywood fair-weather friendship reached a new high when Lee Tracy was fired.

I am sure there are thousands of Tracy devotees who feel as I do—that his off-screen behavior has no effect whatsoever on the excellence of his pictures or on the enjoyment of them.

His is the most exhilarating personality we have ever had; to see his pictures is the best tonic in the world. We just *can't* lose him from the screen! PHOTOPLAY, why not "Shoulder Arms" in his behalf?

And to M-G-M I say: "If you didn't have Garbo and Gable, I'd never see another of your pictures, so 'elp me."

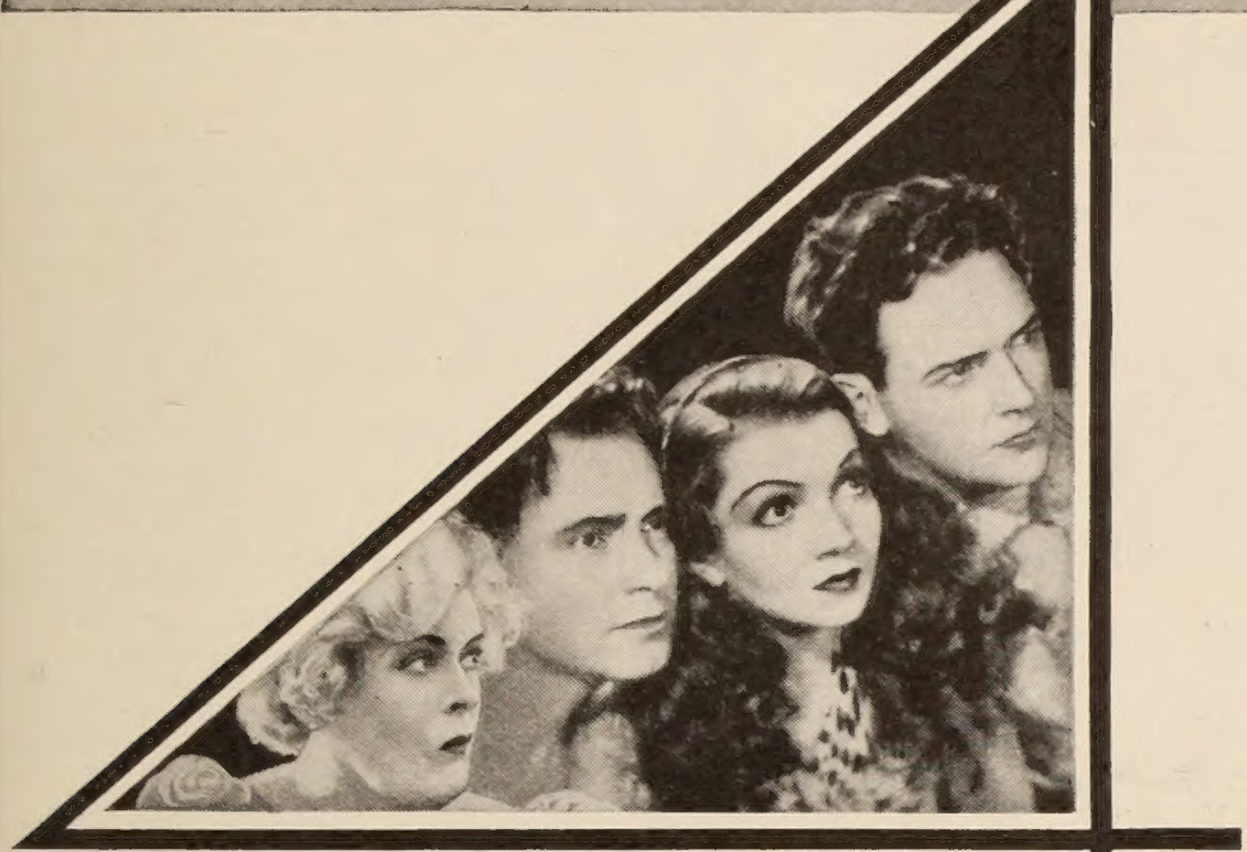
A. C. MILLER, Philadelphia, Penna.

I have just read of Lee Tracy's dismissal from M-G-M due to a certain unfortunate incident that happened recently in Mexico. I am not sure how much truth can be attached to the story, as facts concerning the film world are often distorted in European newspapers.

Lee has gained his vast army of followers by portraying characters that are anything but angelic, so his admirers are hardly inclined to worry if he proves himself not quite a saint off-screen. Tracy is unique, for sheer entertainment value he is unsurpassed, and while he continues to give us those dynamic,

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12]

GOOD NUMBERS FROM PARAMOUNT



"FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE"

Four frightened people fleeing into a tropical jungle to escape from a plague-ridden ship . . . shedding their good manners with their clothes . . . casting civilization aside, being once more, "Male and Female." The people—Claudette Colbert, Herbert Marshall, Mary Boland, William Gargan. *The director*—Cecil B. DeMille.

"SIX OF A KIND"

Six riotous comedians, out for fun . . . six larcenous picture-snatchers, stealing laughs from each other, six grand mirthmakers in a story made for mirth. The six—Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland, W. C. Fields and Alison Skipworth, George Burns and Gracie Allen. *The director*—Leo McCarey.

"EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT"

Eight lovely girls in a school where men were forbidden. Eight girls dreaming spring dreams . . . a lover looked in at the window and then there were seven. The eighth girl—Dorothy Wilson . . . the lover — Douglas Montgomery. *The director*—Richard Wallace.

if it's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE, it's the best show in town

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

DER SOHN DER WEISSEN BERGE (THE SON OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS)—Itala Film.—Luis Trenker, skiing hero, and cast do good work. But the gorgeous Alpine views run away with this German-made film. (*Jan.*)

★ **DESIGN FOR LIVING**—Paramount.—Noel Coward's unconventional stage play of a triangle, involving two men (Fredric March and Gary Cooper) and a woman (Miriam Hopkins). Excellent. Sophisticated. (*Jan.*)

DEVIL'S IN LOVE, THE—Fox.—A shopworn Foreign Legion story; but Victor Jory, Loretta Young, David Manners, Vivienne Osborne, save it with fine acting. (*Oct.*)

DEVIL'S MATE—(Also released under title "He Knew Too Much")—Monogram.—A good melodrama about a murderer who was murdered so he couldn't tell what he knew. (*Oct.*)

DIE GROSSE ATTRAKTION ("THE BIG ATTRACTION")—Tobis-Tauber-Emelka, Prod.—Richard Tauber's singing lends interest to this German film. English subtitles. (*Oct.*)

★ **DINNER AT EIGHT**—M-G-M.—Another "all star" affair; they're invited to dinner by Lionel Barrymore and wife Billie Burke. Sophisticated comedy follows. (*Aug.*)

DISGRACED—Paramount.—Not a new idea in a carload of this sort of stuff. Mannikin Helen Twelvetrees; rich scamp Bruce Cabot; enough said. (*Sept.*)

DOCTOR BULL—Fox.—Will Rogers brings personality to the tale of a country doctor struggling with a community that misunderstands; mild, except for Will. (*Nov.*)

DON'T BET ON LOVE—Universal.—So-so; Lew Ayres wild about race-horses; sweetheart Ginger Rogers feels otherwise. Ends well, after some race stuff. (*Sept.*)

★ **DOUBLE HARNESS**—RKO-Radio.—Scintillating sophistication, with Ann Harding wangling rich idler Bill Powell into marriage, and making him like it. (*Sept.*)

DREI TAGE MITTELARREST (THREE DAYS IN THE GUARDHOUSE)—Allianz Tonfilm Prod.—Excellent comedy situations when the mayor's maid seeks the father of her child. German dialogue. (*Aug.*)

★ **DUCK SOUP**—Paramount.—The Four Marx Brothers get mixed up in a revolution in a mythical country—and boy, how they get mixed up! A riot of fun. (*Jan.*)

EMPEROR JONES, THE—United Artists.—The great Negro actor Paul Robeson, in a filming of his phenomenal stage success about a Pullman porter who won rulership of a Negro republic. (*Dec.*)

ESKIMO—M-G-M.—A gorgeous picture of life in the Arctic, and Eskimos tangling with white man's law. Eskimo actors; a treat for all who like the unusual. (*Dec.*)

EVER IN MY HEART—Warners.—Barbara Stanwyck in a too-horrible tale about persecution of herself and hubby Otto Kruger as German-Americans during the World War. (*Dec.*)

FAITHFUL HEART—Helber Pictures.—Not even Herbert Marshall and Edna Best could make anything of this. (*Nov.*)

FEMALE—First National.—Ruth Chatterton, who toys with men in her own motor company, melts before George Brent. Chatterton fine. (*Jan.*)

FIDDLIN' BUCKAROO, THE—Universal.—Ken Maynard and horse Tarzan in a dull Western. (*Sept.*)

FIGHTING PARSON, THE—Allied-First Division.—Hoot Gibson tries comedy, as a cowboy bedecked in the garb of a parson. Not exactly a comic riot, nor is it good Western. (*Oct.*)

FLYING DEVILS, THE—RKO-Radio.—Jealous hubby Ralph Bellamy, owner of an air circus, tries to crash Eric Linden. Eric's brother, Bruce Cabot, sacrifices himself in air battle with Bellamy. (*Aug.*)

★ **FOOTLIGHT PARADE**—Warners.—Not as much heart appeal as the earlier Ruby Keeler-Dick Powell "backstage" romances, but it has Jimmy Cagney. He's grand, and the specialty numbers are among the finest ever done. (*Dec.*)

F. P. 1.—Fox-Gaumont British-UFA.—A well-done and novel thriller, about a floating platform built for transatlantic airplanes. Conrad Veidt, Leslie Fenton, Jill Esmond. (*Oct.*)

FORGOTTEN MEN—Jewel Prod.—Official war films from fourteen countries; nothing too strong to put in. Fine if you can stand seeing what really happened. (*Aug.*)

FROM HEADQUARTERS—Warners.—A gripping murder mystery, showing real police methods for a change. (*Dec.*)

GAMBLING SHIP—Paramount.—A good idea gone wrong; Cary Grant, Benita Hume, in a badly worked out gangster piece. (*Aug.*)

★ **GOLD DIGGERS OF 1933**—Warners.—Another and even better "42nd Street," with Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, Joan Blondell, in charge of the fun. A wow musical. (*Aug.*)

GOLDEN HARVEST — Paramount. — Farmer Dick Arlen grows wheat; brother Chester Morris is a Board of Trade broker; a farmers' strike brings the climax. A strong film. (*Dec.*)

GOOD COMPANIONS, THE—Fox-Gaumont-British.—A mildly pleasing English tale of trouping in the provinces. (*Dec.*)

GOODBYE AGAIN—Warners.—Good, if not howling, farce. Author Warren William pursued by ex-sweetie Genevieve Tobin; he's for Joan Blondell. (*Sept.*)

GOODBYE LOVE — RKO-Radio. — Charlie Ruggles in a would-be comedy that's really a messy mixture of unsavory material. (*Dec.*)

GUN JUSTICE — Universal. (Reviewed under the title "Rider of Justice.")—Ken Maynard shows up in the nick of time to save the pretty girl's ranch in Arizona. The same old hokum. (*Jan.*)

★ **HAVANA WIDOWS**—First National.—Joan Blondell, Glenda Farrell and Guy Kibbee in a rollicking comedy. A climax that will tickle your risibilities. Good fun. (*Jan.*)

HE KNEW TOO MUCH—Monogram.—Also released as "Devil's Mate." See review under that title. (*Oct.*)

HEADLINE SHOOTER—RKO-Radio.—Newsreel man William Gargan rescues reporter Frances Dee, in an acceptable thriller with a new twist. (*Sept.*)

HELL AND HIGH WATER—Parmount.—Dick Arlen, owner of a garbage scow, falls heir to a baby and a girl (Judith Allen) at the same time. Dick fine; story poor. (*Jan.*)

HELL'S HOLIDAY—Superb Pictures.—Another assemblage of official war film—with the usual anti-war conversation added. Otherwise, acceptable and interesting. (*Oct.*)

HER BODYGUARD—Paramount.—Showgirl Wynne Gibson's so pestered, she hires Eddie Lowe as bodyguard. Good enough fun from there on. (*Sept.*)

★ **HER FIRST MATE**—Universal.—ZaSu Pitts tries to make a big time mariner out of Slim Summerville who's supposed to be first mate, but who is really selling peanuts, on the Albany night boat. Una Merkel helps scramble up the hilariously funny plot. (*Oct.*)

HEROES FOR SALE—First National.—Boo hoo! It's just too awful—all that happens to ex-soldier Dick Barthelmess! (*Aug.*)

HIS PRIVATE SECRETARY—Showmens Pictures.—An Evalyn Knapp romance with John Wayne. Distinctly better than most films in which Evalyn has appeared. (*Oct.*)

HOLD ME TIGHT—Fox.—Another Jimmie Dunn-Sally Eilers opus, poor boy besting the villain, they live happily, etc. (*Aug.*)

★ **HOLD YOUR MAN**—M-G-M.—Clark Gable and Jean Harlow; both crooked to start, both go straight for love. Not another "Red Dust," but good enough. (*Sept.*)

HOOPLA—Fox.—Clara Bow as a carnival dancer. Love interest, Richard Cromwell, whom Clara is paid to vamp—and does she like it? Story so-so. (*Jan.*)

★ **HOUSE ON 56TH STREET, THE**—Warners.—After twenty years' unjust imprisonment, Kay Francis' life means little to her. Then it is her lot to save daughter Margaret Lindsay from a similar fate. Ricardo Cortez and Gene Raymond. (*Jan.*)

I HAVE LIVED—Chesterfield.—Alan Dinehart, Anita Page, others, help this obvious tale about a playwright and a woman of easy virtue. (*Nov.*)

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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★ **I LOVED A WOMAN**—First National.—Edward G. Robinson, as a rich Chicago meat-packer, finds his life torn between wife Genevieve Tobin and opera singer Kay Francis. Excellent and "different." (*Nov.*)

I LOVED YOU WEDNESDAY—Fox.—Life and loves of dancer Elissa Landi. Victor Jory throws her over; Warner Baxter loves her. Pleasant; not gripping. (*Sept.*)

★ **I'M NO ANGEL.**—Paramount.—It's Mae West, and how! Sizzling, wise-cracking. This one simply wows audiences. There's Cary Grant, but Mae's all you'll see. (*Dec.*)

INVISIBLE MAN, THE—Universal.—Shivery, this H. G. Wells tale, in which newcomer Claude Rains makes himself invisible—and then loses his reason. A creepy, but compelling picture. (*Jan.*)

IT'S GREAT TO BE ALIVE—Fox.—Perhaps squirrels who see this will think so; most audiences won't. Herbert Mundin, Edna May Oliver help some. (*Sept.*)

JENNIE GERHARDT — Paramount. — Sylvia Sidney's grand acting saves a slow telling of the Dreiser tale about a girl who, unwedded, loved her man throughout life. (*Aug.*)

KENNEL MURDER CASE, THE—Warners.—William Powell in another Philo Vance murder mystery; smoothly done and entertaining. (*Dec.*)

KING FOR A NIGHT—Universal.—Chester Morris, a swell-headed, though likable prize-fighter, stands the consequences for something sister Helen Twelvetrees has done. Exciting. (*Jan.*)

LADIES MUST LOVE—Universal.—A "gold-digger" partnership breaks up when June Knight really falls for Neil Hamilton. Thin, but it has good spots. (*Nov.*)

★ **LADY FOR A DAY**—Columbia.—Applewoman May Robson thought a society dame by her daughter; a stage crowd throws a party to save the day. Fine fun. (*Sept.*)

LAST TRAIL, THE — Fox. — A Zane Grey Western with racketeers instead of rustlers, and speed cops in place of cowboys. The changes don't help it. (*Oct.*)

LAUGHING AT LIFE—Mascot Pictures.—A well-done Richard Harding Davis type of tale about soldier of fortune Victor McLaglen raising cain in a banana republic. (*Aug.*)

LIFE IN THE RAW—Fox.—George O'Brien and Claire Trevor in a Western enriched with new ideas. (*Oct.*)

★ **LITTLE WOMEN**—RKO-Radio.—This classic is exquisitely transferred to the screen. Katharine Hepburn, as *Jo* is sky-rocketed to greater film heights. Joan Bennett, Frances Dee and Jean Parker, as *Jo's* sisters, give spendid performances. (*Jan.*)

LONE AVENGER, THE—World Wide.—The big bank robbery is the burden of this Ken Maynard Western. Youngsters won't be disappointed. (*Sept.*)

LONE COWBOY—Paramount.—Without Jackie Cooper there wouldn't be much of a picture. Jackie's sent West to comfort his dead father's pal embittered by his wife's (Lila Lee) faithlessness. (*Jan.*)

LOVE, HONOR AND OH, BABY!—Universal.—(Reviewed under the title "Sue Me.") Shyster lawyer Slim Summerville tries to frame ZaSu Pitts' sugar-daddy. Riotously funny, after a slow start. (*Nov.*)

★ **MAD GAME, THE**—Fox.—Spencer Tracy, imprisoned beer baron, is released to catch a kidnaper. He loves the assignment—after what the kidnaper did to him. Love interest, Claire Trevor. Well acted. Not for children. (*Jan.*)

★ **MAMA LOVES PAPA**—Paramount.—Lowly Charlie Ruggles is made park commissioner; involved with tipsy society dame Lilyan Tashman. Great clowning. (*Sept.*)

MAN OF THE FOREST—Paramount.—Far from being a topnotch Western. Randolph Scott, Verna Hillie, Noah Beery. Good work done by a mountain lion. (*Sept.*)

MAN'S CASTLE—Columbia.—A deeply moving tale of vagabond Spencer Tracy and his redemption by Loretta Young's love. (*Dec.*)

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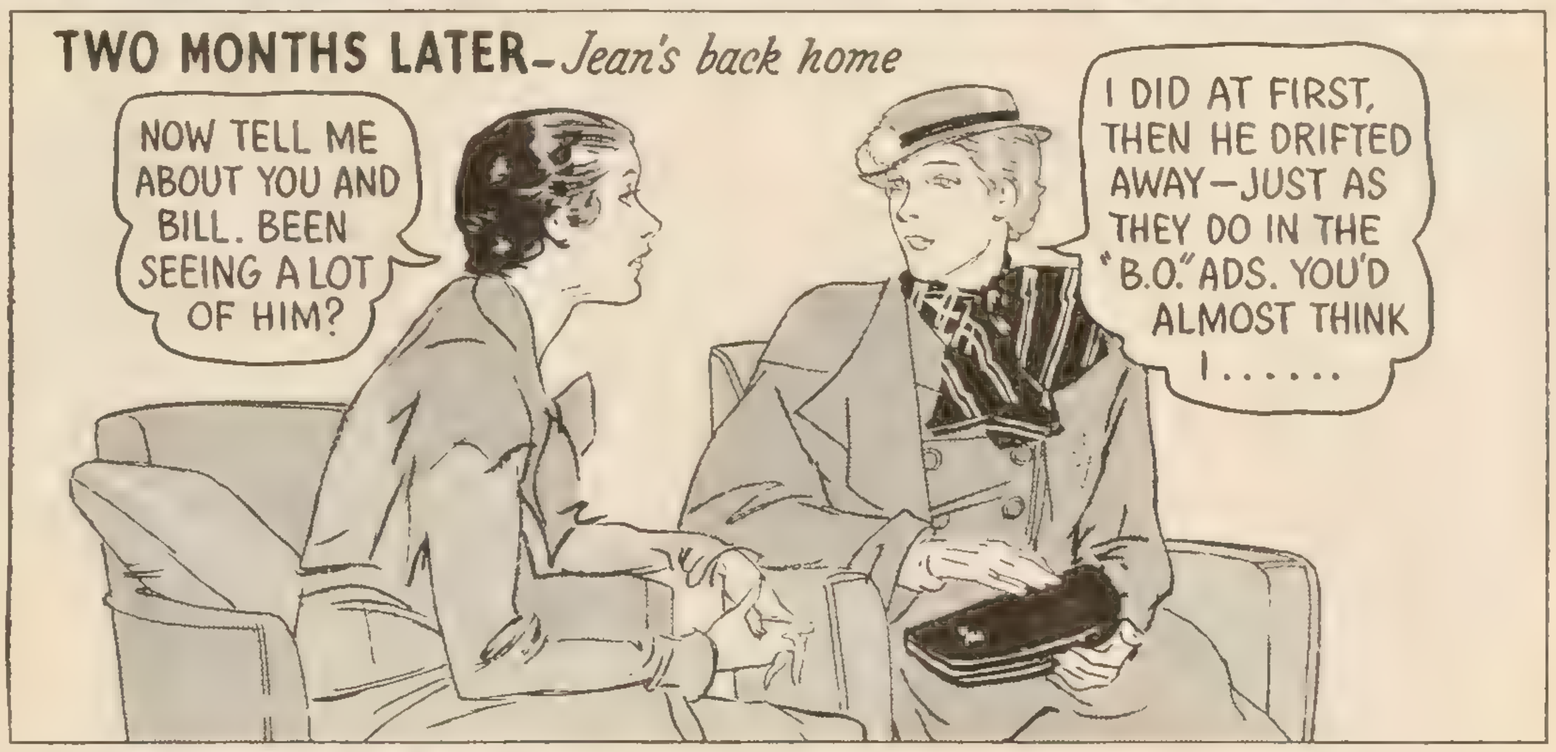

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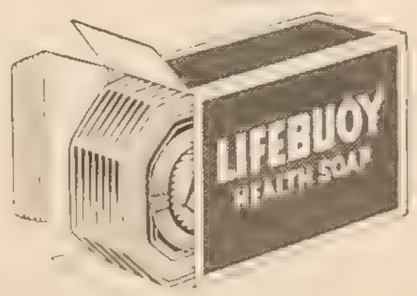
ENEMY NO. 2—close, stuffy rooms that make it easy for "B.O." (*body odor*) to offend. Lifebuoy lather purifies—*deodorizes pores*. Its pleasant, quickly-vanishing, hygienic scent tells you this rich lather stops "B.O."



News and Views from

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

clever performances, we who have learned to appreciate his superb artistry can easily overlook this unfortunate occurrence.

M-G-M, hadn't you better reconsider your decision and grab Lee back before another studio takes advantage of your mistake? We cannot do without him. He is our favorite depression chaser.

Vive la Tracy!

LILIAN WARREN, London, England

The Lee Tracy episode is regrettable.

Mr. Tracy has repeatedly and vehemently denied imbibing too freely of the "cup that cheers," but the implication becomes a self-evident fact, since only one in an extremely befuddled state could so far forget himself. A newspaper paragrapher, waxing a bit facetious on the subject, says, "Mr. Tracy undoubtedly holds the world record for 'personal' appearance!"

Mr. Mayer, in justice to the industry and himself, could do no less than he has done toward disciplining the recalcitrant Tracy; but it is to be hoped that his dismissal from films will not be permanent, for the screen would thus lose one of its most capable and popular stars.

MRS. W. P. JACKSON, Columbia, Tenn.

ANNA "ON THE SPOT"?

If ever a star was put "on the spot" that star is Anna Sten. The public has been informed, through advance publicity on her first American picture, "Nana," that the Russian importation will push Garbo, Dietrich and the other exotics off the screen.

Will Anna Sten prove to be the star find of 1934? Another Hepburn springing into fame overnight? Let's hope she is.

F. JAMES ROSS, Rutland, Vt.

"WILD BOYS OF THE ROAD"

On the screen before me was pictured daringly, dramatically, realistically, the actual lives of the half million boys who wander over America—living in tramp "jungles," sewer-pipe "cities," and subway "hotels," stealing to live. "How long before they live to steal?" I asked myself. "How can these young children be reclaimed? How will America solve *this* problem?

The picture brought a tear to the eye and a tug to the heart! History already made! Not far-fetched, not feverish, not Hollywoodian—just plain, unadulterated history!

Based as it is on authentic facts obtained from a reporter who actually lived among these children, it is the *duty* of every public-spirited father and mother, or brother and sister, whose interest in the welfare of children goes beyond their own hearthstones, to see "Wild Boys of the Road," and reflect long and seriously.

M. C. JONES, New York, N. Y.

A PEACH OF A PAIR

"Only Yesterday" can be understood and appreciated by all. It was a relief to see such a film.

Margaret Sullavan is a real and genuine actress. Mr. Boles' performance is superb.

Here's to another Sullavan and Boles picture real soon!

BERNADETH NELSON, Beverly Hills, Calif.

AGAIN IT'S SULLAVAN

"Only Yesterday," with Margaret Sullavan, from the New York stage, and the personable John Boles, has brought in a perfect raft of reader commendation. They recognize Margaret's ability

Margaret Sullavan is a star of genuine brilliance. Her work in "Only Yesterday" proved that.

Yesterday only a name. Yesterday only a face in the crowd, but today the darling of

"We loved Jean Harlow as 'The Blonde Bombshell,' but oh, you Tracy!" That lad's mail is going to break the postman's back. It grows daily

All Parts of the Globe

the screen. Yesterday only a voice, but today a thrilling personality.

This beautiful, sensitive love story is played by one of the finest casts ever assembled for a single film.

MRS. WILLIAM FIGY, New Glarus, Wis.

WE CHEER, TOO!

I have just seen "The Blonde Bombshell," and what a knockout!

It is about the fastest-moving picture that I ever expect to see.

Here's three cheers for Jean Harlow and Lee Tracy for entertaining performances.

ELCY OBERDICK, Leavenworth, Kansas

"THE PERFECT LOVE PAIR"

Who was it that said, "Let's choose a permanent perfect love pair for Hollywood, and make it one with a child?" Immediately Bebe and Ben Lyon pop into my mind! Why not trust them to that honorable position?

DORTHA V. BUTZ, Indianapolis, Ind.

IT'S THE HAROLD LLOYDS

In the December issue of PHOTOPLAY I noticed a letter entitled "Cast Your Vote," and I am taking advantage of that.

I believe the Harold Lloyds are Hollywood's ideal couple.

MARTHA A. SINGLETON, Hope, Ark.

NO, IT'S JOHN AND DOLORES

I say that John and Dolores Barrymore are the ideal couple. One never hears of John tripping about "alone."

MARIAN MARTIN, Chicago, Ill.

HOW ABOUT HERBERT AND EDNA?

As to the "Ideal Couple of Hollywood"—my vote goes to Herbert Marshall and Edna Best.

M. K., San Antonio, Texas

Here she is! Jeanette MacDonald. One reader's choice for the title rôle in M-G-M's "The Merry Widow." A coveted part, worthy of the acknowledged musical talent of this fine actress

MY MERRY WIDOW

M-G-M is searching for someone to play the feminine lead in "The Merry Widow," when all the time they have the Merry Widow on their own lot. It's Jeanette MacDonald, of course. There could be no better choice for the part. Who but Miss MacDonald could play that gay, charming woman?

GERTRUDE KLEIN, New York, N. Y.

A GLOBE TROTTER

"Better than a college education" is my slogan for the movies.

By diligence, the movie devotee may become an accomplished linguist, traveler, explorer or *messieur de affaires*.

With "Trader Horn," I stalked big game in Africa; "Rasputin" saw me with the Russian Cossacks; I was "A Fugitive from a Chain Gang" with Paul Muni. I was a gallant Romeo in a hundred others. But I need not go on.

Like a bee on a flower, I extract the nectar from the motion picture—which is truly the flower of American entertainment!

FRANK R. MOORE, Detroit, Mich.

"THE WAY TO LOVE"

Chevalier sings! And acts! It's a picture with a thrill, and with plenty of pep, too.

That happy-go-lucky air of Chevalier's just seems to "get" people.

There is but one Chevalier—and there'll never be another!

RUTH KOHNMANN, Memphis, Tenn.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]

Maurice has added painting to his arts. In "The Way to Love," M. Chevalier does a study of *Casanova*, the dog, while Edward Everett Horton looks on

The Audience Talks Back

As royal subjects eagerly await their queen, so do Garbo's devotees anticipate the coming of her film, "Queen Christina," to the nation's screens

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13]

THANK YOU

PHOTOPLAY stands alone as a reliable and unprejudiced guide for any family that cannot afford to spend time or money on pictures that do not interest them.

In our home we rely confidently on its good judgment.

B. WARWICK, Chatham, Ont., Canada

ALL HAIL!

Hail to the Queen! A royal rôle for the reigning monarch of filmdom. In anticipation of a glorious array of regal splendor, do I await the coming of "Queen Christina." Garbo has won our hearts by the magnificence of her performances in the past. But the near future promises the climax.

As the magnanimous Christina of Sweden, she should be superb. It is a natural, and Greta will not fail.

JOY REYNOLDS, Chicago, Ill.

A SIGNAL HONOR

Few there are in all Hollywood as deserving of the birthday reception tendered Marie Dressler. In an age when youth is very much in the ascendancy, it is gratifying that one who is mellowed by sixty-two years of life should be toasted and acclaimed as Marie was on her natal day. Time cannot dim her enthusiasm nor age destroy her vigor and personality.

JOSEPH B. SINCLAIR, San Francisco, Calif.

BORN ACTORS?

Seeing Paul Robeson in "Emperor Jones" has confirmed a pet theory I have long held—namely, that the Negro is a natural-born actor. His innate feeling for the dramatic, his strong exhibitionist tendency and his facile, easily-played-upon surface emotions make him ideally suited for acting. The capacity for quickly aroused, superficial laughter or tears make him equally competent to portray a character that is hilariously funny or appealingly pathetic.

IRENE M. WOODRUFF, Charlestown, Mass.

ABOUT OUR "ANGEL"

I think Mae West is the greatest thing on the screen—but please don't every actress start wiggling her hips, wearing Mae West gowns, and carrying a parasol. We like you for your own charming characteristics, and not something adopted from someone else.

Besides, by the time you all acquire Mae's characteristics she will have started something new—and there you will be (holding the bag, so to speak), wiggling your hips and saying "Come up sometime."

HULDA HOGLUND, Oakland, Calif.

SOUP AND "NUTS"

Whoops! Bang! Wow! And why not? Yes, you've guessed it. The Marx Brothers are in town.

Put down your knitting, Grandma, and help find Junior's mittens, because we're all going to town and have "Duck Soup."

DOROTHY BARRETT, Staples, Minn.

Every kind of question is coming in about Harpo of "Duck Soup." Tell us the secret of your charm, Mr. Marx. The ladies certainly seem to love you

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11]

★ **MAN WHO DARED, THE**—Fox.—Life story of the late Mayor Cermak of Chicago, from an immigrant boy in a coal mine to his assassination at the side of President Roosevelt. Fine cast, Preston Foster in the lead. (*Oct.*)

MARY STEVENS, M.D.—Warners.—Slow tale of two doctors (Kay Francis, Lyle Talbot) who love, have a baby, but won't marry. (*Sept.*)

★ **MAYOR OF HELL, THE**—Warners.—Gangster Jimmy Cagney steps into a tough reform school, and with help of inmate Frankie Darro, makes things hum. Madge Evans. (*Aug.*)

MEET THE BARON—M-G-M.—Jack Pearl's film version of his radio nonsense about Baron Munchausen. Grand support; often hilarious. (*Dec.*)

MELODY CRUISE — RKO-Radio. — Playboy Charlie Ruggles has girl trouble on a cruise. Good music; plot falls apart. (*Aug.*)

MIDNIGHT CLUB—Paramount.—George Raft plays crook to catch chief crook Clive Brook, but falls in love with Helen Vinson, one of the gang. Not as good as the grand cast suggests it should be. (*Oct.*)

MIDNIGHT MARY—M-G-M.—Loretta Young does a better than usual gun moll; she shoots big-shot Ricardo Cortez to save lawyer Franchot Tone for the plot. (*Aug.*)

MIDSHIPMAN JACK—RKO-Radio.—A colorful story of Annapolis and a careless midshipman who makes good. Bruce Cabot, Betty Furness, Frank Albertson, others. (*Dec.*)

★ **MOONLIGHT AND PRETZELS**—Universal.—Leo Carrillo, Lillian Miles, Roger Pryor, Mary Brian, in a musical. Familiar theme but excellent numbers. (*Nov.*)

MORGENROT (DAWN).—UFA.—An excellent German film about submarine warfare. English prologue and captions. (*Aug.*)

★ **MORNING GLORY, THE**—RKO-Radio.—Katharine Hepburn at her superb best in a story of a country girl determined to make good on the stage. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Adolphe Menjou, Mary Duncan. (*Oct.*)

MY LIPS BETRAY—Fox.—A musical comedy kingdom in which cabaret singer Lilian Harvey falls in love with king John Boles, and is loved by him. El Brendel. Fair. (*Jan.*)

MY WOMAN—Columbia.—Wally Ford gets a radio break when his wife, Helen Twelvetrees, vamps Victor Jory into the idea. But success goes to Wally's head; he loses his job—and his wife. (*Jan.*)

★ **MY WEAKNESS**—Fox.—Lilian Harvey as a Cinderella coached by Lew Ayres to catch his rich uncle's son, Charles Butterworth. Charles is a riot. (*Dec.*)

MYRT AND MARGE—Universal.—Two popular radio stars do their stuff for the movies; an amusing little musical. (*Nov.*)

NARROW CORNER, THE—Warners.—Doug Fairbanks, Jr., in a lugubrious tale of evil passions in the South Seas. Fine acting, fine cast, but a dark brown after-taste. (*Aug.*)

NIGHT AND DAY—Gaumont-British.—Mixed music and melodrama, done in leisurely British fashion; the mixture doesn't jell. (*Aug.*)

★ **NIGHT FLIGHT**—M-G-M.—All star cast, with two Barrymores, Helen Hayes, Robert Montgomery, Myrna Loy, Clark Gable, others. Not much plot, but gripping tension and great acting, as night flying starts in the Argentine. (*Nov.*)

NO MARRIAGE TIES—RKO-Radio.—Richard Dix as a brilliant sot who makes good in advertising, with Elizabeth Allan clinging to him. Good Dix stuff. (*Sept.*)

OLSEN'S BIG MOMENT—Fox.—El Brendel is not only a janitor, but a matchmaker and a caretaker for an intoxicated bridegroom. Plenty of laughs. Walter Catlett and Barbara Weeks. (*Jan.*)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 16]

Posed by professional model

Special QUICK WAY TO PUT POUNDS ON FAST!

Astonishing gains with new double tonic. Richest imported brewers' ale yeast now concentrated 7 times and iron added. Gives 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks.

NOW there's no need to have people calling you "skinny", and losing all your chances of making and keeping friends. Here's a new, easy treatment that is giving thousands healthy flesh and attractive curves —*in just a few weeks.*

As you know, doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health for rundown people. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and in addition put on pounds of solid flesh—*and in a far shorter time.*

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear, radiant skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from special *brewers' ale yeast* imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful!*

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is then *ironized* with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add abounding pep and untiring energy.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch ugly, gawky angles fill out, flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out attractively. And with this will come clear skin, new health—you're an entirely new person.

Skinniness a serious danger

Authorities warn that skinny, anemic, nervous people are far more liable to serious infections and fatal wasting diseases. So build up quick, *before it is too late.*

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast, not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the *genuine* with "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—*or money refunded.* At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 52, Atlanta, Ga.

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]

★ **ONE MAN'S JOURNEY**—RKO-Radio.—Lionel Barrymore struggles from obscurity to universal esteem as a self-sacrificing, conscientious country doctor. May Robson, David Landau, Joel McCrea, others, in support. (*Nov.*)

ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON — Paramount.—Dentist Gary Cooper suddenly finds his life-long enemy in his dental chair, at his mercy, and thinks back over it all. Direction could have done better with cast and story. (*Nov.*)

ONE YEAR LATER—Allied.—Melodrama that turns a slow start into a good finish. Mary Brian and Donald Dillaway. (*Oct.*)

★ **ONLY YESTERDAY**—Universal.—It's a hit for Margaret Sullavan in the rôle of a girl who kept the secret of her unwise love from her lover, John Boles, for many years. Splendid direction. (*Jan.*)

OVER THE SEVEN SEAS—William K. Vanderbilt.—Mr. Vanderbilt's films of his journey around the world, gathering marine specimens. Some wonderful color photography. (*Aug.*)

★ **PADDY, THE NEXT BEST THING**—Fox.—Janet Gaynor in a whimsical, delightful story of an Irish madcap girl who doesn't want big sister Margaret Lindsay forced to marry rich planter Warner Baxter. (*Nov.*)

★ **PENTHOUSE**—M-G-M.—Standard melodrama about a "high life" murder, but thrillingly done by Warner Baxter, C. Henry Gordon, Myrna Loy, Phillips Holmes, Mae Clarke, and others. (*Nov.*)

PICTURE BRIDES—Allied.—Scarlet sisters, diamond miners, and not much else. (*Dec.*)

POIL DE CAROTTE (THE RED HEAD)—Pathe-Natan.—Redhead Robert Lynen splendid as the lonely boy who tries to hang himself. English captions. (*Sept.*)

POLICE CALL—Showmens Pictures.—Wild adventures in Guatemala; a mediocre film. (*Nov.*)

POLICE CAR 17—Columbia.—Tim McCoy, in a radio squad car, chases a crook, and winds up in marriage with Evalyn Knapp, daughter of the police lieutenant. Just so-so. (*Jan.*)

POWER AND THE GLORY, THE—Fox.—Ralph Morgan relates the life story of his friend the railroad president (Spencer Tracy). Colleen Moore "comes back" in this. Unusual and good. (*Sept.*)

★ **PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII, THE**—London Film-United Artists.—Charles Laughton superb and also gorgeously funny as the royal Bluebeard; photography is inspired. (*Dec.*)

★ **PRIZEFIGHTER AND THE LADY, THE**—M-G-M.—With Myrna Loy to make love to, and Carnera to fight, Max Baer is the hero of one of the best ring pictures yet made. He'll challenge any lady-killer now. (*Jan.*)

★ **PROFESSIONAL SWEETHEART** — RKO-Radio.—Ginger Rogers in a patchily done but funny skit about a radio "purity girl" who's hot-cha at heart. Fine comic support. (*Aug.*)

QUATORZE JUILLET ("JULY 14")—Protex Pictures.—A taxi driver and a girl enjoy the French national holiday together. The comedy can be better appreciated by those who know French. Fair. (*Jan.*)

★ **RAFTER ROMANCE** — RKO-Radio. — Scrambled plot, but good fun. Two down-and-out youngsters (Ginger Rogers and Norman Foster) sent to live in the attic because they can't pay the rent. Unknown to each other, they meet on the outside. Then the fun begins. (*Oct.*)

RETURN OF CASEY JONES, THE—Monogram.—A disjointed railroad melodrama. (*Sept.*)

SATURDAY'S MILLIONS—Universal.—Football hero Robert Young thinks the game a racket, but finds it isn't. Bright and fast. (*Dec.*)

SAVAGE GOLD—Harold Auten Prod.—A corking travel film, showing the Jivaro Indians of the upper Amazon. You'll see human heads shrunk to the size of oranges, among other gruesome thrills. (*Oct.*)

SECRET OF THE BLUE ROOM, THE—Universal.—Well-sustained melodrama about a sealed and deadly room. Gloria Stuart, William Janney, Paul Lukas, Onslow Stevens. (*Sept.*)

SHANGHAI MADNESS—Fox.—Melodrama in China; Spencer Tracy, Eugene Pallette, Fay Wray, better than the story. (*Nov.*)

SHE HAD TO SAY YES—First National.—Loretta Young, cloak-and-suit model, must be agreeable to out-of-town buyers. Gets all tangled in its own plot. (*Aug.*)

SHEPHERD OF SEVEN HILLS, THE—Faith Pictures.—A finely done camera visit to the Vatican, with scenes showing Pope Pius XI. (*Nov.*)

MOVIE NEWS!

Let old Cal York tell you what's going on in and about Hollywood

Cal's the best-informed gossip scribe in town. So, for authentic news, read his columns in every issue of

PHOTOPLAY

SHOULD LADIES BEHAVE?—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under title "The Vinegar Tree.")—Mary Carlisle won't listen to reason when her parents, Alice Brady and Lionel Barrymore, try to keep her from marrying suave Conway Tearle. Amusing. (*Jan.*)

SILK EXPRESS, THE—Warners.—Good melodrama; crooks try to stop a silk shipment from Japan. Neil Hamilton; fine support. (*Aug.*)

SING SINNER SING — Majestic Pictures. — Torch singer Leila Hyams tries to reform hubby Don Dillaway. Paul Lukas, George Stone also in cast. So-so. (*Oct.*)

SKYWAY — Monogram. — A humdrum thriller about an airplane pilot, played by newcomer Ray Walker. (*Oct.*)

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS—Remington Pictures.—The old farce idea of a man and girl supposed to be married, and thrust into bedrooms accordingly; but it's better than most British attempts at humor. (*Oct.*)

SOLDIERS OF THE STORM—Columbia.—Standard melodrama about a U. S. Border Patrol aviator and liquor smugglers; Regis Toomey makes it distinctly good entertainment. (*Aug.*)

SOLITAIRE MAN, THE—M-G-M.—Crooked doings in an airplane. Herbert Marshall, Lionel Atwill, and Mary Boland as a screamingly funny American tourist. (*Nov.*)

SON OF A SAILOR—First National.—Joe E Brown has a weakness for gold braid and pretty girls including Thelma Todd. Good, clean fun. (*Jan.*)

SONG OF SONGS, THE—Paramount.—A once-thrilling classic about artist-model Marlene Dietrich, deserted by artist Brian Aherne, and married to blustering baron Lionel Atwill. Charming; not stirring. (*Sept.*)

S. O. S. ICEBERG—Universal.—Thrilling and chilling adventure adrift on an iceberg; marvelous rescue flying. (*Dec.*)

SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR — Universal. — Onslow Stevens and Wynne Gibson are rounded up as murder suspects. When things look darkest, Wynne saves the day. Too mystifying to be easily followed. (*Jan.*)

SPHINX, THE—Monogram.—Excellent melodrama, with Lionel Atwill as chief chill-giver; Theodore Newton, Sheila Terry, Paul Hurst, Luis Alberni. (*Aug.*)

STAGE MOTHER—M-G-M.—Alice Brady and Maureen O'Sullivan in an "ambitious mother and suppressed daughter" tale; Alice Brady's great work keeps it from being boring. (*Dec.*)

★ **STORM AT DAYBREAK**—M-G-M.—Kay Francis and Nils Asther two unwilling points of a triangle, with Serbian mayor Walter Huston as the third. A powerful story of war days in Sarajevo. (*Sept.*)

STRANGE CASE OF TOM MOONEY, THE—First Division.—Newsreel material showing Mooney's side of this noted case. Effectively done. (*Oct.*)

STRANGER'S RETURN, THE—M-G-M.—The folks secretly detest rich, crotchety farmer Lionel Barrymore—all except city granddaughter Miriam Hopkins. Grand "back to the farm" feeling; superb acting. (*Sept.*)

STRAWBERRY ROAN—Universal.—Ken Maynard and Ruth Hall good; but the horses are so fine, humans weren't needed. An exceptional Western. (*Dec.*)

STUDY IN SCARLET, A—World Wide.—Has Reginald Owen as *Sherlock Holmes*, but Conan Doyle wouldn't know the story. Fair. (*Aug.*)

SUNSET PASS—Paramount.—A Western that *is* one—fine cast, fine action, gorgeous scenery. Worth anyone's time. (*Aug.*)

SWEETHEART OF SIGMA CHI, THE—Monogram.—Buster Crabbe and Mary Carlisle ornament an otherwise so-so tale of college life. (*Dec.*)

SYAMA—Carson Prod.—The elephant doings here might have made a one-reel short; otherwise, there's nothing. (*Nov.*)

TAKE A CHANCE — Paramount. — Tent-show crooks James Dunn and Cliff Edwards try to build up June Knight for Broadway. Lilian Bond and Buddy Rogers. Excellent musical numbers. (*Jan.*)

TAMING THE JUNGLE—Invincible.—Another revelation of lion taming. Some interest, but not hot. (*Aug.*)

TARZAN THE FEARLESS—Principal.—Buster Crabbe doing Johnny Weissmuller stuff in a disjointed *Tarzan* tale. Indifferent film fare. (*Nov.*)

★ **THIS DAY AND AGE**—Paramount.—Cecil B. DeMille produces a grim but gripping story of boys who clean up on a gangster when the police fail. A challenging picture that everyone will talk about. (*Oct.*)

THIS IS AMERICA—Frederick Ullman, Jr. Prod.—Newsreel material, brilliantly selected and assembled by Gilbert Seldes, tells the story of America from 1917 to the present. Well worth seeing. (*Oct.*)

★ **THREE-CORNERED MOON**—Paramount.—Nicely done comedy about an impractical, happy family. Mary Boland the impractical mama; Claudette Colbert the daughter, in love with would-be author Hardie Albright. But Doctor Dick Arlen moves in and upsets things. (*Oct.*)

THUNDER OVER MEXICO—Sol Lesser Prod.—Russian genius Sergei Eisenstein's idea of Mexico's revolt against Diaz; breath-taking photography and scenery. (*Aug.*)

TILLIE AND GUS—Paramount.—Even W. C. Fields and Alison Skipworth couldn't make much of this would-be comedy. (*Dec.*)

TO THE LAST MAN—Paramount.—Randolph Scott and Esther Ralston, as representatives of feuding ex-Kentucky families, lend welcome plot variety to this good Western. (*Dec.*)

★ **TOO MUCH HARMONY**—Paramount.—A zippy musical enriched by Jack Oakie, Bing Crosby, many other A-1 laugh-getters. A riot of fun. (*Nov.*)

TORCH SINGER—Paramount.—Claudette Colbert is an unmarried mother who succeeds as a singer. Her songs are fine; Baby LeRoy. (*Nov.*)

TRAIL DRIVE, THE—Universal.—An acceptable Western with Ken Maynard. (*Oct.*)

★ **TUGBOAT ANNIE**—M-G-M.—Marie Dressler and Wally Beery provide fun running their tubgoat about Seattle. Not exactly a "Min and Bill," but splendid entertainment. (*Oct.*)

★ **TURN BACK THE CLOCK**—M-G-M.—Lee Tracy does a bang-up job as a man given a chance to live his life over again. Mae Clarke, Peggy Shannon, Otto Kruger, others; a fast-moving, gripping story. (*Nov.*)

★ **VOLTAIRE**—Warners.—A triumph for George Arliss, as the whimsical French philosopher intriguing at court. Reginald Owen superb as *Louis XV*. (*Sept.*)

WAFFLES—Helen Mitchell Prod.—They shouldn't have tried making a Southern girl of Sari Maritza. The rest of it is in keeping with this mistake. (*Nov.*)

WALLS OF GOLD—Fox.—Sally Eilers, others, wander dully through a dull tale about marrying for money after a lovers' falling out. (*Dec.*)

WALTZ TIME—Gaumont-British.—Charming music helps a dull, draggy story. (*Dec.*)

WAY TO LOVE, THE—Paramount.—Maurice Chevalier wants to be a Paris guide, but finds himself sheltering gypsy Ann Dvorak in his roof-top home. Plenty of fun then. (*Dec.*)

WHAT PRICE INNOCENCE?—Columbia.—Parents Minna Gombell, Bryant Washburn, won't tell daughter Jean Parker the truth about sex, as advised by doctor Willard Mack; tragedy follows. A powerful sermon. (*Sept.*)

★ **WHEN LADIES MEET**—M-G-M.—Unexciting, but brilliantly acted. Ann Harding as wife, Myrna Loy as menace, Frank Morgan, Alice Brady, Bob Montgomery. (*Aug.*)

WHEN STRANGERS MARRY—Columbia.—A dull piece, offering nothing new, about why white men's wives go wrong in the tropics. Jack Holt, Lilian Bond. (*Aug.*)

WHITE WOMAN—Paramount.—Charles Laughton, ruler of African jungle kingdom, discovers that Carole Lombard, cast-off, whom he is sheltering, has fallen in love with Kent Taylor. And what blood-curdling horror follows! (*Jan.*)

WILD BOYS OF THE ROAD—First National.—A well-done story of youngsters who turned hoboes during the depression. (*Dec.*)

WOMAN I STOLE, THE—Columbia.—Hergesheimer's "Tampico" done in Algeria. Big oil man Jack Holt after Donald Cook's wife, Fay Wray. Fair. (*Sept.*)

★ **WORLD CHANGES, THE**—First National.—Paul Muni splendid in the life story of a Dakota farm boy who amasses a fortune in the meat packing industry, but is ruined by greedy snobbish relatives. (*Dec.*)

WORST WOMAN IN PARIS?, THE—Fox.—Adolphe Menjou, Benita Hume, Harvey Stephens, in a mild tale about a misunderstood woman. (*Dec.*)

WRECKER, THE—Columbia.—So-so story about he-man Jack Holt, in the house-wrecking business, who loses his wife (Genevieve Tobin) to home-wrecker Sidney Blackmer. George E. Stone great as a junkman. (*Oct.*)

500 PEOPLE IN SCIENTIFIC TESTS END COLDS IN HALF THE TIME

You may benefit by what they proved—Pepsodent Antiseptic fought off colds—cut time lost from colds in half.

Now $1 equals $3 when fighting colds

Pepsodent is 3 times more powerful than other leading mouth antiseptics. Hence it gives you 3 times greater protection—gives you 3 times more for your money.

THE test of any antiseptic is: *will it work?* How effectively Pepsodent Antiseptic "works" is now on official record. Tests on 500 people give science convincing proof of what Pepsodent offers you in fighting winter colds.

Five hundred people were divided into several groups. In fighting colds some gargled with plain salt and water—some with leading antiseptics—one group used only Pepsodent Antiseptic.

Those who used Pepsodent had *50% fewer colds than any other group.*

What's more, those using Pepsodent Antiseptic, who did catch cold, *got rid of their colds in half the time.*

What convincing evidence—what remarkable testimony. Here is a clear-cut example of the extra protection that Pepsodent Antiseptic gives you.

Know this about Antiseptics

Take note! When mixed with an equal part of water, many leading mouth antiseptics *cannot* kill germs. Pepsodent Antiseptic can and does kill germs in 10 seconds—even when it is mixed with 2 parts of water.

That's why Pepsodent goes three times as far—gives you 3 times as much for your money—makes $1 do the work of $3. Don't gamble with ineffective antiseptics. Use Pepsodent Antiseptic. Safeguard your health—and save your money.

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

CENTER OF THE WINTERTIME WORLD

The Most AMAZING VACATION Ever Conceived

A challenge to the future—this audacious vacation plan of the Miami Biltmore! Offering more than sumptuous living in one of the world's greatest hotels, the Miami Biltmore announces a policy of guest entertainment, privileges and special courtesies that has NEVER been equalled ANYWHERE. As a guest of the hotel you are entitled to a COMPLETE VACATION —whether you spend the winter or a few weeks. No matter what your tastes in sports and social diversions, in vacation relaxation or holiday excitements, you can indulge them *at their best* in the Miami Biltmore plan.

When you register in this "Center of the Wintertime World" the gates are opened to you to all the important resort pleasures of this world-famous playground . . . many of which can be enjoyed only at the Miami Biltmore . . . social functions of national distinction . . . sports events of national and international interest.

For example, as a patron of the hotel, you are extended full privileges in the Florida Year Round Clubs . . . three magnificent sports centers—the Miami Biltmore Country Club, the Roney Plaza Cabaña Sun Club at Miami Beach and the Key Largo Anglers Club down on the Florida "keys".

An extraordinary economy — and a service which expands your enjoyment to the entire Miami resort area—is the transportation system operating from the Miami Biltmore and serving all units of the Florida Year Round Clubs. Without extra expense, you ride by aerocar to the races, dog tracks, downtown shopping and theater districts. Or fly by autogiro to Miami Beach! Or scoot by sea-sled down Biscayne Bay to Key Largo and the celebrated fishing grounds — an exhilarating journey along the quiet inland waters and colorful tropic shores of southern Florida. Your saving in local transportation costs alone will offset a major portion of your hotel bill. Moreover, this service brings the Miami Biltmore closer to all resort interests than any other hotel.

On the hotel estate itself is the 18-hole golf course . . . completely worked over for this year's play . . . with a staff of five celebrated pros: GENE SARAZEN, DENNY SHUTE, MIKE BRADY, LOUIS COSTELLO and NED EVERHART. Also, two outdoor pools . . . where weekly aquatic carnivals are held . . . including National Olympic Stars Meet and Atlantic Seaboard A. A. U. Meet. On the tennis courts, brilliant play every day . . . national tournaments . . . professional coach. In the Miami Biltmore stables—mounts for expert or beginner . . . veterinarian, groom and blacksmith services . . . guests' horses boarded without cost! One of the climaxes of the season will be the National Horse Show. And for the fisherman, poloist, race enthusiast or any other hobby-rider, the Biltmore program provides plenty of daily fun.

The social schedule, too elaborate to enumerate in detail, varies from such informal affairs as chowder parties to sumptuous costume balls . . . with nightly jollity of dance orchestras and Broadway entertainers.

Despite its additional services and privileges, the Miami Biltmore has not increased its sensible tariff rates!

Acquaint yourself with this amazing vacation offer, and you will agree with seasoned travelers that it is the best "buy" in the whole resort world!

Open October 28th to June 30th

For information, literature and reservations address hotel direct or see your travel agent

MIAMI BILTMORE

CORAL GABLES MIAMI FLORIDA

Kenneth Alexander

THE Crane Twins are in Hollywood to give the proper Down-in-the-Latin Quarter *rez-de-chaussee* touch to Constance Bennett's new picture, "Moulin Rouge." The Crane girls, one of the most famous dancing teams in the country, are garbed as Apache dancers. And the dance they do would be cheered by the most exacting Parisian audience

Elmer Fryer

RUTH CHATTERTON has a far-away look in her eye, and it's a bet that she is going to make good her threat to leave camera cares behind and take a jaunt into foreign lands with Hubby George Brent. Ruth recently finished "Journal of a Crime." And she won't look at a single script. Too busy studying maps and poring over travel books

Robert W. Coburn

WHEN a star radically changes her type of rôles, the studio is usually in a dither of fear. But nobody seems worried about the new Dolores Del Rio's chances at the box-office! Tired of being a "native girl," she bobbed her hair, had a permanent and put on some swanky clothes before facing the camera for RKO's "Dance of Desire"

Clarence Sinclair Bull

GRETA GARBO as *Queen Christina* is impressively beautiful. And throughout the picture no detail of setting or costume to make the rôle more dramatically effective has been overlooked. The three lighted tapers, the rich background of wood, the graceful folds of *Christina's* gown, lend this portrait elegance and beautiful simplicity

GIVE YOUR HANDS
AN ALLURING WINTER COMPLEXION
Hands as soft and lovely as flowers... reaching out for romance and love. Do you play up your hands the way screen stars do? Keep them alluringly smooth, even in Winter? It isn't so hard as you think! Simply refuse to let work and cold weather coarsen them. Before and after exposure, after your hands have been in water, and always at night, smooth in HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM. Hinds is much more than a finishing lotion. It is a rich, penetrating cream in liquid form, that smooths, softens, and protects. And it's so inexpensive!
NOW IN A SMART NEW BOT
Lovely GLORIA STUART. How important the role her hands play!
Try Hinds Cleansing Cream, too...by the same makers. De

Will Walling, Jr.

WHEN a feller needs a friend, he's likely to find his dog a most encouraging buddy. That's why Herbert Marshall was happy to greet his sad-eyed setter on returning from Hawaii where he worked in Cecil B. De Mille's "Four Frightened People." Marshall brought his dog all the way from England, but studio rules forbade taking him on location

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

DEVELOPMENTS in the Fairbanks-Pickford drama are split three ways. First, Mary's divorce suit has definitely been filed. Second, both Doug and Mary are out of United Artists, which was founded in connection with Charlie Chaplin and D. W. Griffith. Third, the report comes from London that, despite the severing of his domestic and business ties in Hollywood, Douglas is going to return to California. With the announcement that she was filing suit for divorce, Mary stated she would retain Pickfair, the home she and Douglas built over ten years ago.

The combined interests of the two in United Artists have been bought by 20th Century Pictures. Joseph Schenck and Samuel Goldwyn are the purchasers of their large holdings.

THAT Doug, under these circumstances, should consider returning to California may come as a surprise to many. His two thousand acre citrus ranch will, it is said, be his future home and he will build a house there consistent with the fortune he has accumulated as motion picture star and producer.

This report, though in variance with Doug, Jr.'s, statement that neither of them would ever return permanently to California, is, nevertheless, compatible with his father's restless spirit. The quiet peace of the English country-side and too constant association with the formalities of Britain's upper classes may possibly be getting just a little bit on Doug's nerves. He has spent more time on the continent than in England. He took shots in Spain for his forthcoming picture, "Exit Don Juan," and found diversion in the lofty peaks of the Swiss Alps. The elbow room to be found in Southern California may look very inviting to Doug.

MEANTIME, Mary has kept herself busy with social and other activities. It is her ambition to add to her laurels by presenting a stage play on Broadway.

Observers say that the rift between her and Doug began with the making of "Taming of the Shrew" in 1929. Shortly after Doug took his first trip alone and then the whispering began that all was not well at Pickfair.

And Hollywood is now busily conjecturing what the next chapters may be in this tangled life drama.

IT is unthinkable that Lee Tracy's little Mexican escapade may go down in history as another Fatty Arbuckle tragedy. It seems fantastic that a professional career, built after years of endeavor, should summarily be tossed on the ash heap for so trivial an offense.

If the Tracy incident had occurred in the United States, the whole matter would have blown over in a week. Undoubtedly Mexican newspaper enterprise was largely, if not altogether, responsible for the attitude taken by the Mexican government. The parading cadets, whom Tracy is alleged to have insulted, appeared to have taken the matter lightly but when the press of the capital found good copy in the incident, the hue and cry for the *Americano's* scalp arose.

THE episode seems to have more significance than is apparent on the surface. The conjecture that the Mexicans object to the filming of the story of Pancho Villa may not be far from the mark. It is true that a press report states the Mexican government authorized the making of this picture, but it may be that this authorization was later regretted. Tracy's prank offered a splendid opportunity to revoke the official sanction.

It is a well-known fact that Mexicans have always resented the portrayal of Mexican villains on the screen. Nearly five years ago in "In Old Arizona" Warner Baxter, though cast as a typical stage Mexican "bad-man," remarked he was of Portuguese extraction. A fortunate coincidence with respect to film markets across the Rio Grande.

JUST after the trouble broke and the public was uncertain as to the facts in the case, a "trailer" of the picture "Advice to the Lovelorn" featuring Lee, was shown in a Los Angeles theater. Some of the audience hissed.

However, a day or two later, when there was a greater knowledge of the facts in the case, Lee's appearance on the screen was enthusiastically applauded.

I believe that Lee Tracy is too good an actor and too popular a one to remain long in seclusion.

On page eight of this issue are a few of the many letters received, in which Tracy devotees ask that he be reinstated in his proper position.

AL COHN, scenarist of a host of films, several of them markedly outstanding, is the new Collector of U. S. Customs at Los Angeles. You remember the early "Cohens and Kellys," "The Cat and the Canary," "Cisco Kid," and the first feature length sound picture, "The Jazz Singer." They were just a few of Al's screen output.

His new job as Customs Collector is no sinecure. It is a position demanding an unusual knowledge of human nature and the breadth and diplomacy of a statesman.

Keep your eye on Al. From now on you'll hear a lot more about him in public affairs.

REMEMBER Stepin Fetchit, the tired colored boy?

Step is back in Hollywood, working with Janet Gaynor in "Carolina." But he had an awful time getting there.

At the peak of his success, Step had three limousines and three uniformed chauffeurs. But that was *then*. Recently, he found himself broke, in Tampa, Florida. A wealthy insurance man gave Stepin a four-year-old limousine, and enough money to get back to Hollywood.

MOTION pictures have stepped officially into education. More than 17,000 high school teachers are united under the banner of the National Council of English Teachers to use the talkies as a medium of English education. Those with an historical basis are preferred, such films as "Cavalcade" and "Little Women," rich in historical background or depicting manners and customs of a past age.

Says Carl E. Milliken, secretary of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America:

"First, there has been a definite desire on the part of teachers to link up education more closely with life than it has been—and the film is certainly the logical answer to that.

"Second, there has come about a realization that the children of today are capable of taking the equivalent of literature out of films instead of books.

"Third, the experimental work which has been conducted over a period of two and one-half years on teaching with films has set the educators to thinking how best to utilize the motion picture, and because in a majority of instances they have not been able to obtain the necessary equipment, they will turn to the theaters for their instruction.

"Fourth, and possibly the most important of all, is the fact that the motion picture offers the most uniformly interesting educational material for students of all types and mentality. The children prefer it and the teachers do not have to stimulate their interest because it is there already. All the teacher has to do is utilize that interest motive power.

"Finally, teachers have become conscious of their responsibility in helping to steer children's use of their leisure time."

But what has become of the superstition that movies are subversive of intellectual taste?

SHAKESPEARE may ask, "What's in a name?" but Hollywood will tell you there's plenty. Especially the names of pictures. Many a good picture has been utterly ruined at the box-office with titles that simply didn't appeal to the public, or with names that misled the theater patron into believing the picture dealt with subject matter that didn't seem attractive to him.

FOR instance, M-G-M executives experienced the greatest shock of their lives recently when "Bombshell" failed to click in the manner that had been expected. A check-up revealed that over half the public thought it was a war story, and war stories are not in popular favor. The studio hurriedly changed the title to "The Blonde Bombshell," but too late to reap much of a harvest from this really outstanding film.

Paramount experienced the same thing with its "Mama Loves Papa." A grand little comedy, such as the public loves and it was a box-office disappointment simply because the title conveyed the idea it was just another bedroom slap-stick comedy.

Yes, a good picture name means plenty—of jack.

WESTERNS used to be the backbone of practically every studio in Hollywood. Independent companies depended solely on them for their existence. But they will soon be a memory of the past, like the cowboy they so dramatically depicted.

Hoot Gibson is out, George O'Brien on his last picture at Fox, Tom Keene left Radio several months ago for stage training to fit him for dramatic rôles.

There is many a man who will regret the passing of the old.

EVERY time a producer goes abroad he signs up some foreign actor. "Winnie" Sheehan, holding to this rule, has returned with Ketti Gallian, young French actress, under contract for "Marie Gallante." He has also signed Pat Patterson and Hugh Williams, both of whom are English. Lilian Harvey has been no knockout in her first two American pictures. Dorothea Wieck was highly praised for her work in "Maedchen In Uniform," but has been damned with faint praise for "Cradle Song." Wera Engels and Tala Birell didn't cause a ripple in Hollywood. It remains to be seen what Anna Sten will do in "Nana." Kathryn Sergava, who was kept under contract to M-G-M to take Garbo's place in case she didn't come back, has been signed by Warner Brothers.

With the small percentage that ever make good, what is it that brings the actors to this country? With the present rate of exchange, the money is not what it was at one time.

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY

as presented by WANAMAKER'S, New York, with the special caution: "Wash lingerie with IVORY FLAKES"

If pretty lingerie is your weakness, you'll have a gorgeous time in Wanamaker's. See the tempting fashions which are shown above! You can look elegant in a satin nightie (1st girl) or romantic in the "Song of Songs" (2nd girl). You can frou-frou in a "Lady Lou" slip with a lacy jacket (4th girl). Or lounge in negligees of satin or crepe that satisfy your love of lace (3rd and 5th girls)!

But don't let your attention wander when Wanamaker's tells you how to keep them fresh and lovely. "Use Ivory Flakes and lukewarm water!" is very practical advice!

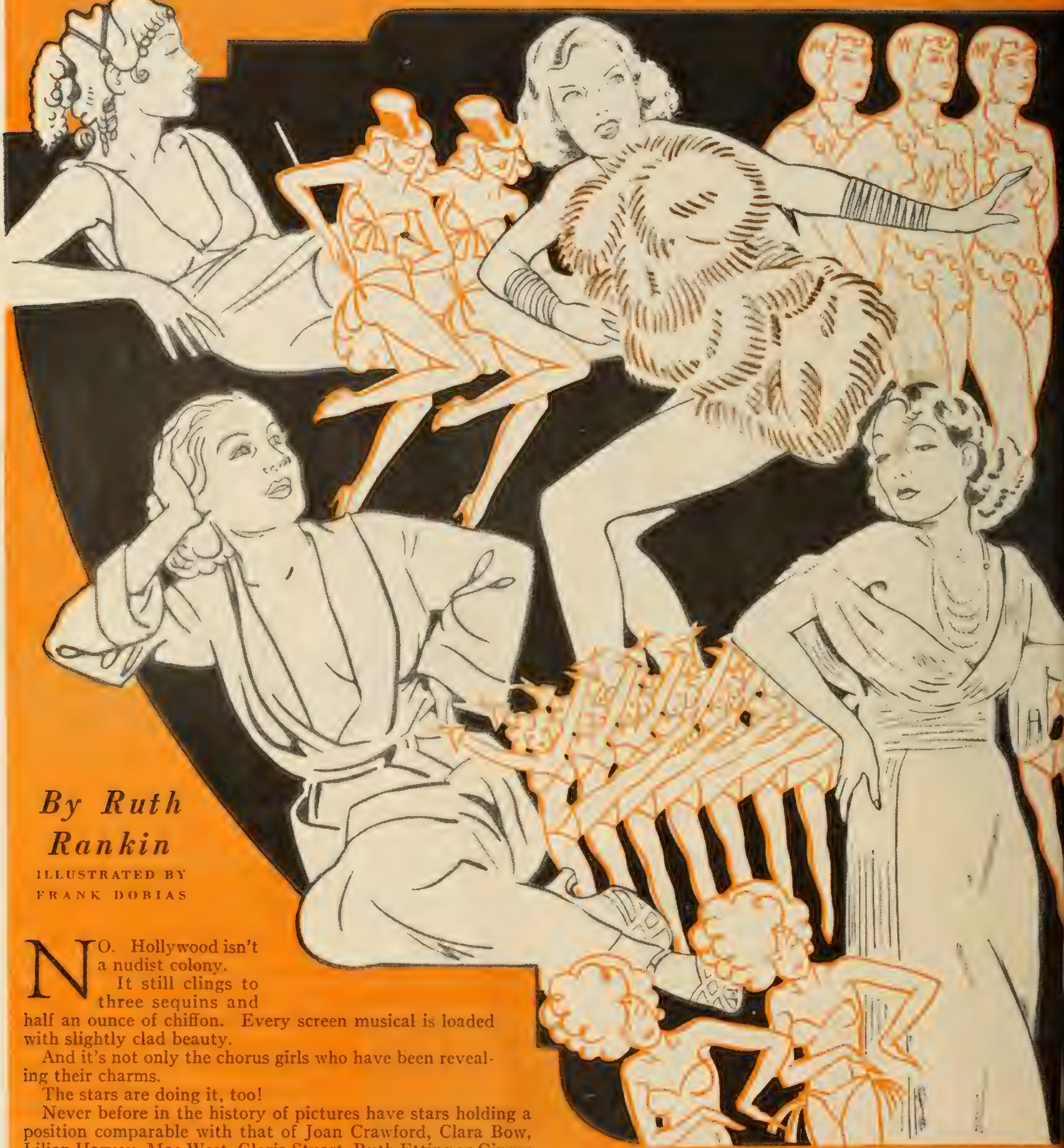
Buyers know the danger of using even slightly too-strong soap flakes. Colors go—silk is dulled. Only pure gentle soap will keep silk like new. That's why salespeople favor Ivory.

Today's safest and biggest value in fine fabrics soap 99 44/100% Pure

In case you haven't sharpened your eyes, let us remind you that Ivory Flakes are *curly* flakes of pure Ivory. They don't take their sweet time about dissolving—like ordinary flat flakes. Ivory Flakes do not mat onto silk, like those "other" soap flakes. The danger of soap spots and fading is gone!

The best comes last! Compare boxes, weights and prices—and you'll see that any other fine fabrics soap costs too much. Ivory Flakes comes in bigger boxes that give you *more* soap!

UNDRAPING



By Ruth Rankin

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK DOBIAS

NO. Hollywood isn't a nudist colony.

It still clings to three sequins and half an ounce of chiffon. Every screen musical is loaded with slightly clad beauty.

And it's not only the chorus girls who have been revealing their charms.

The stars are doing it, too!

Never before in the history of pictures have stars holding a position comparable with that of Joan Crawford, Clara Bow, Lilian Harvey, Mae West, Gloria Stuart, Ruth Etting or Ginger Rogers, consented to appear before the camera in such scanty attire. And thereby they have started a revolution—a revolution in fashions for women—which will be felt and seen—particularly seen—'round the world.

We have beheld a lot of Joan Crawford in a number of pictures. But in "Dancing Lady," we saw her in the briefest panties and a mere whisper of brassière—and a gardenia. The gardenia was removed when the shot was taken. It was just there to stimulate her morale. Joan wanted no visitors on the set at the time. The whole world was going to see the picture—and a full orchestra, plus a crew of twenty, was quite enough

With stars wearing three-ounce costumes.

HOLLYWOOD

Never before have famous stars appeared before the movie cameras in such scant attire

In "Roman Scandals" two regal and dignified ladies named rree Teasdale and Ruth Etting wear a costume that has its n local Hollywood name. There is considerable hiatus beeen where the top ends and the skirt begins. The chorus in e number in that same picture is not very substantially clothed in long flowing golden locks, *a la* Lady Godiva. Without the horse.

Clara Bow revealed her new low of 118 pounds almost in its entirety in "Hoopla."

And in the fan dance number in "Sitting Pretty," Ginger Rogers wore a two and a half ounce costume (plus fan), which was so frank that she refused to allow any still pictures to be taken.

Claudette Colbert wore lots of skirt, but no top worth mentioning, in "Torch Singer."

And every schoolgirl knows what Mae West is doing.

What will be the effect of this wholesale undraping on the new fashion trend?

It is an axiom, scarcely needful of repetition, that pictures and stars make styles. Look what "Letty Lynton" did to our shoulders—and regard the effect [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 113]

ashions for women are going to change!

Clarence Sinclair Bull

ESTHER RALSTON, who left pictures to troupe in vaudeville, is making her screen comeback. Good work she did in Universal's "By Candlelight," and she has a contract with M-G-M tucked away. Esther went on the stage at the age of two. She's bound for the front!

The Power Behind *the* HEPBURN *Throne*

Here's the real secret of all that weird ballyhooing

By Wilbur Morse, Jr.

THERE have been many tales told of Hollywood celebrities who have turned social climbers and skinned their noses.

This is the story of a girl who reversed the plot, an attractive young heiress from Manhattan who snatched at the brass ring in the mad merry-go-round of the movies and caught it.

It was not fame for herself she sought. It was to learn if she could outsmart the ballyhoo artists in their own field of blustering showmanship, put on a better act than anyone else in the versatile vaudeville revue they call Hollywood, that this imaginative young lady invaded the film capital. She backed a likely young racer in the Hollywood handicap and brought her charge past the judges' stand—a winner.

The smile of achievement. Her job done, Laura says goodbye, as Hepburn leaves Hollywood

Katharine's every eccentric move is just so much play acting and Laura Harding is her competent scenarist and director

Today, back in her big Fifth Avenue house, this girl is sitting, content with the knowledge that hers was the guiding hand in one of the most spectacular screen careers the movies have ever known.

* * *

It was just as Katharine Hepburn was deserting the top rung of the movie ladder to return to the New York stage for several months that Hollywood realized that—behind the sudden [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 107]

"Can A MAN LOVE Two

"The woman a man loves represents the acme of perfection," says Gary. And Mr. Cooper smiles at his own "acme of perfection"

Gary Cooper, Hollywood's greatest and most gallant lover, answers this question

By Virginia Maxwell

THE tall, handsome, he-man Gary sat back in a huge chair in his New York hotel and let one of his long legs dangle over the other. I suppose I ought to give the girls a treat and tell them that their favorite screen lover was in his pajamas—orchid silk with a white stripe, beneath a very good-looking white flannel lounging robe. Well, I will tell them, for he was. It was 10 A.M. and Gary was ready for breakfast.

What with Gary declaring he had earned the right to make his own decisions; arrange his life and his love to suit himself, and that no influence could change his mind about anything touching his personal life, we were prepared to find him in a very independent state of mind.

His engagement to Sandra Shaw had just been announced by her parents.

"We've come to ask you a lot of very personal questions," was the opening volley. Gary Cooper blushed a little, picked up a menu and hastily ordered breakfast. A man's sized breakfast with oatmeal and cream and crumpets and ham and eggs and—well, you know Gary hails from the wide open spaces and he eats breakfasts like rough-ridin' cowboys.

Over these homey vittles, we chatted about love and life and the things most of Gary Cooper's admirers might like to know. Gary is not easy to talk with; he seems fearful that he will be misinterpreted, a little bashful when trapped into a direct answer touching any of the personal things in his life—such as Sandra Shaw.

"YES, I'm engaged," Gary admitted, "but just when the marriage will take place is uncertain. Maybe three months, perhaps not before six months. We have set no definite date, for various reasons."

Just at this moment Gary was lifting a spoonful of his oatmeal and I noticed a slender platinum band on his small finger.

"Does that ring explain the mysterious trip to Yuma; the trip the newspapers wrote down as your wedding trip?"

Gary seemed a little embarrassed; he studied the menu card.

"Gosh, every time anybody goes to Yuma the press immediately conclude they've gone to get married. What I'd really like to know is why every Yuma wedding report says they had to get the sheriff out of bed. Sheriffs must sleep all the time down there," he laughed.

"But the ring, Gary. How about that?"

"Oh, that. It's merely a ring-guard. I wear it to keep this Indian ring from slipping off. That's all."

"Well, now that that's settled, let's find out what you think about this business of being in love with two people at the same time. We mean, of course, the sort of theme worked out in 'Design for Living.' "

Women *at the* Same Time?"

"I believe two men could love the same woman, but not for a very long time," he explained. "Life is too drab a proposition to continue the gay, light manner such a situation would require. It could go on just so long as neither of the men took their love seriously.

"Men," said Gary, "have always shared a fine fraternal spirit with each other and this, very often, is more precious to them than the love of the woman which might split up their friendship. But if that love were to become an all-consuming passion, a man's primitive instinct for possession and protection would surmount everything else. And the other man, who also loved this woman, would become his bitterest enemy. They'd detest each other, I think. That's the way instinct would have it."

"But how about a man being in love with two women at the same time? Do you suppose the reverse order of 'Design for Living' would be possible?"

Gary looked straight at us, a little suspiciously, then his good-looking face broke into a smile.

"You mean the reverse order of the 'Design for Living' situation?" he made certain.

"Yes—or any similar real life situation."

"No, I don't believe a man can really love two women at the same time," he said, after thinking it over a while. "Not if it's really love. As I see it, the woman a man loves represents the acme of perfection. He sees her as a combination of all

As this issue goes to press, word is received that Gary and the lovely Sandra Shaw have been married in New York

the desirable qualities he's ever found in anyone else. It may be an illusion, of course. But while he's in love, he sees only one woman's perfection. And to her, he would compare any other woman he might meet.

"You know," Gary went on, "I get all mixed up about things sometimes. I try to figure out life's little ways, and when I get so baffled I don't know quite what to do, I pick up 'Alice in Wonderland' and skim through it. Then I conclude that life really is just about as cock-eyed as *Alice* found it, too."

About this time the telephone rang and Gary went to answer it, taking long strides across the room as though he were very eager for that call.

AND if you've ever heard Gary's voice soften in his talkies when he speaks to the girl of his heart, you should have heard the well-known Cooper cadence that morning. No one tried to listen, of course. But it just couldn't be avoided overhearing the tender little things Gary said to a lucky girl on the other end. Obviously, that girl was Sandra Shaw.

Gary's tender solicitude toward Sandra formed the first real doubt we had that he would remain a bachelor as long as he had predicted. Maybe by the time this story reaches print Gary will be honeymooning somewhere in the South Sea Islands. For he confessed an overwhelming desire to live there for a while, "far out away from everything and everyone, where a man can be close to the elemental things of life . . ." was what Gary really said about that anticipated trip.

"I want to travel everywhere, to taste life in the raw as well as in this ultra civilization," Gary nodded toward Park Avenue below. "Frankly, I like both [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 119]

Sylvia Gives Clara Bow *Some Timely* Advice

G. Maillard Kesslère

Sylvia, modern miracle worker, has helped keep many of the stars on their pedestals

DEAR Clara: I've just seen you in "Hoopla," and I think you're great! You're that regular hot-cha Bow again with just enough dramatic scenes to show how good an actress you are. But I'll let your reviewers and dramatic critics tell you about *that*. I've got another message for you, and although I'm talking to you exactly as I'd talk face to face, I want all the other girls and women to listen in, too, because what I've got to say will also help them.

Are you all set? Can you take it? Well, here goes!

You have glorious eyes, Clara, but I'm going to tell you how to make them ten times more glorious. Remember in your picture "Hoopla" when Minna Gombell says, "With your eyes you can draw the ducks off the pond"? If you'll do what I say, you can lure the swans off the lake and the battleships off the ocean. Because, right now, Clara, your face is too fat. And you've got to do something about it. That's why I'm writing to you. I know exactly *how* you can take off the excess plumpness on your face and make your eyes a million times more lovely.

Look at yourself in the mirror, darling. Look at your heavy cheeks. Now listen to me while I tell you something I've never told anyone before. I've done this trick to the opera singers, Mary Lewis and Jeritza, and to lots of society women. But I've never told anyone about it. I'm telling you, Clara, for your own good.

This is the way to take that fat off your cheeks. This is the way you, or any other woman, can do it.

With the thumb and forefinger of both hands, lift the muscles just above the jaw-bone away from the bone. Don't stretch the skin, just gently lift up the fat as if you were going to pinch your own face. Get the idea? The muscle is lifted away from the jaw and there is a ridge of skin on top. Now slowly work in a progressive movement with your four fingers—the thumb and forefinger of both hands—working from the chin to the ear, gently squeezing the muscles. Don't touch the bone, and leave the ridge of skin alone. Just squeeze, gently, into the muscles.

If you'll do this every day for ten or fifteen minutes—but go slowly at first, because your face will be sore—you won't know yourself in a couple of months. I know you can do it! I've done it many, many times.

So I'm telling you the trick, and the rest is up to you.

A slumping posture like Clara used in "Hoopla" causes a hump at the top of the spine

I KNOW what I'm talking about, because thousands of readers of PHOTOPLAY have told me that my suggestions work, and if these girls and women—and they're your fans, Clara—if they can do it, so can you! I'm sincere, and I'm trusting you to heed my advice.

Start working on that jaw the minute you read this, Clara. But wait! I'm not through with your face.

Your nose is grand.

Don't touch it, but on either side of your nose, right up close to your eyes, is a slight plumpness that should be taken off, and it can be done so easily. Use the forefinger and middle finger of each hand and—with just a little cold cream on the fingers—pressing very gently and with a rotary movement, work away from the nose and up towards the outer corners of the eyes. Don't stretch the skin and don't start this until the jaw-line is well under way. Honestly, Clara, when you've done these things you're going to be so lovely and so beautiful, because you've got everything to work with.

I've always admired you, Clara, for your spunk and for the way you wouldn't let anything get you down. You've shown courage all through your life. And you're still showing it. The way you've given up all that Hollywood nonsense for a fine outdoor life on the ranch. And your adopting those two kids. I think it's great! But you can't stop there. You've got to work on your figure now, because you *can't let your admirers down.*

DON'T forget that you're an idol to millions of women. They think you're beautiful—and you are—and you can't disappoint them by appearing in your pictures any way but perfect. How long do you think they'll idolize your appearance if they, themselves, have a better figure than you have? This is common sense talk, Clara, and you know it! And your devotees, who have been reading my articles, have pitched right in and taken fat off their bodies. You've just got to do the same. You can't let *them* get ahead of *you.*

Besides, most of the girls in Hollywood have "weight clauses" in their contracts. The producers know that the stars must be slender. The studio execs tear their hair when they see you girls putting on weight. And that's pretty tough on the thin-haired executives!

Above: Clara's eyes would be even more beautiful if her face were thinner—and that's an easy job, says Sylvia. Left: the slump hump can't be hidden, but Sylvia tells how to lose it

Another thing you've got to watch is that "old woman's bump" on the last vertebra at the top of your spine. You're just a kid. You're not old enough to have that, and you've got to get rid of it. Now, I know that in "Hoopla" you were slumping because that was part of the characterization, but slumping is an easy habit to form, so be careful that you don't do it in real life. Slumping makes an "old woman's bump." Now you've got to get rid of it. And it can be done, too. I know! Because I had one once myself and I got rid of it. And here's the way.

Lie on the floor on your back with your arms above your head, backs of the hands lightly touching the floor. Relax. The trouble with most people when they do a lying down exercise is that they stiffen up. Well, don't do it. You're not going to break. Use your brain and remember that even while you're stretching and even while you're doing this exercise you *must* be relaxed.

Now stretch your arms and you can feel those shoulder-blades coming together. You can feel that "old woman's bump" moving. Atta girl! That's [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]

And don't miss Sylvia's personal answers to girls, on page 112!

I MEET

By Frazier Hunt

Who has interviewed kings and presidents but never before a motion picture star

The indefatigable star who is not content to be just a famous movie actress. Most ambitious, Joan trains herself for greater rôles

I CAME away feeling, as Chic Sale would say, "Jes' good—jes' good all over."

In this mad, swirling world of today I had found a person utterly happy. Her name is Joan Crawford.

It was a strange and exciting interview. For almost twenty years it's been my business to talk to people, big and little—to try to find out what's behind their fronts, what they're really thinking. I've interviewed kings and presidents, generals and revolutionary leaders, bandits and bankers—but never before had I interviewed a motion picture star.

As a matter of fact, I felt just a little bewildered when I pushed the bell of her New York suite. But a half-minute after she'd stepped into the sitting-room in a chic black and white street costume, I saw how unnecessary my fears had been; we both spoke the same language.

It was a language that had to do with people and their hearts—their dreams and their longings. It had to do with mutual friends and the hidden qualities that made them lovable and remembered. And it had much to do with happiness and tomorrow's work.

At the very first I wasn't sure we were going to get along. During those initial thirty seconds she was very much the grand screen star. She had just faced a crowd of admirers on Fifth Avenue who had surrounded her, and there had been a little shoving and pressure. With her great, wide-set blue eyes flashing, she told me that she suffered terribly from claustrophobia. I believe that was the word. I know I thought to myself that it was a very big word for such a little person to use.

"I'VE had it ever since my brother locked me in a dark closet when I was a child," she explained. "And it always frightens me now to be hemmed in—whether by walls or by a crowd."

She settled back in the corner of the great divan and pulled her skirt well down over a pair of very lovely ankles. "Hope you won't mind my wearing mules," she said with a quick smile. "My poor feet are worn out from shopping."

"I don't mind at all," I hurriedly answered.

I wanted to tell her the story about Mark Twain—but I passed up the chance. Remember it? Someone was complaining to the great Missourian that Lillian Russell was appearing in a current show in tights. "My dear friend," the incomparable Mark answered, "I'd rather see Lillian Russell without any clothes on at all than General Grant in full uniform."

I wish now that I had told it to her. I know that she would have chuckled over it. But instead I made some inane remark about how hard it was to get around New York these days. And then out of the blue sky—or rather down from the golden ceiling—dropped the name of Odd McIntyre. We both pounced on it at the same time.

"There may be greater O. O. McIntyre admirers than I am, but if there are I've never met them," Joan said eagerly. "For four years I've saved every single column of Mr. McIntyre's "New York Day by Day." I've had a special scrap-book made for them and I paste every one of them in myself. And let me tell you that until I get my coffee in the morning I'm a fit companion only for a sore-toothed tiger, but I have to read O. O.'s kindly philosophies even before I touch my coffee."

Then I told one. This past summer out in Great Falls, Montana, a little priest rushed up to me and pumped my hand. "I never thought I'd really get to meet you," he exclaimed breathlessly.

MISS CRAWFORD

"I want to go on and on with my work. My next picture is to be 'Pretty Sadie McKee'—and I'm all ready for my big chance. I'd like to do 'The Merry Widow' with Maurice Chevalier, and with Irving Thalberg to supervise it"

I could feel my chest swelling. Here at last was my loyal reader-admirer I'd been looking for all these years. Then he popped me over the head: "Of course," he explained, "I've never actually read any of your pieces or heard you on the radio, but for years I've followed you in O. O. McIntyre's column."

Joan was sympathetic. "How lucky you are to know him so well," she said rather wistfully. "It's strange, but I've only met him once, and then at a large party. But to me he's a very fine writer and a great soul."

"Wonder what it is that gives him his tremendous following?" I queried.

She hesitated, then answered: "I think it's because he is always so gentle about everything."

That second I knew I was going to like her immensely. She had said a wise and beautiful thing about a friend.

"Tell me about your pictures," I pleaded. "Honestly, I don't know the first thing about them. For instance, what do you want to do?"

"I want to go on and on with this wonderful art. Then some day I want to go on the stage. I want really to be a very great actress. I'm willing to work hard to do it. I'm ready to give years of my life."

"But the stage is old-fashioned," I insisted.

"Yes, but it will always be a great magnet that will keep pulling at us all. I want to feel the thrill of a real audience. I work for weeks and weeks on a [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]

LAST

Once the highest paid Hollywood star and a world-wide favorite, Tom Mix has also deserted the screen because Westerns don't pay

"Bronco Billy" Anderson, as the very first daredevil cowboy, supplied the movies with some of its earliest thrills. But Anderson retired

THE jingle of Chihuahua spurs and the rustle of chapparajos is unfamiliar music to Hollywood Boulevard today. And fewer and fewer ten-gallon sombreros shed from lean, wind-tanned faces the dying rays of the Western sun, whose every setting seems to signal the eclipse of the most colorful, the most typical and at one time the most important of all screen figures—the Hollywood cowboy.

It looks like Hollywood is heading for the last round-up.

For only within the past few weeks two of the three remaining rough riding stars have forsaken "Westerns." George O'Brien and Col. Tim McCoy have hoisted their silver-mounted saddles up to the rack of Western retirement alongside the dusty bridles of Buck Jones, Hoot Gibson, Tom Mix and Bill Hart. They've coiled their lariats over

William S. Hart made over a million dollars as a movie cowboy. He is now resting and dreaming of past screen adventure

ROUND-UP

The day of the colorful Western drama is past, and only one lone cowboy is left

By Kirtley Baskette

Ken Maynard rides alone—the last Hollywood cowboy. Will he be able to keep alive on the screen the colorful legends of the old West?

the same peg where hang the neglect-stiffened ropes of Jack Hoxie, Art Acord and "Bronco Billy" Anderson.

And today in the town where fifteen years ago one studio, alone—Universal—had forty two-reel Westerns in production at once; where ten years ago a Western picture, "The Covered Wagon," was acclaimed one of the three greatest films ever produced; where at the same time a purely Western star, Tom Mix, signed the most fabulous contract of all time—today, one lone cowboy star, Ken Maynard, is riding, shooting, roping and rescuing in genuine Western action plots for the camera.

The Western, which for the past two decades and more, ever since "Bronco Billy" Anderson glorified the range rider for the old Essanay company back in Chicago, has supplied the backbone of the movies; has kept the gates of more than one studio open with its sure-fire revenue, and provided the training school for many of the screen's leading lights, both male and female—the Western "horse opera," which was the first type of picture Hollywood ever produced prolifically; which first spread its fame to the four corners of the globe; which made all foreigners believe that every American wore a sombrero and toted a six-gun—this "cowboy thriller," the only purely native type of drama Hollywood ever produced, seems definitely destined for early extinction.

Headed for the last round-up!

Time was when you couldn't walk through the old "Water-Hole" district on Cahuenga Avenue, off Hollywood Boulevard, without snagging your trousers on the silver spurs of one of the milling cowpokes hanging around. For, only a few years ago, from five-hundred to a thousand bronc-busters were working steadily. Now if twenty work one day a week, it's a boom season.

And the "Water-Hole," with its score or more of leather workers, silversmiths and saddle-makers, who used to stay up nights fashioning the decorative boots and belts and silver buckles, dear to every cowboy's heart, has dwindled to one lone boot shop

Hoot Gibson, whose deeds of daring thrilled thousands and made him a national figure, recently filed a plea of bankruptcy

where English riding boots and polo equipment now constitute the major business.

The cowboys themselves, many of them, have returned to the range to their forty-a-month and grub; others still wander around town, unable to forget the golden days, hanging on with other kinds of extra bits, working in riding academies, and on "dude" ranches. A few work in Westerns—only a few.

And the stars—

"Bronco Billy" Anderson, never a real cowboy, but a screen daredevil who dressed in Western garb, is retired and living in San Francisco. "Wild Art" Acord, who used to fight all comers in the old corrals at Universal City, just for the fun of it, was killed a few years ago in a knife scrape in Mexico. Bill Hart, the Eastern stage actor who never did learn how to ride a bucking horse, but who made over a million dollars as a two-gun avenger, battles ill health on his Newhall ranch, near Hollywood, and dreams of his glorious screen career which reached its apex in "Tumbleweeds."

Tom Mix, the greatest of them all, who made his first "flicker" in 1911, and who signed one of the most amazing contracts ever made with Fox—for $10,000 a week and percentages totaling another $5,000—retired from his Universal contract last year and embarked on a personal appearance tour of one-night stands.

Mix, the first genuine cowboy to become a screen star, epitomized the glory of the Western by becoming not only the highest paid and at one time the most independently wealthy of all Hollywood's luminaries, but by his unerring showmanship, making the whole world cowboy-conscious. A former frontier marshal, soldier of fortune and ranger, he was toasted by royalty abroad, kept his horse, Tony, in the swankiest of European hotels and enjoyed an international opulence known to few of the cinema's past or present great.

NO less than sixty-nine of his leading women, he ushered first into acting importance. The long list includes such names as Barbara LaMarr, Colleen Moore, Billie Dove, Clara Bow, Laura LaPlante and (believe it or not) Ann Pennington!

And today, at somewhere between forty and fifty, Tom Mix is practically as good a man as he ever was, still fit for his remarkable riding stunts—but his last pictures didn't make money. This last year has seen him approaching financial straits.

Hoot Gibson, another dyed-in-the-corral-dip steer wrangler, and one-time winner of the coveted Pendleton championship, has been practically out of pictures for two years. Recently he entered a bankrupt plea in a Los Angeles court.

Buck Jones, who came from the "101 Ranch" to the screen via the big top, was forced to do "straight" parts last year. During his palmy days, Buck built up an organized following of over three million members in his "Buck Jones Rangers" club. It is still active, but the members are having a hard time seeing Buck on the screen in his old ranger rôles. He doesn't do them any more.

EVEN the fledglings, Tom Keene and Randolph Scott, have headed their horses over the hill with the setting sun. Tom, who made horse operas for two years for RKO-Radio has now taken back his former name of George Duryea, and trimmed down his sombrero for straight romantic rôles. Randy Scott's run of Zane Grey stories is finished and Paramount has given him no more Western assignments.

Now, you ask, why is all this?

Is it because the kids refuse to be kidded by out-dated Western gunmen? Is the horse passe? Is the young American, and old American as well, too sophisticated, too modern to get a "kick" out of a plunging mustang or a six-gun duel, any longer?

Possibly. Yet, the fiction magazines are full of Western stories. Western books are still popular. True, the West, the wild West is gone—it was gone before a moving picture camera was ever invented—but its legend and romance are not; its hardy, interesting characters are not.

Ken Maynard, who came to pictures as a trick riding champion from a wild West show and stayed to make and keep more money than any of his predecessors or contemporaries, and who remains as the sole active and exclusively Western star in Hollywood today, has some ideas on the subject.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]

Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable are ready to go—baggage and all. But they don't seem to be in a great hurry. Director Frank Capra is giving them advice on the side. The trio are working on "Night Bus"

Clarence Sinclair Bull

PRETTY Polly—and pretty Lupe—finish off their swim with a little conversation. The parrot is only one of Lupe's many pets. She has two dogs, a cat, several birds and a whole school of gold fish. The combination makes some of Lupe's guests nervous. They expect the dogs to chase the cat, and the cat to eat the birds

Romance, Music and a Bright New Star

THOUSANDS were tested, and Ann Sothern was chosen. It will be her first movie, too—the lead in Columbia's musical, "Let's Fall in Love." Ann comes from Broadway. Her name there was Harriette Lake. Studio officials said the name was too cold and formal to bring her movie fame, and so advised her. So she chose Sothern because of her esteem for the late E. H. Sothern, Shakespearean actor

MR. EDMUND LOWE is using all his powers of persuasion, but Ann can't quite make up her mind. In "Let's Fall in Love," Ann is a young girl, working in a circus concession. Eddie, as a motion picture director, sees her there, and begs her to place herself in his hands and let him train her for stardom. But the proposition sounds a bit suspicious to Ann, and she won't give him an answer in a hurry

"Let's Fall in Love!" It's the name of the show—*not* an invitation. But it lured a Broadway blonde!

Photographs by
William A. Fraker

EDDIE points out to Ann all the excitement of life in Hollywood—handsome heroes, dancing feet, the grinding of cameras, the flare of Klieg lights, the joy of fame. The impressionistic study of Hollywood in the background was designed by William A. Fraker, Columbia camera artist It expresses the rhythm, the glamour, the swift tempo which make up the scintillating, varied pattern of the movie city

SO Ann is convinced. But it isn't the exciting promises of Hollywood that lure her from the circus. Nor is it the assurance of fame. Oh, no! At least, not in *this* movie. Ann goes because she falls in love with Eddie! Of course, incidentally, a star's salary will come in handy, and it's fun to be famous. But "Let's Fall in Love" is gay and delightfully romantic and not to be bothered with high finance

Anthony Ugrin

IRENE BENTLEY got into the movies without trying. She went over to Fox to watch a screen test and when a girl was needed for a bit of action, jokingly offered her services. Fox officials noticing her in the test, wired her to come to Hollywood. She left two days later for a part in "My Weakness," and is now playing the lead in "Smoky"

John, *the* Great

What a showman and what a wit Barrymore proves himself

By Charles Darnton

YOU have to call your shots with John Barrymore. Usually, I do. But this time, when he wasn't looking, I just banged away and left myself right behind the eight ball, with:

"Do you plan to end your career on the stage?"

Of course, I knew he'd catch me at it. But I choked on my beer in his dressing-room as he raised a baleful eye from his Irish stew—race will tell!—and bitingly observed:

"Up to this aging moment I had felt comparatively young. But your question has a distinct, not to say disturbing, mortuary sound. I am surprised at you, particularly after giving you a glass of beer."

Silence fell on the scene and the stew alike as, with sudden loss of appetite, Mr. Barrymore stabbed a jaundiced carrot, rolled a pallid onion over on its back, then morbidly studied an anemic potato.

"It's the appalling finality of that phrase, 'end your career'," he muttered. "Did you, if I may ask, remember to bring the cyanide?"

In the desperate circumstances there was only one thing to do, turn my unhappy question in another direction. And a lucky turn it was, for it brought forth unexpected and momentous news. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]

It was a swordfish that, according to John Barrymore, took him into pictures. At left, the inimitable John is shown with lovely Helen Chandler in "Long Lost Father," for which he was borrowed from M-G-M by RKO-Radio

CAL YORK Announcing The Monthly Broadcast of

GARBO may be the world to her public, but she sometimes makes it tough on those who follow her around. The great Greta visited a dude ranch near Victorville, California, not long ago, insisting on absolute privacy until the manager had to ask her to move on when the rest of the guests complained about being shooed out of the way every time she took a walk.

"HOW was the opening?" a friend asked Jimmy Gleason, anent a certain picture.

"Colossal!" declared Jimmy. "Better than that—it was mediocre!"

HOLLYWOOD'S heart went out to Isabel Jewell during Lee Tracy's troubles in Mexico.

"If only he'd been good 'till I got there," Isabel moaned.

In fact, she was all ready to leave for Mexico when the news of Lee's arrest flashed through to Hollywood.

Some friends, thinking to cheer her up, took Isabel to a night club.

"Will you please play Lee's favorite?" she begged the orchestra leader.

"Of course," he said, "what is it?"

"It's 'Melancholy Baby,'" she said and wept through the whole number.

You have to be a director to get in on a job like this! There are strings to it! Rowland V. Lee assisted Lilian Harvey with lacing her boots for a rope-walking scene in Fox's "I Am Suzanne." That's why the leather toes are forked

UP rushed the usual mob of autograph seekers when Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone stepped out of a New York theater. Joan was near to getting writer's cramp from scribbling her name on the slips of paper thrust before her.

Suddenly she paused. The slip she was about to sign was an I. O. U.

"I can't sign this," she said.

"Why not?" the man demanded impudently.

Joan was still courteous. "I got into an awful jam once for autographing a blank check by mistake."

The fellow went away muttering about Joan being high-hat.

WHEN Evelyn Venable was touring with Walter Hampden in Shakespearean repertory, this happened in Baltimore. Evelyn came to the famous line, "Hey, Nonnie, Nonnie—"

And the gallery, as a man, chanted back—"and a Hot, Cha, Cha!"

The old gentleman getting his beard trimmed is John Boles. Jack Pierce, studio cosmetician, has just finished aging Boles with a little make-up. The beard was for a scene in Universal's recent release, "Beloved"

Hollywood Goings-On!

THERE was no more beautiful girl at the Mayfair Ball, Hollywood's greatest social event, than Virginia Gilbert, Jack's wife. She wore a gown of pink and silver lame with a long train, and her blonde hair wound in braids about her head.

A cape-wrap of silver fox completed the costume. In their party were the Countess di Frasso and Lyle Talbot.

THE very first couple to arrive were Mr. and Mrs. John Barrymore, a very handsome pair but who looked as if they wished these things would get started earlier, so they could go home.

Dolores was radiantly beautiful in a white gown with a long train which she looped gracefully over her arm as she danced with her husband—all alone on the floor, at first.

John was dressed in his soup and fish and accoutered in bedroom slippers and dark glasses.

THE most fashionably late arrivals were George Raft and Carole Lombard, who showed up around one A. M. and put on a tango that stopped everything.

TWO stunning examples of masculine physical perfection stood side by side at the Mayfair, the same height and about the same build. When they turned around, the impressed bystander discovered them to be Johnny Weissmuller and Tommy Meighan. Lupe wore black velvet with quarts of rubies.

And twenty minutes later he was yelling, "Help! I've been robbed!" Oh, yes. It's good exercise that Mr. William Gargan takes. And it keeps him physically fit. But it does sort of strew his valuables all over the lawn

WHILE in New York, Joan Crawford, unwittingly upset, very, very much, another famous star.

Marilyn Miller was doing those cute impersonations in the Broadway success "As Thousands Cheer," and one of Marilyn's specialties is her imitations of Crawford.

But Marilyn didn't know the famous "Dancing Lady" was in the house, though the audience did. And Joan was the cynosure of all eyes, eager to see just how Joan was taking it. Marilyn was getting no laughs and little attention. It wasn't until afterwards she learned the audience was too busy looking at the real stuff.

NO lover's spat was the breaking up of the long Donald Cook-Evalyn Knapp engagement. Neither has spoken to the other since they stopped going together, although they have frequently been thrown together.

Fresh from his Mexican adventure, Lee Tracy arrived in Hollywood looking happy. He's reassuring Isabel Jewell, who was waiting at the train gate, that all will be well. Isabel and Lee are seen very frequently together

Starry futures ahead, but—

Shirley Mason, once a favorite star, gave up her career and fame to take care of her tiny daughter, Sheila Mary Lanfield. When urged to go back on the screen, Shirley laughs and says, "No, thank you. I like this job better!"

CORA SUE COLLINS, little six-year-old actress working in "As The Earth Turns," paid a great deal of attention when she heard that Sarah Padden, who plays in the same picture, wore pads to make her appear fat. Cora Sue stole over to her mother and whispered, "Do you think her name is really Padden, or do they just call her that because she has to wear all those pads?"

THE conversation at a certain dinner party the other night drifted around to Joan Crawford's frank statement that Franchot Tone was teaching her how to act for the stage.

"And did Lenore Ulric teach you how to act?" a young woman across the table asked Lenore's former husband, Sidney Blackmer.

"Oh no," Sidney said with a smile, "she just taught me how to behave."

"WHAT in the world is all the fun about?" Visitors at the First National Studio asked when they saw the very quiet Ricardo Cortez doing the minuet with the rotund Archie Mayo. That afternoon they found out, for the announcement of Ricardo's engagement to Mrs. Christine Lee appeared in the papers.

They will probably be married by the time you read this.

SURPRISING their friends in Hollywood, Alice White and Sidney Bartlett were married at the old Pronto Ranch in Mexico. In the ancient town hall, where many famous weddings have taken place, and with the governor of Mexico attending, little blonde Alice became Mrs. Bartlett.

AND Fifi Dorsay finally did it, too. Maurice Hill, son of a Chicago manufacturer, was (and is) the lucky bridegroom.

MAE WEST has a new "chimp" to take the place of the pet monkey that died recently.

"Chimp" learned to push elevator buttons and life has become miserable for the elevator boys in Mae's apartment. The monkey will hop up and down stairs ringing for elevators on every floor and running before the boys get there. "Let the kid have his fun," smiles Mae.

LOUISE FAZENDA and her baby have been resting at Palm Springs. "I happened to glance out of my window the first morning," Louise said, "and who was going by but a Marx brother."

"What did you do?" she was asked.

"Do?" ejaculated Louise. "Why, I grabbed the baby and hid with it."

RALPH MORGAN went to see his daughter, Claudia, in the Broadway play, "Thoroughbred." But, how he wanted to get out! It

Boris Karloff, director of the Screen Actors' Guild, greets its youngest member—Sunny Waterman. Karloff can't make the baby actor laugh, or even smile, so *he* thinks Sunny has a future as a dead-pan comedian

What do the grown-ups think?

wasn't professional jealousy. Ralph was feeling faint, the effect of a close steam-heated theater after that balmy California air. Ralph began to grow panicky, fearful he would have to walk out on his daughter's performance.

He gritted his teeth, dug his nails into the plush chair cushion and swore, "I will not faint. I will not leave." The stage was a blur. Ralph went up the aisle on wobbly legs.

"Charming—lovely—very interesting," he smiled weakly as his friends eagerly asked him how he liked the play.

LATEST thing in souvenir-collecting: A woman rushed up to Jean Harlow at a recent theater opening in Los Angeles and asked, "May I have that cigarette when you're through with it, please?" Rather disconcerting for Jean to think of the exhibits neatly tagged that it must be destined to join. But the print of those perfect lips is worth the trouble, collectors will tell you.

CECILIA PARKER, that pretty little blonde who used to be out at Universal, is now Andy Clyde's leading lady, in Educational comedies. And being in comedies, she has to keep in training. So the other day she entered a Hollywood store and asked the clerk for a pair of shorts for her gymnasium.

"Yes, miss," answered the clerk, "and what size is your gymnasium?"

WALLY BEERY was much too busy on that eventful trip with the "Viva Villa" company to get into trouble or know much about those who did. Wally was busy buying dolls and toys in the Mexican shops. His little daughter, Carol Ann, is Wally's pride and joy and his every idle moment was spent in hunting gifts for her.

Little Marianne and her mother, Lucille Edwards, are filmdom's newest screen team. They are playing together in "Orient Express." Thus, Marianne's screen training begins early—literally, at her mother's knee

The Harold Lloyds apparently have no cinematic dreams for their children. They carefully keep them away from movie cameras. But the photographer caught Harold in the act of showing Harold, Jr., how to shoot marbles

WHILE Gary Cooper was in New York, he was invited by the Associated Motion Picture Advertisers to one of their Thursday luncheons.

Gary, nervous as an extra at a try-out, was called upon to speak. He got up, struggled for a start and just as he was about to emit his first word, a waiter tripped with a huge tray of dishes which caused a reverberating clatter throughout the room. That completely finished Gary's equilibrium. But he was actor enough to turn the accident into an alibi. He made a low bow in the direction of the waiter and said, "Gentlemen, I give the floor to my good friend here." Then he sat down. And the waiter isn't over the thrill of it yet.

FIGURE it out any way you like—but the Paramount Westerns and Mae West made more money for that lot than any other productions last year.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]

The Passing

Fat, or skinny, they all wear pants like Marlene's—cluttered with diamonds, Mae okays curves—Oakie swoons when Peggy Joyce chisels two orchids—DeMille cracks his whip, and the leopards fall dead—and it's hello and goodbye with Constance and her Marquis

ONCE again the stage is set! Another year rolls around and Hollywood puts on its big Revue of 1933. New names flicker brightly on the theater marquee. The red carpet is unrolled and the plush seats are dusted.

Slowly the orchestra files into the pit. Behind the curtain there's the usual flutter and hubbub. Electricians, actors, directors and their assistants, producers fly madly about.

An air of hushed excitement fills the place. Behind the scenes the white blur of an actor's face, ill with the despair of a departed year, contrasts strangely with the clinking jewelry of a triumphant Mae West.

Another year! 1933 with all its joys, sorrows, surprises, disappointments, heartaches and great triumphs, is about to be enacted for the eager spectators. The great white light of Publicity is once more turned on, the orchestra finishes the overture, and Mr. and Mrs. Public sit tensely in their plush chairs—

And the magnificent, varicolored curtain very slowly rises on *"Hollywood's Revue of 1933."*

Dietrich, the Marlene, leads the show wearing the famous trousers, coat and tie. A chorus of trousers-clad girls trot on from all directions. Some are fat and some are lean and nobody's pants fit. But Marlene's. They go into a quick "Off to Buffalo" that rips the seat in practically every pair of trousers and the audience groans in memory of the pants-wearing episode.

The producers, wearing bright red hunting coats (for no reason), go into their famous yearly shuffle with Sammy Katz trying to find his place in the line-up. He never does. The boys join hands and skip coyly around singing, "Who's afraid of the big, bad banker; big, bad banker; big, bad banker?" Sammy Goldwyn accompanies them on the flute. Three notes off key.

The audience rises and screams as Mae West hip-slinks on. Mae is the diamond-studded star of the year, bringing an epidemic of "Come up and see me sometime!" that swept the country like wildfire. People, who have never been invited anywhere, are suddenly urged to "Come up sometime!" Anytime! An entire world goes about insisting that people come up sometime.

There's a sudden hush as the black-hooded figure of bad luck, wearing Harpo Marx's red wig, still pursues the same little blonde. The hoodoo is again after Mae Clarke who, this time, flies through the windshield of Phil Holmes' car, breaking her jaw. *"Bon voyage,"* cries the town as Irving Thalberg and Norma Shearer sail for Europe. The ship's whistle sounds, strong hands are at the gang-plank, when suddenly a tiny figure in a "White Sister's" robe comes tearing across the stage. "Wait! Wait for me!" she cries. Helen Hayes makes a last minute leap from the set to the boat and accompanies Norma and Irving.

A sudden lurch. What's that? A tearing, haunting sound. Actors scream. The theater sways. Chandeliers swing perilously above. The audience gasps in terror.

Earthquake!

The whole stage is a seething mass of confusion. Actors, wrapped in sheets and clutching babies upside down, go tearing about in circles.

Gary Cooper

Show *of* '33

Hearty laughs, bitter tears—Hollywood shared both during 1933

By Sara Hamilton

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK DOBIAS

protrudes five feet from beneath a davenport upon which Kay Francis sleeps peacefully on. Through it all.

Gradually the hubbub subsides when a bevy of newsboys come screaming on. "Joan Crawford divorces Doug Fairbanks!" they call. "Doug and Joan part forever!" Joan takes to her bed and Doug takes to his papa. In Europe.

With a loud resounding bang, the doors of the banks close. The bank holiday is on. Valets, butlers, maids come to the rescue of empty pocketed stars, handing out hundred dollar bills. I. O. U.'s (none good) flood the town. Famous stars who haven't shaved themselves in years give "shave yourself" parties and invite everyone up. To the slaughter of the profiles.

Cracking whips and wearing *Simon Legree* mustaches, the producers leap on in a little salary cut number. "You'll take a cut and like it, hah! hah! hah!" they snarl, while actors dressed as *Uncle Toms* sit about the fields of the Cotton Club and weep. The four Marx Brothers, as bloodhounds, come baying and leaping across chorus girls, undressed as ice-cakes, while Eddie Cantor, as a little *Kosher Eva* in a blonde wig, goes up to heaven. To see Mae sometime.

Lionel Barrymore burps through practically every M-G-M production of the year. 1933 will go down in history as the year of the Barrymore burps.

There's a sudden spurt of night life

The *White Sister* races for the gangplank—the Ames - Cabot - Adrienne triangle is squared—even Hollywood is scared of an earthquake—Baby Le Roy learns to say, "Nuts"—and three little pigs, instead of going to market, take a trip all around the world

with the Colony Club opening full blast. The Vendome restaurant, with two hams in the window, one in a pink ribbon and one in blue (Wheeler and Woolsey in disguise), opened its doors. A rush of costume parties fill it almost nightly.

Alice Brady and her four dogs walk in unexpectedly and stay. All five a riot. Peggy Joyce wheedles two orchids out of Jack Oakie and nearly passes out with the effort required. Jack immediately puts on a clean collar and a new suit. It stops the show. Even the orchestra falls prostrate at the sight.

A hushed silence. Heads are bowed in memory of a man who died of a broken heart. Fatty Arbuckle has gone to join that happy-go-lucky little trouper of the old Sennett days, Mabel Normand. Only Chaplin remains of that famous trio.

The actors now clear the stage as the famous animal act of 1933 comes marching on. Cecil B. De Mille leads the parade, yelling through a plum colored megaphone and leading four passionate leopards (to be used for love scenes only) [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 116]

Everybody's Stooging Now

Sometimes they're yes-men; sometimes they're no-men. But many a stooge is making many a star toe the mark in Hollywood

By Kirtley Baskette

Jimmy Donnelly has been Al Jolson's stooge for fifteen years. His duties include giving Jolson advice and playing a card game with him every evening

Jack Oakie gives his stooge, "Cracker" Henderson, the hot foot

CHARLIE RUGGLES, reaching for a tempting tray of French pastries, found his arm gently but firmly arrested in its eager post-prandial movement.

"No," reproved Lester.

"But I *want* that eclair, I tell you. I—"

"No," repeated Lester with quiet finality, "our diet strictly forbids pastries. We must regain our health." A brief struggle of wills; two glaring eyes, and the tray wafted away with its fluffy dainties untouched. Lester had said "No."

Lester is Charlie Ruggles' stooge.

And though stooge may be a horrid word, it's also getting to be a household word in Hollywood. A star without his own particular stooge is like—well, pretzels minus beer, or movies without sound. You simply must have a stooge to rate at all today.

What is a stooge? You ask with good reason, for certainly nowhere else in this world will you run across the word as you do in Hollywood.

If Hollywood possessed its own private dictionary, its definition of the term would probably run something like this:

"Stooge: A person whose life revolves in the orbit of a screen star. A shadow, an echo. A self-appointed critic, one-man audience and praise agent. A sometimes yes-man, and at other times no-man. Any person varying in big-shotness from

a studio errand boy to a five figure salaried manager, who has received a star's confidence and trust, and the glories therein."

Clear? No? Well, let's proceed anyway.

Ted Healy, glorifier of the professional stooge, applied the word to his many accomplices who are "fall guys," "feeders" and butts for his gags. In theatrical parlance, the term has long denoted a "plant" or cursory accomplice—the kind of crazy looking gent who heckles from the audience, or feigns a fight for a laugh.

But Hollywood, just to be original, has distorted the term to include persons of various and vicarious virtues. In fact, almost any catalogued or mysterious person hanging around a star becomes his or her stooge to the rest of the town.

The Lester noted above for his dietary restrictions, has been Charlie Ruggles' stooge for the past ten years. It is very doubtful if Charlie could tool along without Lester, he's so used to him. They were on the stage together many years ago before the Ruggles rocket flared, and today—well, he is practically Charlie's other self. Even speaks of Charlie as "we." When Paramount employees hear a helpless, petulant "Where's Lester?" they know that Charlie is completely *hors de combat* until his stooge can be located.

Just as they know that nothing is okay with Oakie unless "Cracker" Henderson is stooging around. "Cracker," a sour visaged, gangling Southerner,

George Raft is one of the stoogiest stars in Hollywood. On the left is stooge Sammy Finn, ladies' wear magnate, known in Hollywood as "The Killer." At right is stooge Mack Gray

Ted Healy's stooges are among the most famous professional ones. Here is Ted with his three "feeders" as they appear in "Dancing Lady"

news-hawked on a Florida newspaper until he impulsively decided to hit for Hollywood.

A job on the Paramount labor gang led to work on the set with Jack Oakie, and there his molasses-mouthed, heavy, Georgia Cracker drawl earned him the sectional sobriquet, in addition to capturing Jack's attention.

The story of their meeting is classic.

Jack, always on the lookout for a gag, danced up to the sad-looking swamp angel, as the set crowd, sensing fun, gathered round.

"Where you from, son?" he asked cockily.

"Maine," replied "Cracker" in sepulchral tones.

Oakie blinked—and bit.

"Maine? With that accent?"

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117]

"Sex rules Hollywood," says Doug Fairbanks, Jr. It seems to rule this scene with Diana Napier in "Catherine the Great"

Why I Quit Hollywood

By Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

In an interview with Kathlyn Hayden

"IF there were no other reason—and there are plenty of others—'Morning Glory' would be enough by itself."

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., made this answer to my request for an explanation of his having decided never again to appear in a Hollywood-made picture.

"My part in 'Morning Glory,'" Fairbanks went on, "wasn't even a fair leading man's. Like all the others in the cast I was only a stooge for Katharine Hepburn. Menjou hated what he had to do quite as much as I did. He knew what it was doing to him—how it was damaging him with his followers.

"It was only because Katharine Hepburn is the swellest person in Hollywood that Menjou and I didn't walk off the set the first day. But she was so marvelous in the fattest star rôle a girl ever sank her teeth into that we simply couldn't let her down.

"It would be silly for me to suggest I didn't know what I was doing when I accepted the rôle. The fact that Katharine and I were co-starred didn't fool me. It had to be all Hepburn from start to finish. The story [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

CLARA BOW smiles right past the movie camera, and doesn't even give it a tumble! After she finished "Hoopla," Clara settled down for a nice, long rest. Now she can loaf on a movie set and watch other players hard at work. That's a *real* vacation for a star

Select Your Pictures and You Won't

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures

☆ *DANCING LADY—M-G-M*

TOP-NOTCH entertainment that should please the majority of movie-goers. A musical production with the usual backstage atmosphere—which differs only in that it has an interesting story woven through it.

As *Janie*, a young dancer who makes her way (through the kindnesses of Franchot Tone, wealthy playboy) from burlesque to lead in a Broadway musical directed by *Patch Gallegher*, Joan Crawford gives an admirable performance.

Clark Gable, as the hard-boiled director, is well cast. May Robson, Winnie Lightner, Sterling Holloway, Ted Healy and his stooges all do fine work. Art Jarrett and Nelson Eddy lend effective vocal accompaniment.

The dance scenes are dazzling in extravagant splendor. Fred Astaire and Joan are a perfect complement.

☆ *ALICE IN WONDERLAND—Paramount*

TO lovers of Lewis Carroll's story of "Alice," this picture will be a source of great amusement with each familiar character coming into being. All the charm, all the whimsical nonsense has been caught by the camera. Children will be delighted.

Gary Cooper, as the *White Knight*, Jack Oakie and Roscoe Karns as *Tweedledum* and *Tweedledee*, May Robson, Louise Fazenda, Edna May Oliver as the *Queens*, and a host of other movie favorites flit in and out of *Alice's* dream.

In this fantasy of the most highly imaginative quality, Charlotte Henry makes a believable and charming *Alice*.

Settings and costumes are perfect.

A technical achievement, skillfully directed by Norman McLeod.

☆ *COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW—Universal*

A TRULY superb picture, from every angle—story, cast, direction and production.

John Barrymore plays *George Simon*, a part really worthy of the performance he gives it. He is magnificent as the man who climbed from the Ghetto to the position of greatest lawyer in New York, with luxuriously beautiful offices.

And things happen in those offices—fascinating, human, dramatic things. Never a dull moment, up to and through the time *Simon* is threatened with disbarment—and is on the brink of suicide. From the gabby telephone operator, done to a turn by Isabel Jewell, to the inner sanctum where Barrymore holds forth, things go on.

Bebe Daniels is a real, efficient and understanding secretary, secretly in love with her employer. Doris Kenyon is the selfish society wife. These are not rubber-stamp portrayals or parts. They seem fresh and new. Onslow Stevens, as *Simon's* partner; Melvyn Douglas, his wife's special friend; Thelma Todd, a client, and Vincent Sherman, as the Communist boy who does a forceful bit of lecturing, are all excellent in their rôles.

Down to the merest bit-player, each performance is a gem of perfection. Every member should be mentioned—but the cast is much too long. The direction is capably handled by William Wyler.

If you want a thrilling, emotion-stirring evening, don't miss this picture!

Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW
DANCING LADY
BELOVED
CONVENTION CITY
ROMAN SCANDALS
ALICE IN WONDERLAND
GALLANT LADY
THE RIGHT TO ROMANCE

The Best Performances of the Month

John Barrymore in "Counsellor-at-Law"
Eddie Cantor in "Roman Scandals"
Joan Crawford in "Dancing Lady"
Clark Gable in "Dancing Lady"
John Boles in "Beloved"
Ann Harding in "Gallant Lady"
Clive Brook in "Gallant Lady"
Ann Harding in "The Right to Romance"
Genevieve Tobin in "Dark Hazard"
Paul Lukas in "By Candlelight"
Will Rogers in "Mr. Skitch"
Jimmy Cagney in "Lady Killer"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 124

☆ ***ROMAN SCANDALS—***
Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists

ANOTHER Eddie Cantor triumph. With a bevy of the most beautiful girls ever assembled in a musical extravaganza on stage or screen.

In producing "Roman Scandals," Samuel Goldwyn attempted something "different" from the customary type of musical, and succeeded.

Ruth Etting, of radio fame, sings only one song, "No More Love," but it's the biggest number in the show and she does her job grandly. Ruth takes the part of *Olga*, the *Emperor's* discarded favorite.

Nothing has been spared to make this production striking in every detail. You will see some of the most lavishly dressed sets and undoubtedly the most *undressed* beauties yet shown.

It is chuck full of Cantor laughs. Even though the tunes are few, you will thoroughly enjoy each one.

A pleasant change is that the comedy depends entirely on situations.

Better than "The Kid from Spain," it seems to be over in a great hurry. That is because it holds you every minute to the grand finish.

Gloria Stuart, in a long blonde wig, David Manners, Verree Teasdale, Edward Arnold, Alan Mowbray are excellent. The dances are effectively staged by Busby Berkeley.

The big punch is saved for the end—a chariot race that will put any audience on the edge of its seats!

☆ ***BELOVED—Universal***

A TENDER epic of a musician's life and soul.

Vienna-born John Boles flees revolution to America's South, fights for the Confederacy and carries his Southern love, Gloria Stuart, with him on a life of frustrated musical ambition. Plagued by poverty, forced to debauch his art for a living, and weathering the disappointment of a worthless son, he lives to scorn his grandson's modern musical triumphs, but reaps his belated reward at the success of his life's work, the "American Symphony."

Victor Schertzinger's deft direction and beautiful musical score vie with Boles' outstanding performance and Gloria's loveliness, to make this film unforgettable.

Dorothy Peterson, Eddie Woods and Morgan Farley. Sets and scenery are as lovely as the haunting music.

☆ ***GALLANT LADY—***
20th Century-United Artists

CLIVE BROOK'S excellent characterization of a social outcast might have stolen the picture, had not Ann Harding, as the gallant lady in distress, turned in a performance that simply could not be over-shadowed.

The experiences of Ann, as the girl who faces disgrace through the death of her aviator fiancé, supply a convincing background for the excellent work of Otto Kruger who adopts Ann's child (Dickie Moore) and thus becomes an important link in the complicated chain of Ann's existence.

Tullio Carminati lives up to all expectations, as a young Italian with whom Ann falls in love while in France. Betty Lawford handles a difficult rôle with finesse. Decidedly worth seeing.

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

☆

CONVENTION CITY—
First National

YOU wanted a laugh, did you? Try this. A very down-to-earth convention in Atlantic City, with some of the boys whooping it up; Joan Blondell as a gold-digger, and Guy Kibbee having wife-trouble. Mary Astor does a grand traveling saleswoman rôle. Dick Powell, Frank McHugh, Adolphe Menjou and Patricia Ellis turn in splendid performances. It's so funny you'll scream.

☆

THE RIGHT TO ROMANCE—
RKO-Radio

THE story of a woman plastic surgeon (Ann Harding) weary of success and hungry for love. She experiments with romance, and marriage, which fails, as you might well guess. Robert Young is the husband. Doctor Nils Asther, as the patient admirer, and Sari Maritza, as hubby's hey-hey playmate, are well-cast. Harding in top form. Sophisticated; clever dialogue.

SITTING PRETTY—
Paramount

THIS just-so musical about two song writers who hitch-hike from New York to Hollywood (Jack Oakie and Jack Haley) is redeemed by five popular song numbers, an elaborate fan-dance chorus with novel mirror effects and a very good cast, including Ginger Rogers, Thelma Todd, the Pickens Sisters, Gregory Ratoff, Lew Cody, Art Jarrett and several others. Fair entertainment.

DARK HAZARD—
First National

THE story of a gambler who loved a dog too much and who thereby lost a woman. Genevieve Tobin marries Edward G. Robinson to "reform" him. She fails, but gives a grand performance trying. A greyhound, *Dark Hazard*, gets into his blood, to mingle with the "Dark Hazard," the racing fever. Genevieve helps herself to hubby's winnings and returns to an old suitor. Fine cast.

JIMMY AND SALLY—
Fox

YOU will be entertained and amused by Jimmy Dunn and Claire Trevor, as *Jimmy*, an egotistical publicity manager whose ideas invariably go haywire, and *Sally*, his secretary who loves him. Lya Lys sings "You're My Thrill." Claire is a grand actress who makes her character lovable and human. Many complications arise, but they're all ironed out in the end. Harvey Stephens.

BY CANDLE-LIGHT—
Universal

A SUAVE Viennese comedy of manners, in which Nils Asther, a philandering prince, is a great success with the ladies, and gives ideas to his incomparable butler, Paul Lukas. Paul yearns for an affair with a "lady," and thinks he has found one in Elissa Landi. He pretends to be a prince, then discovers she is a ladies' maid, also masquerading. Done deftly and with great charm.

Saves Your Picture Time and Money

MR. SKITCH —Fox

THE *Skitch* family (Will Rogers, ZaSu Pitts) are dispossessed. So they start out for California in the old family rattler. Daughter Rochelle Hudson saves the day with a wealthy suitor. Florence Desmond's impersonations of well-known movie stars are nigh perfect, and are the high spots of the picture. The whole family will enjoy the Rogers' humor. A good supporting cast.

YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU— Majestic Pictures

MERRY England lives up to its name by sending us one of the most swift-paced, ridiculously funny musical farces seen in months. It is "The Taming of the Shrew" idea with Stanley Lupino marrying erratic Thelma Todd and trying to reform her on the honeymoon. You'll like the catchy tunes that punctuate the crazy, side-splitting situations. Worth anyone's time.

MASTER OF MEN— Columbia

JACK HOLT'S too-rapid rise from mill hand to a big power in Wall Street goes to his head. Whereupon, wife Fay Wray brings about his financial ruin. And he returns once more to a humble beginning and happiness. Nothing new about the plot or the dialogue. Walter Connolly as *Parker*, a clever financier, does good work. Theodore Von Eltz and Berton Churchill complete the cast.

IF I WERE FREE— RKO-Radio

A SERIOUS drama of two people (Irene Dunne and Clive Brook) who find themselves embroiled in unhappy marriages, and turn to each other, hoping to find happiness. While the theme is not new, the acting is splendid, the lines clever. There are excellent moments with Nils Asther, the villainous husband, and Laura Hope Crews, Brook's mother. Not for children.

BOMBAY MAIL— Universal

A BAFFLING murder mystery aboard the Bombay Mail train, with Shirley Grey, Onslow Stevens, Ralph Forbes, Hedda Hopper and others under suspicion. *Inspector Dyke* (Edmund Lowe) outsmarts the culprit and, after many puzzling experiences, gets his man. A strong cast including John Davidson, Tom Moore, Ferdinand Gottschalk and John Wray. If you like mysteries, here's your meat.

LADY KILLER— Warners

IF you're a Cagney follower, you'll probably like this film, in which James, trying a new technique, drags Mae Clarke across the room by her hair. The story is unconvincing, but there's lots of action and fast comedy. It's Cagney's film, but Mae, Margaret Lindsay, as a famous movie star, and Leslie Fenton do good work.

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 106]

Mae West with Lyons Wickland in her stage success, "Sex." When Mae went to jail for this play, it was for the cast, not herself, that she was worried

Back *of the* West *Front*

Anecdotes of the great Mae of bygone days prove she has always been herself

By Dana Rush

I'VE got something on the motion picture public! You have taken Mae West into your circle of favorite stars only in the last two years while I've been a Mae West admirer—well, for more years than perhaps the "Queen of Sex" would like to have me tell—and for more years than it may be wise for me to admit. But if you promise not to go mathematical and begin guessing ages—the date was 1912.

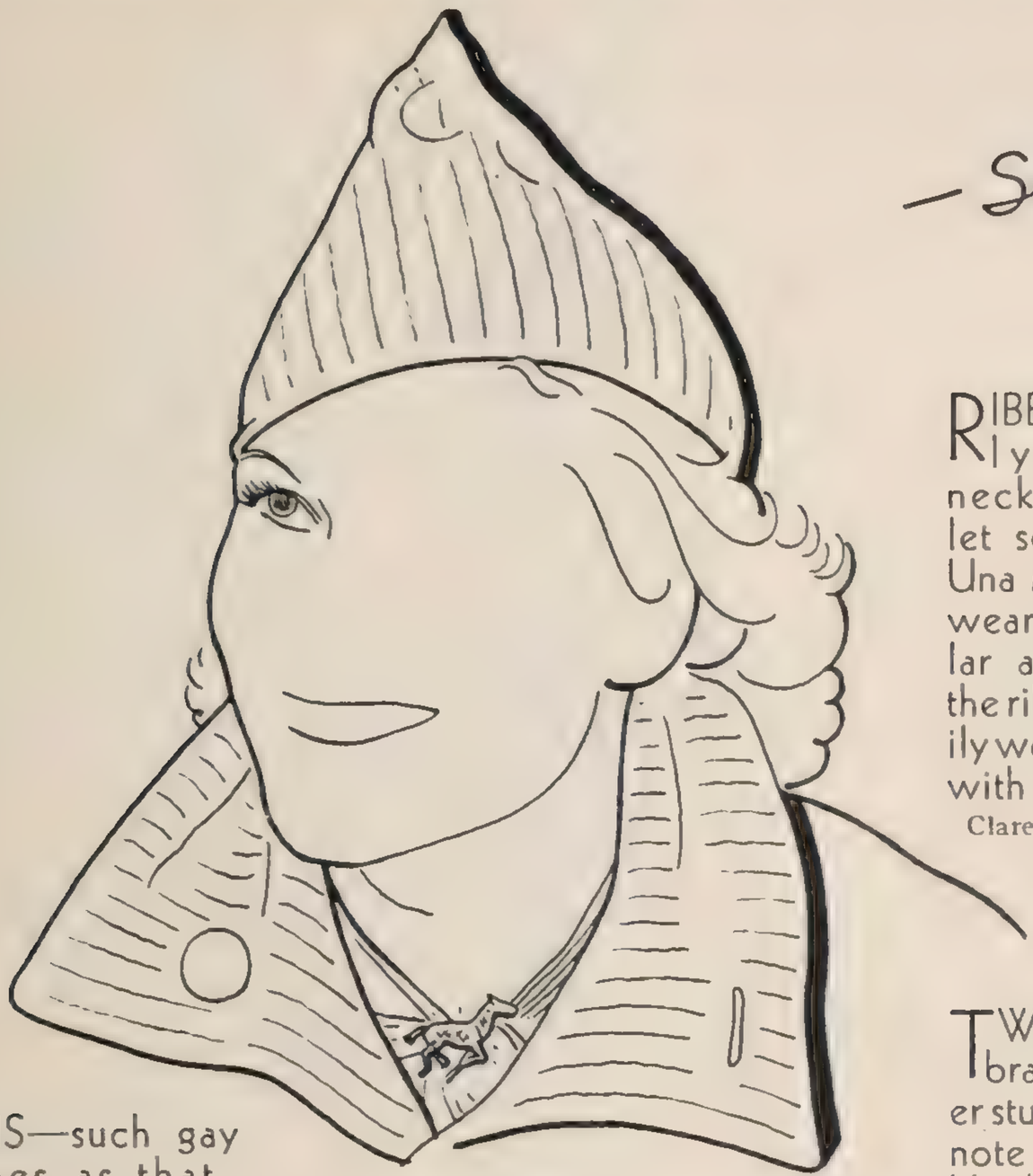
I was 'steen years old and after school would drop into the Family Theater of Pittsburgh, a vaudeville house which admitted me without charge because its manager, Clarence W. Morgenstern and his wife, were next door neighbors, but to those less fortunate, charged the huge sum of twenty-five cents. No, not a big time house, but a very much small time house which demanded five performances a day from its actors.

In those days May (that's the way she spelled her name at that time) was one of the best ragtime singers that ever hit the Family Theater. And even though I was only 'steen years old, I knew she possessed "that something." The present hysteria for Mae West (for that's what the phenomenal popularity of the new film star amounts to) has been attributed to many things: SEX, spelled with capital letters; curves, with much emphasis on the roundness thereof; the revival of the gay nineties period. All have been set forth as an explanation for the big way in which the public has taken to the box-office which advertises the "Queen of Sex." But I suspect the cause is a more profound one. I would call it histrionic ability—not only before the Klieg lights, but behind the fountain pen or portable typewriter, whichever medium is used to turn out her dramas. For Mae West not only can act. She can write! Her talent in each amounts to a God-given genius, for neither has been developed along the usual lines.

The author of "Sex," "Diamond Lil," and the latter's movie version, "She Done Him Wrong," [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 109]

Seen About Hollywood—

— Seymour



RIBBON—cleverly used for a necklace-bracelet set chosen by Una Merkel. You wear them like collar and cuffs and the ribbon, so trickily woven, is edged with silver balls

Clarence Sinclair Bull

TWIN pearl bracelets—another stunning jewelry note sponsored by Una Merkel. These, too, look like cuffs and are composed entirely of pearls strung on wire to give them that flare

PINS—such gay ones as that worn by Katharine Hepburn in the form of a galloping rhinestone horse. Kate's hat and coat are made of waterproof corduroy velvet

MATCHING bracelet and ring—this is a smart combination which Florine McKinney is wearing about town. The wide bracelet and big plaque ring are both in jade green

FEATHERS—like this jaunty one which was seen waving from Norma Shearer's little velvet hat at a recent evening party. Norma's costume was a smart affair of metal cloth

FLORINE—also wearing one huge bracelet of silver. These bracelets are increasingly popular with the stars and are often worn one on each arm or several of them together on one arm

STOCKING protectors—these are a boon to sheer silk. Saves wear and tear. These footlets come in suntan shade and are completely concealed by the shoe you wear

Will Walling, Jr.

SMART Hollywood is looking forward to a new season—and so are the costumes worn in pictures to be released soon. Travis Banton has designed a lovely dress for Evelyn Venable to wear in "Death Takes a Holiday." It is perfect for resort wear now and for first spring parties later on. Of mousseline de soie with tiers of ruffles edged with lace forming the sleeves and skirt. That front panel is tucked to the hem

Forecasting the New Season from Screen Fashions

— Seymour

JOT printed sheer fabrics down in your spring notes—and this dress in particular which Marian Marsh wears in "I Like It That Way." Vera has designed it in organza printed in a floral pattern of orange, green and yellow on a cream background. The short sleeves are covered with a ruffle and the neckline is edged with a smaller one as a collar

Roman Freulich

COTTONS will be at a peak this spring, especially in mesh or lacy weaves. Anticipating this, Travis Banton has designed this smart dress for Miriam Hopkins to wear in "All of Me." Gray mesh shot with a metal thread is fashioned into a slim daytime dress with long sleeves and high collar. Suede trimmed with silver bars makes the tie and trick belt

Eugene Robert Richee

"GALLANT LADY" brings a very chic Ann Harding to the screen. Gwen Wakeling has done a grand job in designing the clothes. The ensemble above, is one of the many costumes Ann wears. It is in redingote style with a simple black wool coat worn over a striped silk dress. The coat is held by a wide crushed leather belt in black

NEED a suit to wear under your coat now and later without one? Here is the perfect one as worn by Claire Trevor in "Woman and the Law." Trim lines as Royer does them so well—in blue woolen, widely double-breasted effect and a candy striped satin scarf in red and white which ties at the throat then pulls through slots of jacket opening

Two Ensembles and A Suit for Spring

— Seymour

HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS

here sponsored by PHOTOPLAY Magazine and worn by famous stars in latest motion pictures, now may be secured for your own wardrobe from leading department and ready-to-wear stores in many localities. . . . Faithful copies of these smartly styled and moderately-priced garments, of which those shown in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are typical, are on display this month in the stores of representative merchants.

AND here is a smart ensemble also worn by Ann Harding in "Gallant Lady"—this, too, was designed by Gwen Wakeling. It is trimmed with grosgrain ribbon arranged in rows and cartridge pleated. The coat is seven-eighths length ending at a wide band of the ribbon which circles the skirt of the dress about four inches above the hem This is a loose coat with small standing collar and wide bands of the ribbon on the sleeves. The dress has a yoke formed by alternating rows of the ribbon, as shown in the sketch

Checks Make New Pattern In Fashions This Spring

— Seymour

IF it's checked this spring, your costume will be smart, for such a sound authority as Travis Banton is using checked costumes in two new films. Gail Patrick in "Death Takes a Holiday" wears the checked silk ensemble above. Cape buttons onto the bodice of the simple dress. Blue and white is the color

Eugene Robert Richee

DOROTHEA WIECK is a new fashion personality on the screen. In "Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen" she wears a checked black and white swagger topcoat that will be ideal for your spring wardrobe. The wide collar is matched with revers and the fullness of the sleeves are gathered into straps which fasten just above the wrists. An inverted pleat gives back fullness

Don English

HISTORY tells us that Catherine the Great shocked Russia by wearing men's attire. But this picture of Marlene Dietrich as *Queen Catherine* is very feminine. She looks lovely in ruffles. If the real Catherine wore a gown like this, we'll bet the toughest subject forgave the queen her occasional penchant for trousers

Russell Ball

JACKIE COOPER looks as if he wanted to go out to play—and the director wouldn't let him. But Jackie had fun making his latest picture. After playing more or less ordinary boy parts for a time, Jackie was cast in a Western—on a big ranch with real cowboys, and a buckin' broncho for himself! The film was "Lone Cowboy"

Two "TOUGHS" *from the* CHORUS

Jimmy and Allen hot-footed it in "Pitter Patter." That's where Jimmy met the "missus"

By Ben Maddox

IN all the world there is nothing so quaint as a movie actor's past. But, until now, one James Cagney and one Allen Jenkins, who are hard-boiled —see?—hombres *on the screen*, have made no reference to a certain chapter in their pre-fame days.

To the very first chapter, to be explicit.

They began—*together*—as chorus boys!

You know how Jimmy and Allen wade through talkie plots. They approach their victims with the gala attitude of the two carefree members of the Three Little Pigs trio.

Can't you just imagine Jimmy rubbing his hands with glee and singing under his breath, "We'll put him on the spot!" And Allen chortling, "We'll pull him by the tail!"

Yet, these two ten-minute eggs, who advise many a quaking fillum opponent where to head and aren't afraid of any big, bad man, got their theatrical impetus in—of all places—the chorus!

The name of the show was "Pitter Patter," and try to fancy them in a spot like that!

Today, pals of a dozen years' standing, and often professional partners, Cagney is a front-row Hollywood star, with a Beverly Hills mansion which is complete from swimming pool to play-room. Jenkins is a popular featured actor, a dignified resident of exclusive Brentwood Heights. Little did either of them suspect they'd ever be sitting so prettily when they first met back in 1921.

Pals of a dozen years standing, the only argument Cagney and Allen ever had was over a clean shirt. Each of them swears that the other is entirely unspoiled by Hollywood and film success

"The show was playing Boston," Jimmy recalls with that Irish twinkle in his eyes. "There were eight fellows in our routine and one boy had to drop out because his father died suddenly.

"Allen had finished in another musical in Boston—I *think* he walked out on it! He came to [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]

Working Girl

Exotic Myrna Loy keeps a sane head on those pretty shoulders

"Work, to me, has always been a terribly serious matter, not to be trifled with"

Undoubtedly she is a person unique in the annals of Hollywood history.

Myrna Loy is Hollywood's working girl.

Since she set out at seventeen to earn her own living in a town where it is at the same time the easiest and the hardest thing to do, she has faced and solved the same problems which are faced and solved by a thousand other working girls throughout the country every year.

NOT that Myrna is a dull person obsessed with the idea of success via the plugging, plodding route. On the contrary, she is a very lively lady to whom life holds out many diverting and amusing promises. Let us instead call her "canny" by nature. Let us merely brand her a good business girl, who has gone about her Hollywood career from a business standpoint—a standpoint, by the way, which would ordinarily be termed madness, in a town where most rules are reversed.

CERTAINLY Myrna herself would be the last person in the world to point to her procedure as a pattern for success in the most baffling "game" in the world. Yet a glance back into her career might very well disclose a few hints which a girl of similar makeup might very well grasp to guide her in a Hollywood campaign.

"I have always looked ahead—"

Inadvertently Myrna Loy sounded the keynote of her career when she said this.

"I am naturally serious," she further admitted. "I like fun, but I don't mix it with work. Work, to me, has always been a terribly serious matter, not to be trifled with."

When she studied dancing as a girl, she studied it seriously, because she realized it must contribute something to her future. She learned it so well, that she started teaching, at one time presiding over a class of thirty pupils.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]

FUNNY, isn't it? That you've never heard much about Myrna Loy. That you don't hear much to this day. That you probably never will, even if she becomes a star of the first magnitude, which is not at all impossible. For she is about to start her starring career for M-G-M, in "Stamboul Quest."

Check back over the past eight years, the eight years during which Myrna Loy has been a definite screen personality. Remember any time when her name or her fame rocketed skyward, suddenly? Anytime when the word "sensational" could have possibly branded either her professional or her private life? Yet, undoubtedly, she is a great favorite with millions of theater-goers. Undoubtedly she holds a very secure place in the front rank of screen actresses.

By Kenneth Baker

Elmer Fryer

AL JOLSON is giving the cameraman a pretty mean look—interrupting him right in the middle of a masterpiece! Al said that "Wonder Bar" would be his last movie, positively. But after seeing the rushes, he changed his mind. Signed to make three more pictures

WHO'S *in the* DOG

Lee Tracy is in a "pooch hut," and Harlow just got out of one. Jean wanted money; Tracy was naughty

YOU never saw such a dog house.

It has hot and cold running swimming pools, plain and fancy bars with the latest thing in gadgets, the service is superb, the capacity unlimited.

Also, it covers a lot of territory. One week, the dog house may be a palatial estate in Beverly Hills. The next it moves into a luxurious apartment in the heart of Hollywood.

In fact, the expression is purely figurative. The dog house is wherever the in-bad actor happens to park with his pet peeve.

The head pup in the dog house at the moment is Lee Tracy.

It seems that Mexico was inimical to the idea of an American picture company making a movie called "Viva Villa," with Villa's army dressed in rags. That started low, ominous rumblings of disapproval. Then, so the story has it, the whole company regarded the location trip as one grand lark, with that feeling of being in a "foreign country" stimulating them, and did some cutting-up.

Twice Mr. Beery served time in a canine kennel. But he came back

The climax was Tracy's balcony episode, during which he gave a performance that had Shakespeare's *Juliet* backed off the boards.

Lee, having reduced the alcoholic content of the country a trifle more than two and a half per cent, was feeling high. And what more logical place for a lad feeling high, thought Lee, than a balcony? Swathing his manly form in a handy blanket, he strode out and entered into a conversation with the Mexican army cadets, who happened to be marching by. The army objected, and Lee landed in the local bastille.

As it turns out now, the country below the border regards it as a

HOUSE NOW?

By Ruth Rankin

Rent comes high. But some of our finest stars are numbered among the tenants!

Sylvia Sidney went in through the ladies' entrance when she walked off the lot. But she's out now

minor escapade, merely a climax to other real or imagined indignities suffered at the hands of the invading Americans.

At any rate, Lee is in the dog house, with his contract cancelled, and his fevered brow cooled by the soothing hand of a grand girl named Isabel Jewell, in whose eyes Lee can do no wrong. Isabel is in the equivocal position of having just signed a contract with the same company that tore up Lee's.

The entire personnel of "Viva Villa" has been recast, with the exception of Wallace Beery—and even the director, Howard Hawks, is no longer with the studio.

So Lee has a lot of company in his particular dog house.

The dog house has a ladies' entrance, too.

Jean Harlow has recently occupied one of the loveliest in Brentwood — a Colonial model. Jean decided to strike for more salary, and according to the very latest reports, she got what she wanted. For several days she refused to show up in the wardrobe fitting-room to try on clothes to be worn in "Living in a Big Way." The result of the fuss is that Jean is now drawing double the salary she had been getting.

Clara Bow kept the hinges hot for several years. Poor little Clara was the "fall-guy" in more than one escapade! The old headlines got her. And once a name looks well on the front page of a newspaper, it's hard to rub it out. Clara moved from one commodious dog house to another, with the echoes following after.

Oakie is always "backing up"—right into the kennel, so far as his fellow actors are concerned

They are fading away on the breezes that sigh around the Rancho Clarita, over in Nevada. Clara's dog cottage has turned into a large, substantial ranch-house where she makes pancakes for Rex Bell's breakfast—which is one of the best sure-fire formulas yet devised for keeping out of headlines. Very few good pancake makers, who tend to their knitting, find time to get scandalously involved.

When Clara moved out, the vacancy was promptly filled by Alice White.

Alice White's boy-friend trouble landed her in the dog house. How long will Alice have to stay there?

Alice broke her leash lately with a loud resounding bang, the detonations reverberating throughout the countryside. And with them, little Alice moved right into the dog house.

Alice had boy-friend trouble. She phfft with Cy Bartlett, her "steady" for several years, and John Warburton was elected. The story goes that John behaved as no gentleman should—unless it's in the script—and smacked Alice in the best Jimmy Cagney tradition.

This wound up in a debacle of accusations, retractions—and additions. The two hold-up men who said they were hired by Cy to get even with John, turned out to be wrong. Cy was re-added as Alice's heart-attack. John was subtracted.

Over at Paramount, Jack Oakie is always on his way in—or out—of the dog house. He gets in because of a consistent failure to show up for work on schedule— [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 122]

And Here We See the

The intimate story of four personalities made famous through a novel

By Virginia Maxwell

Orchard House, of "Little Women" fame, as it looks today. Here the real Amy, Jo, Beth and Meg lived, and the famous book was written

OUT on the main road in the village of Concord, Massachusetts, there lives the last surviving member of the famous Alcott family generation; a woman who knew Louisa Alcott as "Aunt Louisa," who sewed and baked and preserved jellies with "Meg" and who helped "Amy" to curl her hair and frame those precious sketches she was always penciling.

This woman is Mrs. Frederick Alcott Pratt, widow of one of the twins in "Little Women." She lives in the proud old mansion once occupied by the Alcott family. And although she is now seventy-four years old, her recollections of those other bygone days of the late "sixties," when the Alcott girls were her closest relatives, have not dimmed through the years.

The ghosts of a thousand family memories hovered over the little old-fashioned parlor where we sat. The same faded blue chintz draperies at the Colonial windows; brass oil lamps above the crumbling brick fireplace. On the same old mahogany settee with its deep plush cushions, where the little women once gathered to discuss those ever-vexing family problems, Mrs. Pratt sat back. She was going to relate some of her precious memories of the real "Jo" and "Meg" and "Beth" and "Amy," as she knew them.

These girls were Louisa Alcott's own sisters. But their real names were Anna (Meg), Elizabeth (Beth), and May (Amy). Louisa herself was Jo.

"Anna was the eldest of the four girls, but it was to Louisa they always looked for encouragement," said Mrs. Pratt.

"Louisa was never a hoyden; she typified the modern, spirited girl of this generation, except that she was in an old-fashioned setting. Vitally alive to the independence women were about to achieve; fearless, courageous, the one member of the family who always saw better times ahead and eventually pulled them out of their struggle with poverty."

Louisa M. Alcott, the Jo of "Little Women," who made her family immortal with her famous story

"And did Louisa really yell 'Christopher Columbus' as Katharine Hepburn did in the picture?" I asked. She nodded and smiled.

"Yes, Louisa was always emphatic about things. She was as likely to say that as anything else. But she always knew how to bring home her point to her sisters. They adored her for it and looked up to her judgment in almost everything they did.

"All those Alcott girls had a spirit of independence, you know. But there was a simplicity and a healthy flavor to their independent spirits. No high-speed cars, none of the extreme luxury which girls today find so necessary. They loved books and music and outdoor life and the simple duties of their home."

Mrs. Pratt's blue eyes wandered to the New England winter landscape just outside the old windows as she stopped speaking for a moment to hark back to a picture memory of long ago.

"Why, I recall Louisa sitting in the crook of that lovely old tree just outside their Orchard house, reading a book, many a summer afternoon. She considered that having a fine time. And indeed it was.

"I recall, too, little May scribbling pictures on the back of

Real "LITTLE WOMEN"

an old wooden egg-box. She loved to draw. Some of her best work was done on the doors of that house.

"They lived in this old house and these are the pieces of furniture they used. They were handed down to me as each of the girls passed on."

We walked through the old-fashioned kitchen where "Meg" used to bake spiced cookies and one could almost feel the presence of these quiet-mannered Alcott girls going about their homey duties. An old iron coal range where the Alcott family dinners were baked and stained glass panels in the high, old oak dish closets.

In the antiquated dining-room beyond, a curly maple table and chairs could be glimpsed—the same table, Mrs. Pratt explained, on which that Christmas morning breakfast of "Little Women" was once set out, the breakfast the girls so willingly shared with their impoverished neighbor.

The simple charm of this old-fashioned atmosphere made one regret that the era had passed. Mrs. Pratt doesn't believe, however, girls will ever go back to that sort of simple living.

"I don't believe they can," she commented. "Poor dears are caught in the whirlwind spirit of this generation. It's as inevitable as the march of progress. Maybe it's best they can't go back," she added, with a little twinkle in her eyes; "there were disadvantages for a girl to cope with in our generation, too. The stigma of being a spinster, for example. I believe they call them 'bachelor girls' today.

"In my girlhood, it was considered a great humiliation never to have been honored by a man's proposal of marriage. A spinster became an object of pity among her friends. They tried to make up to her, in little kindnesses, the great loss of marriage.

"Louisa never married, you recall. But it wasn't because she didn't have a proposal.

"She almost married a nice Polish young man she met while abroad. He was really the 'Laurie' of her story. But Louisa lived with only one purpose in mind—to pull her family out of the poverty they knew during their childhood.

"WHEN 'Little Women' was published in 1868, it brought them the first bit of real money they were able to enjoy in many years, and it proved the turning point in their fortunes."

What Mrs. Pratt then revealed about this famous book of American family life should be balm to the hopes of struggling writers today. She told me, quite frankly, that the publishers didn't care for the story when Louisa first brought it to them.

They pronounced the first twelve chapters dull and Louisa struggled re-writing it during the entire summer of 1868 after which she took it to them again under the new title of "Little Women." Formerly she had titled it "The Pathetic Family."

Roberts Brothers accepted it then. And Louisa always believed it was the psychological effect of the new title rather than the re-written material that influenced the publishers. That title, "The Pathetic Family," brought up the subject of the Alcotts' poverty. Mrs. Pratt explained it thus: "It was genteel poverty, the sort of thing their mother always said was responsible for developing their fine characters. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

Meg, who was Anna Alcott, was a quiet-mannered, home-loving body

May Alcott (Amy) preferred art to home duties, and played the grand lady

Hurrell

PICTURE by picture, Madge Evans grows up. Now she's changed her ingénue curls for a simple hair arrangement that's very sophisticated. After "Fugitive Lovers," Madge is going to get her first big chance with higher dramatics, as the lead in "Forgotten Girl"

The Lady Who Laughed at Hollywood

Cynical, too, about romance is this new cinema blaze

By Wilbur Morse, Jr.

Before she ever spoke a line on a movie set, Margaret Sullavan listened to her fellow players in "Only Yesterday." Lucky John Boles played the lover to Miss Sullavan in that now famous production

THIS is the story of a little Southern rebel who let romance side-track her from success and then, when her dreams burst like soap bubbles, became a cynic at twenty-two, a screen sensation at the same age.

The lady who had lost love, they call her now in the little group who knew her best in those very recent yesterdays when she climbed into the fickle lap of fame on Broadway.

And it is from this group's album of memories that the following snapshots of Margaret Sullavan, Hollywood's newest heiress to hurrahs, were gathered.

Turn the page, Priscilla, let's look at the pictures—pictures that really never were taken, but which we can, nevertheless, visualize.

Cute, those baby pictures, aren't they? But all baby pictures are cunning and Cornelius Hancock Sullavan and his wife, the former Garland Councill, knew that many other infants in Norfolk, Virginia, had just as winning ways as their daughter.

There's one taken the day America entered the war. All the children at the Walter Taylor Grammar School were given tiny flags that day. Peggy brought hers home and Uncle Charlie thought it would be sweet to photograph her waving it.

And now, to continue our imaginary album, that's the graduating class at the Chatham Episcopal Institute. The girl in the center, the one with brown curls and gray eyes, is Peggy.

She was still at Sullins College in Bristol, Virginia, when the next one was taken. That was the year she won her argument with her father and mother and persuaded them to let her enroll at the Copley Theatrical School up in Boston.

E. E. Clive, the actor-manager who is now running the Hollywood Playhouse, was directing there. Here is what he said about her:

"She had an instinctive grace, a voice that promised depths yet to be explored, and an earnestness rather surprising to find in a little Southern girl whom the Harvard boys were only too eager to make a belle of their balls."

As a matter of fact, it was one of her Harvard admirers who gave Peggy Sullavan her first opportunity on the stage.

Charles Leatherbee, scion of the wealthy Crane family, was then gathering a group of college boys and girls to take to Falmouth, a Cape Cod resort, where [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]

DRUMS *in the* JUNGLE

A strange story—all truth—of picture-making and voodooism in the West Indian Islands

By Henry A. Phillips

Into the terrors of the jungle a small group of players went to make a movie of black magic. Above, Fredi Washington and Sheldon Leonard, two of the company, in a dramatic scene. Right, Miss Washington as a native

I HAPPENED to be a fellow-passenger on board the Colombian liner, "Haiti," with the plucky little band when it set out on location in the black republic of Haiti. They were the life of our ship's party, playing games, dancing and laughing all the way down to the Spanish Main.

Sooner or later, every passenger going to Haiti and Jamaica begins to talk about voodoo. "Rubbish and nonsense!" we all agreed.

"Oh, is it?" asked a middle-aged man who had been a Colonial officer in the British West Indies. Most of the time he sat drinking in a dark corner of the bar. Alone, no doubt because of the hideous scar where one side of his face had been slashed. "I could tell you a bit about what you call voodoo, if I chose." But he did not choose.

And the movie people went right along, lightheartedly informing us how they intended, in a few brief weeks, to penetrate the dread secrets of voodoo and to strip black magic bare of its superstitions in this picture they were going to make, "Drums of the Night."

That was before things began to "happen"—weird, fearful things unbelievable in a white man's world of substantial architecture and hard facts. That was before they were scarred by weeks of wallowing in West Indian jungles through unending nights, stung and maddened by monster insects, haunted by strange cries, ever surrounded by hundreds of black faces and rolling eyes, their souls harassed by mystic phenomena of the ghosts and black magic they had come to explode.

We had a happy landing at Port au Prince and all rode in a party to the cozy little Hotel Sans Souci up the hill. We threaded our way through a continuous procession of black people padding along barefoot, jabbering in French, carrying broad baskets of exotic fruits on their heads. Three million pure African black population with a bare handful of whites among them; a friendly people until crossed in their superstitions!

"I think you're going to have trouble," Ralph Barnes, the proprietor of the Sans Souci, told them that night as they sat talking over their planters' punch.

They laughed and went off to bed. Next morning, the preliminaries of "Drums of the Night" began with a search for types and dancers.

Nightfall found George Terwiliger, the director, and Carl Burger, the cameraman, far back in the hills with a native guide, in search of a voodoo dance. The dark was not far advanced before they heard the first drums. They left the car and walked in the direction of the sound.

They were admitted into the circle of dancers, but the moment it was learned that they wanted to hire the drummers, the dancers and maybe the *papaloi* (a witch doctor) for money, a sinister note crept in. It seemed advisable to leave. On the seat of the car they found a curious chaplet of crossed twigs. It was an *ouanga*. Already they were under a "curse." The tire had been punctured with a poisonous thorn, and down the road they found a royal palm tree felled across their path.

UNDAUNTED, they spent the following three days trying to engage native drummers and supers in the town, and managed finally to gather a rag-tag company together. The several truck-loads of equipment were made ready to set out on location in the morning. At breakfast next day they were served with a notice to pack up and get out of the country on the first out-going steamer!

Within twenty-four hours it was quite evident that they were taboo in Haiti—"untouchables." There were a score of little "accidents" that happened to members of the company, that no one could account for or actually put his finger on. That night Terwiliger rushed agitatedly up to Barnes. "We're getting out tomorrow on the 'Colombia,' thank God! I'm taking the Haitian drummers and the dancers with us—I've *got* to have them."

But morning found the drummers in the Government jail. The dancers had vanished completely! The company left Haiti at noon for Kingston, no farther advanced than when they had arrived a week before. And a strange foreboding replaced the high spirits of their happy landing.

Now Haiti is not that sort of a place at all for ordinary, pleasure-seeking tourists such as you and I. In fact, it is a little undiscovered paradise with all the charm of the tropics among a friendly hospitable people.

In the movie, Fredi Washington, as a native sorceress, exercises a power over the natives, compelling them to help her kill the white woman

A native drummer, under a voodoo spell, pounds the drum in the jungle throughout the night

On the white hero's servants, the superstitious natives place a curse, or *ouanga*, to frighten them into sacrificing the white heroine to voodooism

I parted company with my movie friends at Kingston.

ABOUT a month later, I returned to Kingston. I did not get 'round to the Myrtlebank where the company was stopping until that night. The moving picture people had disappeared. From the manager and others I picked up details of their activities. They had tried to work beneath the frizzling tropical sun, and found the heat too extreme. So they had conceived the audacious idea of working entirely at night. They were now completing a picture made, from beginning to end, after dark. This was possible because of the monster new-type floodlights which they had brought with them, and generating plants which they had managed to transport into the heart of a jungle recently devastated and flooded by hurricanes and cloudbursts—an American feat too prodigious for the Jamaicans to understand. They gasped over the whole undertaking, "and amidst such ominous conditions!" they hinted with lowered voices that set me to wondering. The company set out for the jungle at eight o'clock each evening and returned about seven in the morning. A special car carrying hot coffee and sandwiches was dispatched to them at midnight. I was in that food car when it set out, accompanied by two half-frightened black boys.

It was a reeking hot night and all the blacks of Kingston seemed to be loitering along the open road. Out past Gallows Point, still held in awe by the Negroes because there the last buccaneers hung on the island walk-about with their gibbets under their arms, a dark velvety calm hung ominously over the Caribbean. The lights of distant Kingston trembled ghostily in the sea's depths. On past Spanish Town, colonial houses

tions. A slice of blinding West Indian daylight caught in the meshes of a dense jungle. A brilliant patch of noonday brightness set in the darkest fold of the black robe of night! Subconsciously I knew what it was, of course. Before me was a huge generator truck whirring and snorting like a maddened beast caught in a jungle trap. How they ever got it there through the mire and wreckage of jungle trees, the Lord only knows! I had reached the sharp edge of the circle of light that seemed to cut through actuality like a knifeblade.

STANDING at the far end of that cleared space of unearthly light was a huge figure of painted wood with fiery eyes, a writhing snake coiled 'round its neck and striking venomously. On either side stood an ugly half-naked black man, upholding a flaring torch. Directly in front of it, a tall cadaverous *papaloi* was bending to receive a blessing. The drums kept dinning in my ears, but I felt that I now understood a rhythm and rune that flowed from the black heart of the monster, through the ritual of the witch doctor, and into the souls of the dusky figures that encircled the space. Their gaze was fixed, their eyes rolling. From time to time they raised their hands above their heads. Africa had closed in on them and they

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]

Above, the young sorceress is cornered in the voodoo tree, and shortly thereafter, meets her end. Right, what a real voodoo dancer does during the daytime. A charmer at night, she is doing the family wash on the river's bank

gradually turned into huts, and in each hut a dusky group hovered over a smoking oil torch, like dark witches gazing into blazing cauldrons. Little by little the people and the landscape merged into Africa. Gradually this alien night gave color and terror to my inflamed imagination. The exotic trees silhouetted in grim shadows; the pungent odors; the sounds of the jungle—night birds sobbing, owls hooting in a minor key, human cries and wails, and singing in primitive, jazz-like rhythms.

Then my ear caught it—the throb of drums, of tom-toms. My two darkies had sensed it and a strange, yearning fear took possession of them. They drove like mad to our mutual peril. Suddenly, we turned off the road into a dense banana plantation, and in another five minutes were sunk up to our hubs in mud. Walking was the only alternative, along a pathway paved with banana and palm leaves. In the darkness I kept slipping off into the mud. Then I lost the boys and went astray in the endless banana forest, beyond which was the jungle.

The terrifying sound of those drums was ever beating in my ears, and my heart tried in vain not to keep time with their maddening unearthly rhythm as I plunged along in the mud.

Then I caught sight of the most eerie spectacle I have ever seen in my life. And I feared that my imagination had been driven by those reverberating drums into a web of hallucina-

PHOTOPLAY'S
Hollywood Beauty Shop

Conducted
By Carolyn
Van Wyck

•

All the beauty tricks of all the stars brought to you each month

"THERE are three important points to remember in perfect powdering," says June Vlasek. "Powder to the hairline. Very necessary with off-the-face hats and coiffures that expose the forehead and ears"

"DON'T neglect mouth corners," warns June. Press powder on right to lipline. Generous powdering enlarges and accents a feature; light powdering detracts attention. Remember when powdering your nose

FOR soft, youthful effect, powder must be artfully applied about eyes. Do this after your lash make-up. Press on powder to soften laughter lines, then dust with brush or puff. Powder beneath eyes disguises dark shadows. June Vlasek is using a new powder beautifully boxed in shiny black and peach with square puff

Our "Alice in Wonderland"

CAROLE LOMBARD creates an exquisite, cameo contour by reversing the accepted mode of her comb. The tortoise shell band is placed at the nape of her neck, just above her ears, to hold curls close to her neckline. Chic!

FOR evening, Judith Allen prefers a coil of brilliants, in the "Alice in Wonderland" manner. Very sweet and ingenue. Notice how charmingly the diadems adorn both the suave, smoothly coiffured head as well as the informal

EVELYN VENABLE'S tiara is very regal and very decorative with its tiny globes of brilliants. Evelyn wears her long hair parted and coiled low on her neck, the bandeau lending just the festive touch for evening

Has Inspired These Diadems

JUDITH ALLEN is using a new waterless shampoo. The solution is applied to the scalp, combed through the hair, allowed to dry and is then brushed out. Leaves your hair beautifully clean and does not injure your wave

LONA ANDRE looks very cunning and schoolgirlish with her "Alice in Wonderland" ribbon slipped under her waves so that only the top shows. The young find this ribbon arrangement lovely for evening or day

A COMB of brilliants and onyx coils crowns Dorothea Wieck's dark locks with royal charm. These newest hair decorations are versatile adornments because you may wear them with almost any type of coiffure or gown

Ideas From the Screen's Younger Set

THIS is Betty Furness' favorite talcum, featuring a new container and leak-proof top. Aside from general uses, a little on the palms makes gloves go on like magic

"EVEN if she is very young," says Betty Furness, "every girl should use an eye or tissue cream over her lids and beneath her eyes at night." Sun, exposure, eye strain, tension, begin early to etch fine lines, and the use of cream is your only safeguard

LONA ANDRE is all agog over her new fire engine red nail lacquer and remover in a cunning red or white leather holder, which later makes a perfect cigarette case. Fire engine red is suggested for warm toned skin and is smart with many of the newest colors

(For More Beauty Tips Turn to Page 87)

■ Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr. deserts New York to spend her winters on Cumberland Island off the coast of Georgia. In the summer she is at Newport in her lovely house. She loves animals and her favorite fox terrier, Bozo, goes everywhere with her. She is a deft and delightful hostess and her shrimp Newburgh, southern style, is excelled only by her Georgian wild turkey with wild rice. She always smokes Camel cigarettes.

"I NEVER TIRE OF THEIR FLAVOR"

"They always taste so *good*. They are smooth and rich and certainly prove that a cigarette can be mild without being flat or sweetish," says Mrs. Carnegie. "Camels never make my nerves jumpy or ragged, either. And they're so popular that keeping enough in the house over week-ends is a problem."

That is because steady smokers turn to Camels knowing that they never get on the nerves. People do appreciate this. You will like the smooth flavor of the costlier tobaccos in Camels. For a cool and mild cigarette that you enjoy no matter how many you smoke, try Camels.

CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND

Camel's costlier tobaccos are Milder

Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

What must a young girl know BEFORE MARRIAGE?

A Budapest bookseller, faced with hard times, advertised that he had for sale a volume of information indispensable to a young girl contemplating matrimony. He said that in this book would be found—not what every young girl is told before marriage — but what she will find it indispensable to know.

Thousands sent their mail-orders. Then — complaints began to pour in. Finally an outraged man brought the bookseller into court. He stated that he had sent for one of these compendia of indispensable information . . . and that he had received by mail a 19th Century Cook-book — "Lazy Little Lulu Learns Cookery." He wanted the bookseller found guilty of obtaining money under false pretenses. . . .

But the judge acquitted him, saying that he was in thorough accord with the bookseller's view that a knowledge of cooking was of primary importance to the prospective bride.

Your favorite magazine could be advertised truthfully in very much the same way. The most indispensable knowledge to a young wife is knowing where and what to buy . . . how to get the most for her money . . . how — on a limited budget — to keep her home fresh, new, attractive . . . how to dress herself and her children, inexpensively yet in the very latest styles . . . how to serve on her table foods of dependable quality.

In other words — the advertising that appears in this magazine contains information of real value . . . NEWS! Announcements of the latest and best in the shopping world. This is indispensable information to every woman, especially to those with families. It helps them run their homes happily. Surely that is what every woman must know.

Make-Up Trends from Hollywood

By Carolyn Van Wyck

BETTE DAVIS, soon to appear in "Fashions of 1934," has found a new perfume that suits her moods and that has the fashion world agog at the moment. Suit your moods, too, when choosing perfume

A WHILE ago, a visitor to Hollywood might have been struck by the fact that the stars did not seem to use face rouge. On my first visit, too, that was my impression. "Well," I thought, "most of them have on heavy screen make-up all day and it is probably a relief to have a natural face when not working."

Now it seems that Hollywood is using much more face rouge, or, at least, is appearing with a glow of fresh color on its cheeks. And a good thing, I think.

I remember that Loretta Young told me she was glad when screen make-up developed to the point where an actress might use rouge before the camera. Formerly, this might have caused a shadow or hollow on the cheeks. Loretta explained that this touch of color encouraged and inspired her, kept her from "feeling pale."

While "feeling pale" is nothing but a mood, I think it is a dangerous one. It lets you down, makes you feel about half of what you really are. I do not think it should be encouraged today. A touch of color to the cheeks seems to eliminate this mood entirely.

But that touch is the all-important thing. In all phases of make-up, there is hardly one that requires more expert application than cheek rouge. Except in very few cases, a little is all that is needed. And this little should be applied so that only a very gentle color seems to arise from beneath the skin. Where you place this color, depends entirely upon the contour of your face. As a rule, rouge always belongs fairly high on the face. Lona Andre applies it beneath the eyes on the full part of the cheek, blending outward to the temples. Charming on young, soft faces.

The long, thin face may be made to appear fuller by applying rouge slightly away from the nose, fairly high and blending outward in fan shape toward the ears. The round face may be slenderized by the application of rouge at the center of the cheekbone and high, blending outward also in fan shape. By keeping rouge higher on the face, the impression of length is created. The squarish face should apply rouge a little closer to the nose and let it fade outward on the cheeks, not carrying it to the temples. The oval face, like the long, should start at the middle of the cheek and blend the rouge upward and outward. While these general principles apply, I think everyone should experiment personally to decide just where the rouge is most becoming.

If your eyes are darkly shadowed beneath, as some naturally are, your rouge carried fairly high and powder carried to the lashline will soften these shadows and make them less noticeable.

A paste or cream rouge is suggested for your first application because this type gives a very natural effect and is very lasting. Every girl, however, needs a compact rouge to touch up the effect now and then.

Hollywood's style of rouging the lips is to make them pleasantly full—but not overdone. Do you remember the comments that Joan Crawford's lips caused in "Rain"? That was character make-up, of course. However, moderate fullness is infinitely preferable to the very thin lip. To avoid the latter, concentrate color at the center, rouging well to the edges. If your lips are extremely full, rouge them lightly. Perc Westmore, Hollywood studio authority on make-up, advises us all to avoid what he calls the "depression" mouth—the mouth that droops at the corners. You can correct this by a slight upward flourish of your stick at the outer corners of the upper lip. This will give you a happy mouth.

Above, Muriel Evans illustrates the latest lipstick-nail lacquer tip from Hollywood, and a grand one if you want flattering comments. Even a pale polish can match in tone.

HARMONIZING lipstick and nail lacquer is one of the newest Hollywood vogues, as sponsored by Muriel Evans. These smart touches give you chic and add a glow of well-being

"NEWEST MAKE-UP AIDS" is our latest leaflet. It will introduce you to some new lipsticks, rouges, powders and other accents, and tell you how to apply them. Or if you are more concerned with hair, nails, perfumes, or skin, we have special material. Enclose separate stamped, self-addressed envelope for each leaflet to Carolyn Van Wyck, Photoplay Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

"I can help you win *and hold them,*"

Precious Elements in this Soap— Scientists Explain

"Skin grows old-looking through the gradual loss of certain elements Nature puts in skin to keep it youthful," scientists say. "Gentle Lux Toilet Soap, so readily soluble, *actually contains* such precious elements—checks their loss from the skin."

hearts —

says BARBARA STANWYCK

LOVELY WARNER BROS. STAR

This fascinating screen star tells you her secret of loveliness . . . how to have a skin that wins instant adoration.

You see her here as she looks in her own boudoir in Hollywood. Notice how temptingly soft and smooth *her* skin is. Surely you'll want to follow her advice—make *yours* as lovely!

All over the country girls are turning to the complexion care Barbara Stanwyck uses—proving that it really does bring a thrilling new beauty to the skin.

Actually 9 out of 10 screen stars use this same wonderful aid to loveliness—fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap. Why don't you try this famous Hollywood complexion care? Get Lux Toilet Soap today . . . use it regularly. Notice how soft and smooth your skin looks . . . and *feels* . . . even from the first. Begin *now* to win new loveliness.

Men can't resist alluring skin

—you can have this charm

Ask The Answer Man

Cora Sue Collins, chosen by Garbo to portray her as a child in "Queen Christina." Since she got the part, Cora Sue has autographed over two hundred photographs of herself for admiring friends

"BABY GARBO"—that's what they are calling Cora Sue Collins. Since M-G-M announced that Cora Sue was to play Garbo as a child in "Queen Christina," this old Dean of Wisdom has been swamped with letters asking about the petite curly-head.

Cora Sue, just six years old, is as enthusiastic about her career in pictures, and has as much ambition as any of our reigning stars. She says she wants to be a "champeen actress," and means it, too.

She was born in Beckley, W. Va., although Clarksburg and Huntington both claim her. She lived in both places during her babyhood. At the age of three she won a contest for the title of "Champion Baby of Clarksburg." That's where her "champeen" idea originated. When she was four her mother took her to Hollywood to try to get her into pictures. Their meager funds ran low and Mrs. Collins had to sell hosiery from door to door. Then one day she took Cora Sue to Universal City where they were casting the ZaSu Pitts-Slim Summerville picture "The Unexpected Father." There were lots of little children there, most of them beautiful and daintily dressed. Cora Sue's face, dirty from the long trolley ride out to the studio, seemed to stand out. She was given a screen test, and the picture was hers.

From Universal she went to Paramount to play in "The Strange Case of Clara Deane." Then M-G-M gave her the prized rôle of Norma Shearer as a baby in "Smilin' Through." This was followed by parts in "Jennie Gerhardt," with Sylvia Sidney, and "Torch Singer," with Claudette Colbert.

Cora Sue was one of two hundred little girls who were tested for the coveted rôle of portraying the child queen in "Queen Christina." She was personally chosen by Garbo because she so closely resembled the Swedish star in her childhood.

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. For a personal reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

If her part in a picture calls for crying, Cora Sue just has to think of something sad and big tears come right out of those pretty brown eyes. At home she never cries at all. She likes to dry dishes and make ice-box cookies. She can sing, too, and play the piano with two hands. After having been chosen by Garbo to play in "Queen Christina," she received over two hundred requests for her photograph. She autographed them herself. She has one pet, a cute kitten whose name is "Cuddles."

VIRGINIA GEIS, CHICAGO, ILL.—Sally Rand, the fan dancer, was in pictures way back in 1925. She appeared in Sennett, Roach and Christie comedies before graduating to feature length pictures. Was a Wampas Baby Star in 1927 and left the screen in 1928 for the stage. Sally's real name is Hazel Beck. She was born in Winchester, Ky., April 3, 1905. She is 5 feet, ¾ inches tall; weighs 115 pounds, has ash blonde hair and gray eyes. You will be seeing her on the screen again soon in "Bolero" and other productions. Lois Wilson and Marion Davies are each 5 feet, 5½ inches tall. Lois weighs 120, Marion three pounds more. Anna Sten is 5 feet, 3 inches tall and weighs 110 pounds. Dorothea Wieck is two inches taller than Anna and weighs eight pounds more.

JOE TRIPI, WORCESTER, MASS.—I'm a baseball fan too, Joe. William Haines played the rôle of *Jim Kelly* in "Slide, Kelly, Slide." Sally O'Neil appeared with him.

B. A. LEE, FIJI ISLANDS.—Thanks for that perfectly grand snapshot you sent me. How do those boys like our movies down your way? Dorothy Mackaill is still in pictures. Her latest is "The Chief," in which she appears with Ed Wynn.

RICHARD KANTSKY, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Esther Ralston is now under contract to M-G-M, so you will be seeing her more frequently. She recently made "By Candlelight" for Universal.

R. SCHONBERGER, NEW YORK CITY.—Beautiful Billie Dove was born in New York City on May 14, 1903. She is 5 feet, 5 inches tall; weighs 114 and has dark brown hair and brown eyes. Was married to Robert Kenaston last May. She is not working in pictures just now.

ALMA, BUENOS AIRES, S. A.—You certainly admire Paul Muni, if you really mean all you write about him. You will see him next in "Hi, Nellie," a newspaper story.

RUTH SELFRIDGE, TERRE HAUTE, IND.—Diana Wynyard was born in London, England, January 16, 1908. She is 5 feet, 6½ inches tall; weighs 127 pounds and has golden brown hair and dark blue eyes. Her latest picture was "Reunion In Vienna."

ALICE CARLEY, CHICAGO, ILL.—Alan Dinehart had a long and successful stage career before he started making pictures. He is a native of Missoula, Mont., born there in 1889. He is married to Mozelle Brittonne.

J. R., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Frank Lawton played the rôle of the younger son in "Cavalcade." Margaret Lindsay was the girl the older boy married. The four children who appeared in the early part of the picture were, Dick Henderson, Jr., Douglas Scott, Sheila MacGill and Bonita Granville. *Margaret Harris* was played by Irene Browne.

ALICE SERIN, ADRIAN, MICH.—Robert Young is 26 years old. His latest pictures are "Hell Below," "Today We Live," "Tugboat Annie," "Saturday's Millions," and "Carolina."

ANITA CRAWFORD, ADRIAN, MICH.—So you and Alice like the same boy, eh? Bob Young was the lad who played the rôle of *Ricardo* in "The Kid From Spain." You just didn't recognize him with the little mustache. Edmund Lowe's latest picture is "Her Bodyguard." Joan Blondell was 24 years old on August 30; Lew Ayres the same in December.

A. G., ALEXANDRIA, LA.—Colin Clive was born in St. Malo, France, about 33 years ago. He entered pictures in 1929. Elizabeth Allan, newcomer to the American screen, was born in Skegness, Lincolnshire, Eng., in April, 1910. She started making pictures in Europe in 1930. Early last year Metro brought her to Hollywood. In private life she is Mrs. William J. O'Bryen.

HERSCH, LAKE PLACID, N. Y.—Johnny Weissmuller's new picture is "Tarzan and His Mate." Joan Bennett, Elissa Landi, Marlene Dietrich and Kay Francis are each 5 feet, 5 inches tall. They weigh 108, 119, 120 and 112 respectively. Joan Crawford is one inch shorter than these girls and weighs 115.

SHIRLEY, SWAMPSCOTT, MASS. — Lots of other girls are crazy about Onslow Stevens, too. He is a Los Angeles lad, born there on March 29, 1906. He is 6 feet, 2 inches tall; weighs 175 and has brown hair and brown eyes. He was on the stage before going into pictures.

Another good Broadwayite, gone Hollywood. Hal Le Roy, dancer, has been signed by Warners to star in the talkie-version of "Harold Teen"

Best news in years for lovely fingertips . . . GLAZO now only 25c!

The new Glazo is getting hearty cheers from girls who formerly paid lots more than a quarter for nail polish. But they're much less excited about the money they save than about Glazo's superior virtues.

Glazo's new lacquers are richer in lustre . . . so fingertips are lovelier, more gloriously beautiful, than ever before. What's more, actual tests show Glazo wears 50% longer.

And colors? Glazo's six authentic shades are approved by leading beauty and fashion authorities . . . and the exclusive Color Chart Package shows just how they'll look on your nails—solves the whole problem of selecting the exact shades you want.

Glazo's new metal shaft brush, with its soft, uniform bristles, assures perfect application on every nail. And the brush *just can't* come loose.

Ever run out of Polish Remover at the most exasperating moment? Glazo Remover now comes in an extra-size bottle . . . enough to last as long as your polish.

If you've been paying two or three times as much, you'll just appreciate the new Glazo all the more.

GLAZO LIQUID POLISH. *Six authentic shades. Natural, Shell, Flame, Geranium, Crimson, Mandarin Red, Colorless. 25c each. In Canada, 30c.*

GLAZO POLISH REMOVER. *A true cosmetic, gentle to nail and skin. Removes even deepest polish completely. Extra-size bottle, 25c. In Canada, 30c.*

GLAZO CUTICLE REMOVER. *A new liquid cuticle remover. Extra-size bottle, 25c. In Canada, 30c.*

GLAZO TWIN KIT. *Contains both Liquid Polish and extra-size Polish Remover. In Natural, Shell, Flame, 40c. In Canada, 50c.*

THE GLAZO COMPANY, Inc., Dept. GQ-24
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 10c for sample kit containing Glazo Liquid Polish, Polish Remover, and Liquid Cuticle Remover. (Check the shade of Polish preferred) . . .

☐ Natural ☐ Shell ☐ Flame ☐ Geranium

_____

_____

John, the Great

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

When I inquired whether he hoped to bring "Hamlet" to the screen, he thoughtfully replied:

"I not only hope but fully expect to do so. I believe the time is approaching when it will be done in a talking picture. One reason for this conviction is that I have the greatest respect for the intelligence of the movie audience, another that I feel certain film producers will shortly realize that 'Hamlet' is not merely a Shakespearean play but a vital melodrama that will make them a lot of money."

Throwing down his napkin as though it were a gauntlet, he took up the question of Shakespeare and the masses.

"IT may be that movie producers don't, as yet, fully realize what a good, fast-moving melodrama 'Hamlet' really is, but they will," he declared. "Just as one man in New York did when we were giving the play there. A Tammany politician called up Sam Harris, at whose theater the production was running, and was sorry to say:

" 'I don't know how she got that way, but my wife's crazy to see that play you've got at your place—"Hamlet," ain't it?—an' nothin'll do but what I go with her tonight. If you've got 'em, I wish you'd save me a coupla seats on the aisle so I can make a quiet sneak as soon as the house is dark and beat it over to Dinty Moore's.' "

"That night Dinty lost, and Shakespeare won a customer. The Tammany gentleman left his seat only long enough to tear out between acts and tell Harris the play was 'the works.'

" 'Say, Sam,' he wanted to know, 'you don't mean to tell me that Shakespeare wrote it? Why, it's swell! Even Owen Davis never turned out anything better. Gee, that tough mug with the big beard—yeah, the guy that married the kid's mother after bumping off his old man—is sure gettin' away with murder. He's puttin' it all over the poor little fella. But the kid's there with the wallop, an' I hope he gets even with that dirty double-crosser.'

" 'Shakespeare sees to that,' Sam assured him.

" 'Good!' cried the Tammany man. 'I'm goin' right back for the knockout!' "

Mr. Barrymore squared the shoulders he got from his father, Maurice Barrymore, amateur champion middleweight of England in his day, and added this punch:

"Then remember what happened when the late E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe went down to Fourteenth Street in New York for the first time and played Shakespeare for months at the vast Academy of Music to gigantic audiences. Their experiment proved what I'm getting at.

"They discovered it was the masses that supported Shakespeare, particularly 'Hamlet.' They found, too, it was the poorer people who largely made up their audiences.

"The same thing was true when they made a tour of the country, also at popular prices. It is only reasonable to believe there would be the same response from movie audiences at even lower prices."

FAITH glowed in the imperishable Barrymore profile, made to order for the *Prince of Denmark*. Back of it burned the determination to give talking pictures the greatest play ever written, with its greatest character played by not only the greatest actor on the screen, in my none too humble opinion, but the greatest actor in the English-speaking world. Should you, by any chance, be inclined to differ with this high estimate, you may consider yourself duly challenged to name another who can match John Barrymore, comedian and tragedian alike, in skill, intelligence, variety and brilliance

Often I had wondered why he left the theater, and now I asked him.

"What caused you to give up the stage?"

"A swordfish," was his solemn reply.

"A swordfish?"

"A swordfish. Once, when I was new to Hollywood and swordfish were brand-new to me, I caught one in the waters off Catalina, to my great surprise, intense delight and extreme embarrassment. The swordfish evidently felt the same way about it, except for the delight. He—I speak advisedly—was reserved, rather than cordial. Obviously, he was not glad to meet me. Indeed, there was about him a certain aloofness, a seeming reluctance, even to meet me halfway. In fact, he was disposed to cut me dead. For my part, I was ready to fall upon his neck, but not being able to make connections, I fell on everything else—the capstan, the deck, a barrel of new-laid tar, and my own resources. At last, the social amenities over, I pulled my chest out of my back and let it swell with pride. Later there was swelling elsewhere, but no matter.

"That swordfish had changed my whole life. I wanted to live forever after where I could meet other members of his family, be in touch with his brothers and sisters, ask them up any time. To this end, I straightway became a life member of the Tuna Fishing Club, with the proud degree of S. C. (Swordfish Catcher)."

"Anything else?"

"Yes," he hastened to say. "Shortly after meeting the swordfish I met Louis B. Mayer."

"And New York was forgotten?"

"By no means," protested Mr. Barrymore. "I have a terrific feeling of gratitude toward the New York public, for, as the saying goes, it made me what I am today. I have much the same feeling toward Arthur Hopkins. The reason Hopkins is particularly interesting to me as a stage producer is that all the plays in which I appeared under his management—'Redemption,' 'The Jest,' 'Richard III,' and 'Hamlet'—were taken off when we were selling out. It means a lot for a producer to do that against the good of his own pocketbook. But it is immensely for the good of the actor. He should not be kept in a part until it becomes mechanical to him."

"What does the screen offer to the stage actor?" I inquired.

"Primarily, lack of repetition," said Mr. Barrymore. "There is nothing so deadly to the actor as repetitious work. During the New York run of 'Hamlet,' when we were giving eight performances a week, Stanislasky, director of the Moscow Art Theater company, the finest organization of actors in the world, came back to see me one afternoon. 'When are you going to play this again?' he asked. 'Tonight,' I told him. He nearly fell into the bass drum. Partially recovering from his astonishment, he said that in Russia a play was never given more than two or three times a week.

"STRANGELY enough," pursued Mr. Barrymore, "it is only in our country and England that plays are put on for long runs. Of course, no matter how long he plays it, there always is something new for an actor to learn in a part like *Hamlet*. Yet, two years later, when I played it in London, I found a tremendous gain from the rest."

"Do you find much the same rest in pictures?"

"Yes, because of the change they offer. I like it. You can do five pictures a year, but you can't do five plays a year. Sometimes it is difficult to get a producer sufficiently interested to do even one play for you. I felt this when 'Peter Ibbetson' came into my hands. After pondering the matter, I decided to take the play to Al Woods, who, though wondrous wise in the theater, had not been given to the production of the mystic, nostalgic drama. But I thought of a way to approach him on the delicate subject.

" 'Al,' I began, 'I've got a fine play, and I'd like you to do it.'

" 'What's it about, sweetheart?' he wanted to know.

" 'Well,' I informed him, 'there's a scene in which Lionel calls me a dirty name and I hit him over the head with a club.'

" 'I'll take it!' he promptly declared."

Then Mr. Barrymore recalled:

"THAT was an interesting question of yours as to what the screen offers the stage actor. For one thing, I think it's just as well for an actor to have had some stage training before going into talking pictures, though I wouldn't say it is absolutely necessary. There have been miraculous exceptions. After all, there's nothing new or mysterious about human speech. The only thing an actor needs to do is speak naturally. And it's not so much how he acts as how he behaves. Above all, he must be careful in front of the camera, which enlarges the face five times. If he acts there as he had acted on the stage he will find he is giving a remarkably good imitation of St. Vitus."

"You suffered from that trouble?" I sympathetically inquired.

"I nearly died of it," he groaned. "Worse, my early parts in silent pictures involved serious complications. I was in tights so often that I felt like Frankie Bailey glorifying Weber and Fields. Then, too, those dark green romantic rôles, with hair closely resembling clinging ivy, made me look as though I had lived for centuries in ruined castles. I used to

Loretta Young has been promoted to stardom! This dramatic scene with Etienne Girardot is from her first starring vehicle, "Born to Be Bad"—story of the "customers' girl racket"

feel deeply grateful that I was spared, at least, the ordeal of coming before the curtain in that bizarre get-up, as might have been the case on the stage.

"The screen actor may well be thankful that he is saved the terrifying experience of making a curtain speech. When his picture has its première—I believe that is the accepted term—he can run home, lock himself in, and feel a certain sense of protection. That's why I keep a dog."

When I remarked that he seemed to be working very hard these days, Mr. Barrymore made the surprising confession:

"I've got to work to keep from being afraid of the 'big bad wolf.'"

"Why—have you ever been broke?"

"Have I ever been broke!" he yelped. "During my earlier years that was my normal condition. In New York I knew the entire free lunch route from Third Avenue to Tenth. What's more, I knew the special days on which my good friends, the bartenders, set out hot dishes. If there's one thing I pride myself on, it's as a free lunch authority."

ALL the Barrymores have, in their time, been on short rations. Ethel Barrymore once told me that while tramping the streets looking for a job in London she lived for two weeks on a bag of dates.

"Which would you say is worse," I now asked her younger brother, "being broke in New York or in Hollywood?"

"That's a fine distinction I hesitate to make," he faltered. "But sometime ago I read an amazing article in a Los Angeles newspaper telling of a fellow who lived for two years on ten cents a day. He squatted in the Hollywood hills. But where in New York are you going to find a place to squat for a week, let alone two years? My best record was two nights, under a bench in a New York park, when the cops routed me out. I sank into sweet slumber both nights gazing raptly at a weather-beaten statue of Farragut. Indeed, I all but qualified for membership in the Farragut Club.

"You never heard of it? Let me say, then, that it was a most exclusive club, founded by Oliver Herford, who was inspired by the same statue, seen from under the same bench in exactly the same circumstances as my own. Whether his rest was disturbed in the same way I do not know, but I do know that, in the interests of the Farragut Club, he went to great lengths. He went, no less, to Saranac. There, in the Adirondacks, for the good of his health, was Robert Louis Stevenson. Night had fallen when Herford rapped at his cabin door.

"'I have come,' he announced to his astounded friend, 'to notify you of your unanimous election to the Farragut Club.'

"'And what,' inquired the puzzled recipient of this signal honor, 'is the Farragut Club?'

"'I am,' was the proud answer. 'As its sole member I elected you.'

"'But why have a second member?' wondered Stevenson.

"'For this reason,' whispered Herford. 'I want to blackball Ambrose Bierce, and I don't want him to find out who did it.'

"WHAT a night that must have been," enviously imagined Barrymore, "with those two wits in full play! Herford, who had tramped all the way there, was dead broke, but he didn't give a hoot. When you're young you don't mind—you regard it as an adventure.

"But when you're older it's different. Just now it's certainly tough on a lot of poor devils. You can't help thinking of that 'big bad wolf.'"

At this moment his business manager—a born wolf tamer—brought him several checks to sign. As John Barrymore busily scratched his name, he glanced up with a quizzical smile, and admitted:

"This is a form of calisthenics I loathe."

Who doesn't?

Dear Marjory,

I could love you if you'd stop eating...or start using Colgate's

You are almost a very beautiful girl, Marjory.

Your hair . . . gorgeous. Your eyes, your lips—divine. Your figure—umpty-um-tum!

But darling, your teeth are dingy. And I dislike, I hate, I abhor, I positively loathe dingy teeth in women. Most men do.

You're old enough to know that everything you eat and drink stains your teeth. Not just one kind of stain, either—but SEVEN KINDS.

And don't be silly. I'm not seriously suggesting that you stop eating. But you might try Colgate's Dental Cream.

Why Colgate's?

Because, the stains on your teeth are not only hard to get off, but they differ in kind. No *one* cleansing action will remove them all. And most toothpastes have only one cleansing action.

But Colgate's, my love, has *two* actions. An emulsive action that washes away the less tenacious stains. And a polishing action that *safely* removes the others. Together, these two actions will make your teeth as dazzlingly beautiful as the rest of you.

And now, "Au Revoir." You will never get this letter, Marjory, I am going to make an advertisement of it instead. But I hope you will see the ad. And I hope you buy a tube of Colgate's.

If you do . . . we'll be going places together.

P. S. Colgate's only costs 20¢ for a large tube.

FREDRIC MARCH and

1 FLORENCE: "Where can Freddie be? Why, it's half past eight, and we're due at Times Square to see the preview of 'Design for Living' in twenty minutes!"

2 FREDDIE: "Tonight of all nights to be stuck with a car that won't start! Guess I'll call up a garage."

Get quick starting and save money too!

Both are "double-range"—Mobiloil Arctic and Mobilgas with climatic control! "Double-range" because no matter how cold the weather, you *always get a quick start.* And when your engine warms up, full gas mileage . . . full oil protection.

SOCONY-VACUUM CORPORATION

4 FREDDIE: "Sorry to be late, dear. I couldn't get the car started but it's fixed now for good."

FLORENCE: "Never mind, we can still make it."

Mobiloil and

FLORENCE ELDRIDGE

in a
Mobiloil Movie

"SMOOTH PERFORMANCE"

Fredric March co-starring with Miriam Hopkins and Gary Cooper in "Design for Living," a Paramount picture.

3 DEALER: "Your car'll be all right in a few minutes, Mr. March. We're putting in Mobiloil Arctic and Mobilgas now. She'll be winter-proof then!"

5 FLORENCE: "My, it's a grand picture. And isn't she attractive—such a good little actress!"
FREDDIE: "You can thank another couple of smooth performers* for our being here on time!"
(*Mobiloil Arctic and Mobilgas.)

Mobilgas

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

MAYBE there aren't some nervous people in Hollywood these days since Mexico has declared that those convenient and quick divorces secured in the states of Chihuahua, Morelos, Yucatan and Campeche are invalid.

And now Jack Holt, Zita Johann, Sidney Blackmer, Sally Eilers, Hoot Gibson, Lenore Ulrich, Max Baer, Dorothy Dunbar, Richard Dix and many others who got Mexican divorces, are wondering to whom they are married and why.

Sally Eilers married Harry Joe Brown, the director, since her divorce from Hoot Gibson. Hoot has become seriously interested in June Gale and Sidney Blackmer is completely lost to Mae Clarke. So what's the answer?

However, attorneys are trying to find the inevitable loop-hole that will make things right for their clients. So we shall see just who is married to whom in the next few weeks.

ALISON SKIPWORTH in haste to get somewhere, took a bus. The assembled crowd was slow in climbing on. When Skippy had her foot on the lower step, her six inches of skirt that trails on the ground well in hand, the bus-driver saw fit to admonish, "Step lively, please."

Skippy impaled the fresh driver with one of the best Skipworth glances—"Young man," she informed him, "I *never* step lively!"

THAT big new iceberg palace of Jean Harlow's, with its white furnishings and white rugs, has meant very little to Jean, it seems. For all the elaborate white bed upholstered in ermine. Jean never slept in it. Instead, she slept on a couch in her mother's and father's room. And after her marriage to Hal Rosson, Jean made a present of the house to her mother.

'Tis said in Hollywood the home reflected her mother's tastes entirely and not Jean's. Which may account for Jean's lack of interest in it.

JANET GAYNOR noticed Stepin Fetchit, the colored comic, munching on a carrot, and asked if he were a vegetarian.

"Yas'm, I is," drawled Stepin.

"Don't you *ever* eat meat?" pursued Janet.

"No'm. Only pork chops, thass all," assured Step.

Adolphe Menjou and Verree Teasdale are very shy of cameras when they are together. But a crafty photographer caught them at the opening of "Roman Scandals." Did they deny romantic rumors? They did not!

HOLLYWOOD gains another place in the "Blue Book," or New York Social Register, by the inclusion of Dorothy Jordan's name this year. The reason Dorothy is so honored in this criterion of social recognition, no doubt, is her marriage, during the past year, to Merian C. Cooper, the RKO-Radio head who, in addition to having made himself actually important by his achievements, is of a socially prominent family.

TALK as you please, it pays to know the right people in Hollywood. For instance, one short year ago, Lyle Talbot was practically an unknown young man in Hollywood, socially. Today, his parents, visiting him in Hollywood, are entertained royally by none other than Mary Pickford herself. The reason? Well, it seems Lyle set out to cultivate the socially prominent Countess di Frasso and the Countess did the rest for Lyle. His name, these days, appears on all the exclusive guests lists in town. And maybe you think Lyle's studio isn't impressed.

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Working Girl

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70]

Dancing to her was her job, and she saw nothing frivolous or gayly exciting about it. Neither did she see anything of which to be ashamed. She took jobs dancing in Grauman's prologues and with Fanchon-Marco revues, while attending the fashionable Westlake School for Girls in Los Angeles. In the daytime she mingled with society debutantes and frequently in the evenings danced before the footlights.

She could never understand why her snobbish little schoolmates admired her when she danced at school festivals and benefits, but arched their eyebrows when they saw her on the stage doing the same thing professionally. She resented it, because she was doing her job and doing it well. She was glad when she left school and with it the "snobs" who didn't approve of her stage dancing. Strangely enough, she was later to portray "society types" to achieve her greatest screen triumphs

in "Animal Kingdom" and "When Ladies Meet." Since those two films she played "moll rôles" in "Penthouse" and "The Prizefighter and the Lady."

Possibly these early resentments caused Myrna to cling to a few proved friends; caused her later to shy from Hollywood "sets" where gossip and unfairness run riot.

"I have never felt that parties or social 'politics' of any kind have ever helped an actress to success. At least, to lasting success. Just as screen rôles are definitely apart from real life, so studio work can be and should be definitely apart from social entanglements.

"After all, the really important thing in this business is to deliver a performance, to make yourself valuable—professionally. Everything else is incidental, and entirely up to one's idea of a good time. The old rule of 'Know thyself' is the most reliable rule a girl could choose to follow in Hollywood. 'Know thyself and Be thyself.'"

FROM her very first "bit" rôle, Myrna Loy has studied her every part thoroughly before facing the camera. She has had to, because even every bit was a character bit, and from the first, a character with which she was entirely unfamiliar.

Imagine a girl of nineteen undertaking the portrayal of a temperamental Russian mistress, or Lucrezia Borgia's chief poisoner as she did in "Don Juan."

It was in this picture that John Barrymore taught her the importance of correct costume. She was amazed to see the star go down to the wardrobe every day and carefully inspect all the costumes to be used in the scenes. It impressed her tremendously, as such meticulous interest was rare in those days.

Ever since then she has been extra careful about every costume she has worn, and frequently makes them herself to be sure they're right. It's good business.

During the days, or rather, the years in which she was the perennial dark feminine menace of the screen, and was playing everything from Oriental houris to depraved maniacs, she made a point of going deep into the psychology, and even the religion, of her distasteful screen characters.

"I never quite believed in them," she admits today, "but I had to attribute some sort of phobia to them to make them real. I had to understand how anyone could be like that, in order to make it convincing on the screen."

All the time, she wanted desperately to get away from the sinister run of parts, because she realized she was being hopelessly relegated to that unsympathetic type, but at the same time, she deliberately set about being adequate, even perfect in them—because it was good business to give a good performance!

She is frank in stating that she intends to "make hay while the sun shines."

"One's life in this profession is not long. You have to make your money while you can so you will have enough for the future," she observes wisely.

Up until recently Myrna has lived with her mother and brother, quite modestly. She still lives modestly, although by herself in a rented house in Santa Monica. It is quiet out there, and remote. She can rest and read, keep physically and mentally fit.

THERE'S only one thing which will make her stop being essentially a working girl—marriage. She admits it has almost happened several times.

"But I don't think I would ever give up my screen career entirely for marriage," Myrna Loy states frankly.

Of course, there's an obvious answer to that.

She could marry someone who also has a screen career to think about.

But when I mentioned it, there was dead silence.

For Hollywood's working girl is nothing if not discreet.

And Ramon Novarro is one person she just won't talk about!

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Gossard foundations are favored everywhere you find fastidious women. Easy fitting clothes are not just a matter of luck . . . but of what goes beneath the smooth exterior. The MisSimplicity* shown in the sketch from The Emporium, is of Skinner's satin in peach . . . or exciting black . . . combined with fine elastic and matching lace . . . typical of the many MisSimplicity* foundations to be found wherever smart fashions are sold. The diagonal pull of the cross-back straps raises the bust and flattens the diaphragm and abdomen.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.—Pat. No. 1,859,198

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Last Round-Up

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

"Westerns have been badly hurt," says Ken, "by cheap pictures—quickies. A billboard for a bad Western can be just as exciting and attractive as one for a real picture of merit. But the public has been fooled often, and a lot of people don't like it."

MAYNARD protects his reputation by putting money, often his own private funds, into his pictures. He won't allow them to be rushed out, regardless of quality, for quick returns.

"Another thing," continues Ken, "I have stuck to the old West, its authentic characters, action and thrills. I keep in the plains and the mountains; I use stage coaches, Indians, bad men. I'll stick to the true Western to the last ditch. Cowboy stars turning aviators and mixing Western with modern thrills have dug their own graves as cowboy stars.

"But the most serious menace to the continued life of the Western picture is that today there are no training schools. No new stars are coming on who can ride and rope and shoot and do the spectacular Western action stunts that make a rough riding picture popular. There aren't any more Wild West shows like those of Buffalo Bill and Pawnee Bill, where all of us cowpokes learned the fancy riding and colorful show stuff which a regular ranch hand never had time to learn, and never will. It threatens soon to be a lost art—and a Western has to have it."

But Col. Tim McCoy disagrees with Maynard on the story question. Says the Colonel:

"Westerns have been 'rubber-stamped' out of popularity. I quit making them, because as a real Westerner myself I resented the far-fetched, ridiculous stories that were given me. A good story is a good story, whether it's laid in the North, South, East or West—and the same is true of a bad one. Most of the Westerns have been bad ones."

And George O'Brien, who has been one of the most successful Western stars, although never rode the range in his life, advocated the "sophisticated Western," paying more attention to the subtleties of characterization and drama, and less to the stock catalogue of Western thrills.

"The difficulty is in getting new angles for Western pictures," he believes. "I'd still like to make about two Westerns a year, but that's about all the actually good stories I would be able to find."

NOW the funny thing about it all is that apparently people still do *want* badly to see Westerns—not only the kids but the grown-ups. Since the news was scattered about George O'Brien's decision to quit, letters have poured in asking him "*please* not to stop." Tom Mix's retirement drew a similar flood of protests. Ken Maynard receives, almost daily, letters from parents praising him for supplying the "only moral type of picture fit for our children to see."

Westerns are still tremendously popular abroad. George O'Brien, on a recent trip, was entertained by the Sultan of Jolo in his bamboo theater with his thirteen wives, he was going to show him a real American cowboy film, "Whispering Smith Rides"—a film George had seen as a boy!

Ken Maynard even owes his life to his Western screen exploits. Not long ago, on a flight from Campeche to Merida, Ken was forced down in the wilds of Yucutan and surrounded by savages, who suddenly bowed to him and helped him take off again. They knew Ken. Somehow, they had seen his pictures and liked him!

And recently, during the Olympic Games, the athletes from abroad were surprisingly blasé when the currently important screen stars visited the training village—but Tom Mix's arrival almost caused a riot!

But while Westerns may eventually come back, surely the grand old days of cowboy pictures are gone forever.

The days when even the clothes the cowboy stars wore set styles in Hollywood; when horses went to banquets; when the cowboy influence pervaded every phase of Hollywood life have passed into memory.

ONE former school teacher from "'way daown East" once came to Hollywood to direct pictures and, a week after he had arrived, showed up at the old Montmartre café weighted down with six-guns and proceeded to flip bowie knives into the expensive woodwork.

Eddie Brandstatter, the proprietor, rushed to him, only to be rudely shoved aside, and to hear a strange hybrid Eastern Yankee twang mixed with a Texas drawl advise him:

"Lope on, thar, stranger, I'm a-practicin' agin' my neighbor. He kicked my dawg, an' I aim to settle it in the good old Western way!"

He had gone completely Western in a week!

That was when Hollywood was a *real* cowtown!

Drums in the Jungle

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80]

had gone savage, back across the continents and ages!

The beat of the drums pulsed faster and I looked 'round to see a solid circle of hundreds of black faces peering through the spaces between the trees, the same wrapt expression and hideously rolling eyes, the weird rhythm of the drums of the night sunk deep into their superstitious souls.

I was afraid. I felt them closing in on me, nearer; nearer.

THEN I saw a tall and beautiful dark-skinned girl (Fredi Washington), clothed only in a short beaded skirt, brassiere and barbaric silver bracelets.

She began to dance exquisitely, passionately, before the idol. Suddenly she paused, and lighting a fagot fire, she drew the body of a white woman within the circle of light. She was about to cast her into the heart of the flames.

A negro appeared and laughed. He held up a necklace and then threw it into the fire. "There! I've thrown your charm into the fire. Your power over the white woman is destroyed!" The unconscious girl opened her eyes. The heroine was saved!

"Terrible!" rasps an American voice across the frail tissue of my vision. The scene crumples.

The magic daylight wanes. The beat of the tom-toms dies away.

I knew all along, subconsciously, that it was only a movie scene. But there was something horribly *real* about all this. There was a mystic drama going on within the drama into which that little "white company" had been drawn despite themselves.

Even under the ordinary electrics, I hardly recognized my old friends—ghostly, haggard, drawn and nervous.

"Lights!" The movie had to go on—and on—and on.

Under that unearthly glare they looked like the cadavers of that sprightly galaxy that had boarded the "Haiti" on a bright noonday, seven weeks before.

"On the job there you!" snapped Terwiliger irritably. "We want to get out of here alive!" Out there he looked ludicrously Hollywood in his sleeveless sweater and riding boots.

The blacks sullenly took their places, squatting again on cocoanut shells that looked more like skulls.

It was quite obvious that they were fearful of this tampering with black magic.

I WAS impressed by the service revolver the assistant director carried in a holster on his belt.

I saw many rolling eyes fixed on it, too.

"Silence! I don't want to tell you fellows out there not to talk or walk about again!"

"Roll 'em over!" bawls the assistant into the darkness to the distant sound wagon.

"Okay!" comes back.

"Action!" shouts the director.

"One of those women is out of line again!" yells the look-out from his crow's nest in the lighting scaffolding.

"Hold it!"

"Fifty feet lost," records the fellow with his eye at the sight of the traveling camera that Carl Burger is riding like a farm tractor.

"Action!"

"Camera okay?"

"It never was—the snake went dead on us!" The pickaninny who was supposed to keep the trick snake wriggling 'round the idol's neck had gone sound asleep.

"Another scene gone to blazes!" groans Terwiliger. "Shoot her over again."

BANG! Total darkness. The power plant out of commission again. Two hundred feet more of film N.G. Take and retake. Everybody sweating and fuming; fanning themselves, swatting or jabbing at vicious poisonous insects.

"Lay off everbody! Chow! Grub!"

My appearance caused a sensation, not of surprise, but because they were hungry for something, anyone, from the sweet white world. The blacks had slunk out in outer darkness. All my movie friends were there but one. I asked about him.

"He passed away," was all they would say.

A great winged insect, the size of a small sparrow, lighted on Fredi Washington's body and her maid began to annoint her and wrap her in towels.

"If I weren't sprayed with disinfectant from head to foot every hour of the day and night, I wouldn't be here to tell the tale," she said sitting up and smiling.

We were all sitting around on cocoanut shells,

tom-toms and banana tree trunks, pretending to eat supper at 2:30 A.M. Anything to keep away from the ground where the ants would gnaw you to the bone in a few minutes. But there was no way of escaping the ticks that festered under your skin. And the over-sized jungle grasshoppers and crickets nosed into everything, including your ears. The mosquitoes never let up.

"IT'S this mist from the swamp the cloudburst left," explained Terwiliger. "Two of our black men living in the cooley were drowned in that downpour—and that didn't set so well on our voodoo violation either. Why, we had to burn up hundreds of gallons of gasoline trying to dry up the mud, and I don't know how many loads of sand we dumped in to make passage possible. Twenty-four inches of rain in twenty-four hours!"

"And you should have seen the big cyclone that hit us—and two little ones," put in Burger. "Ripped out our whole outfit that it took a week to build! Certainly, we're working against a jinx!"

"If you want to get a turn, just look at the Big Dipper turned upside down in the heavens," observed Winnie Harris. "Things are all wrong out here, I tell you. That old woman witch doctor who says she is two hundred years old has been giving me dirty looks all evening."

"There's another rooster crowing!" wailed the director. "They bring them here and park them nearby on a string—against my orders. Game cocks, you know, and they live and sleep with them and have all sorts of superstitions about them. People back home will think we're near a barnyard, if they hear a rooster crow!"

THEN the call back to work. "On the job. Come on now, let's cut down this penal servitude!" The tom-toms begin their ceaseless beat, the jungle closes in. And so, all through the night, to the tune of flying, whizzing, biting creatures, and the occasional yelp of a beast in the jungle.

The pitiless white glare, endless cigarettes, the distant rumble of the power plant—till the crack of dawn. Then we all make our way more dead than alive back to the Myrtlebank Hotel. Marie Paxton, the heroine, moans, "Oh, I can't sleep! I can't sleep in these glaring, burning days!"

And some day when millions of people thrill to this magnificent spectacle of jungle panorama and shudder over the revelation of black magic, some will say, "What a life! These movie people! Haven't they got it soft? Big salaries, going on a picnic to the West Indies and living on milk and honey! Sure, maybe they do put in a few hours a day making a picture like that. But what of it?"

Yes, indeed, what of it? If you can take it.

Heart Throb

Two years ago I was a "live wire" enjoying life. Then, a serious accident, in which my ankle and knee were broken.

I had no books to study, no talkies to choose from, no "stars" to watch, but I recovered only to find my eyes were affected and an operation took one eye from me. The other I feel will follow.

I've a hard battle to fight. Perhaps some day I will have only memories to help me on my way. But the "stars" still glisten and, if I can see them no more, I know someone will talk to me of the happenings in movieland.

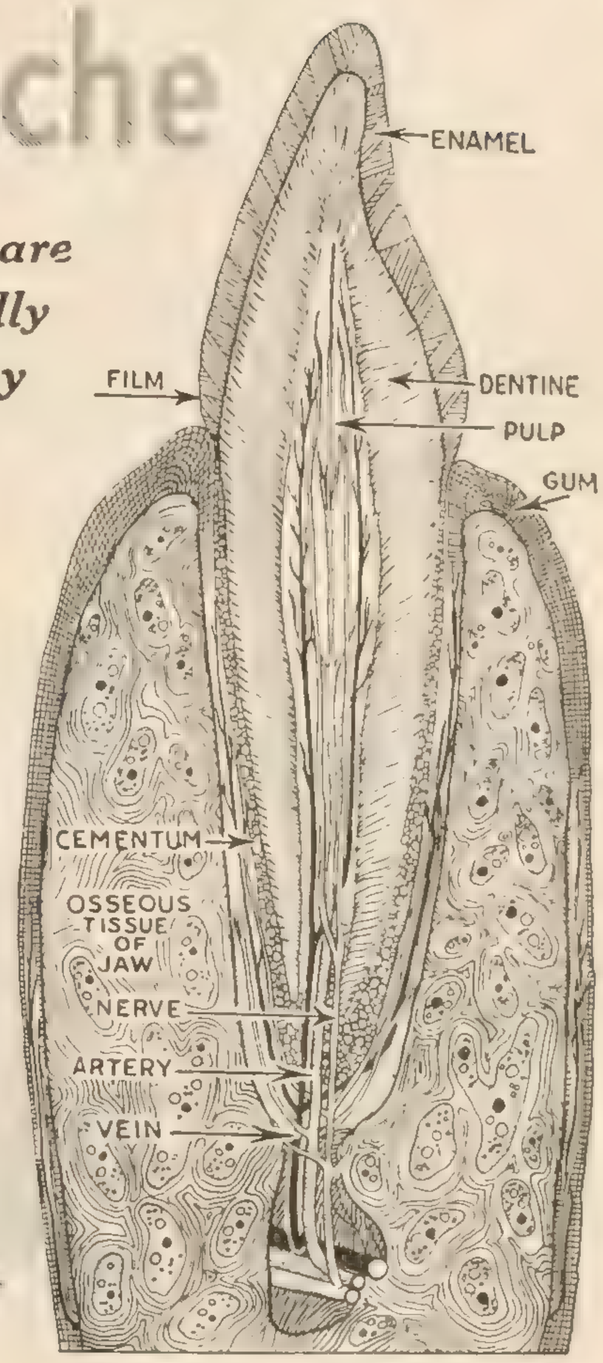
Mrs. Charlotte H. Twombly,
Laconia, N. H.

Science Now Knows Why Our Teeth Ache

Pain is nature's warning that teeth are diseased. The cause of pain is usually decay and an important cause of decay is the invisible film on teeth that science calls "Bacterial Plaque."

Contrast the attitude of the savage below who files his teeth with that of the modern young woman who keeps her teeth white and beautiful through daily use of Pepsodent.

Modern children may well be expected to have far better teeth than their ancestors.



Cross-section of a tooth showing structure beneath the enamel.

THE actual cause of the aching tooth is now believed to be due to gases, formed inside the tooth during the process of decay, that may or may not be visible to the dentist from the outside. These gases expand and press on the sensitive nerves of the tooth.

Dental science answers the question of what leads to tooth decay by saying that food particles have been permitted to remain and spoil between the teeth and under the gums. Germs formed in and by this decaying food make acids which attack the cement-like structure of the teeth and dissolve it. When enough of the tooth material has decayed away, there is left only a thin covering for the nerve of the tooth—pain or toothache result.

The germs that cause the decay-producing acids have a friend in the film-coat, or mucin plaque, which forms on teeth. This film glues the bacteria to the teeth, providing shelter and food for germs.

Removal of film has therefore become an important problem for dental science. One of the most notable discoveries in this field was made recently in the laboratories of The Pepsodent Company when a new and revolutionary cleansing material was developed. The cleansing and polishing material is the part of any tooth paste that does the work. Herein lies the difference between the best tooth paste and inferior brands. Most cleansing materials are either so hard and abrasive that they scratch the tooth enamel or else they are so soft that they fail to remove film and stains. To develop a material that would outrank others both in effectiveness and in safety required several years and the assistance of the ablest scientific minds in the country.

This new discovery is contained in Pepsodent Tooth Paste exclusively. Because it is twice as soft as the material most commonly used, Pepsodent is looked upon as the modern standard of safety. At the same time this new material stands unique in its power to cleanse and polish teeth.

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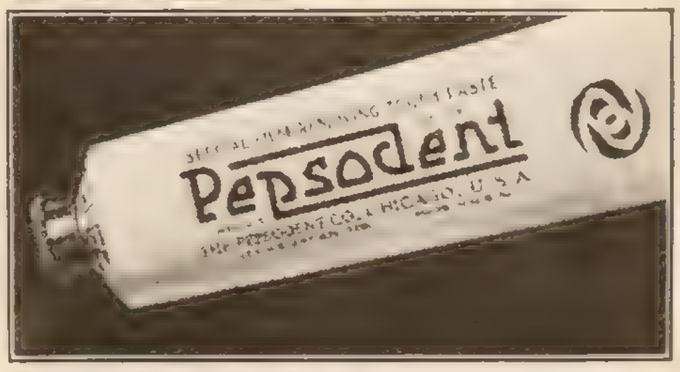

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And Here We See The Real "Little Women"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75]

"Amos Bronson Alcott, their father, was a dreamer. A most impractical man who never seemed to be able to reconcile his high ethical standards to the business of living. He was a spiritual sort of person, far ahead of his time. And eventually, when his lifetime dream of a little school of philosophy came to realization, he was so very happy.

"BUT even that little school didn't last. And at the time he closed it, the family were in dire circumstances. It was Ralph Waldo Emerson who came to their rescue with five hundred dollars.

"Strange," Mrs. Pratt mused, "how family traits are handed down from one generation to another.

"'Meg' was just like her father. She was my husband's mother and I can notice very often the same 'dreamer' qualities in my own daughter.

"'High thought and low diet' we used to call it in the old days. But that's the tendency which has done so much for world development, isn't it? Where would we be if it were not for the dreamers?" Mrs. Pratt smiled indulgently.

"Little 'Amy' was so typical of May Alcott," Mrs. Pratt said, after a moment. "May was forever dressing up and playing grand lady. She always wanted her curly hair to be in perfect order and she took great pains to get those curls up in papers every night.

"May had a talent for painting and sketching, too. And once, when she decided to be very, very independent, she went so far as to join a Boston stock company and act in plays.

"See," Mrs. Pratt pointed to some water colors in wide, old-fashioned frames on that parlor wall, "those are some of May's pictures. They're considered good by critics.

"MAY never could make up her mind whether she wanted to follow a career like her sister Louisa did, or whether she wanted marriage. It was a very modern point of view for a girl in our generation.

"But when she was thirty-eight, she met a man in London with whom she fell in love. His name was Ernest Nieriker, a Swiss gentleman. May married him. Two years later little May died in Paris where they had gone to live so she could continue with her art study. May left an infant daughter.

"Louisa sent for the child and found much of her happiness rearing the little girl. The child had been named Louisa May Nieriker. And she and Louisa were almost like mother and daughter until the girl grew up. Then her father returned from Europe, claimed his daughter, and took her to his home in Zurich. She is now the wife of Emil Rasim and lives in Vienna.

"But the loss of the girl was a great blow to Louisa. She missed more and more having someone to love and care for as her fortunes increased and she grew older.

"THE old Orchard house was sold then. The girls had married and Louisa had lost possession of her niece. The old house had been their family home for a good many years. Louisa came to live with us in this house which the Alcotts had once occupied. And it was here, in closest family contact, we learned to really appreciate 'Aunt Louisa' for the fine person she was. She represented the clear-thinking, independent, new kind of woman this generation was to develop. Her advanced ideas about life were fascinating. Later on, Louisa adopted her nephew, John Alcott Pratt, who was my husband's brother. The longing for the old family atmosphere was always with her and she tried for years to recapture the spirit which had prevailed when they were all together.

"Louisa bought a house in Boston and set up her own housekeeping. And while the place was more spacious and much more luxurious than she had ever enjoyed during her girlhood, she still clung to the homey atmosphere of quiet simplicity.

"Poor little 'Beth' never was very well-known by anyone. She passed away too young to have had romance touch her life. One by one, in later years, the girls followed. First it was Mrs. Alcott, their fine, strong-minded, practical mother, who slipped quietly out of this world to be with 'Beth'. Mrs. Alcott had pulled her family of little women through many a tight place by her practical sense and good sound judgment.

"Then, early in March of 1888, Mr. Alcott, who had been ill for some time, failed rapidly. Louisa drove in from Dunreath Place, Roxbury, where she, too, was under treatment. She came in to her town house to see her father, conscious that it was for the last time.

"Early next morning she was in a serious condition herself. And on March 6th, Louisa passed quietly on to the rest which she so much needed. She never knew that her father had already preceded her by two days.

"LOUISA had done a good job all her life for the little women who comprised her family."

Mrs. Pratt stopped speaking. It was the end of her memories.

She had been taken by her daughter to see the picture production of Aunt Louisa Alcott's immortal novel. It was the first talking picture Mrs. Pratt had ever witnessed.

"I liked Katharine Hepburn's fine work," she said, when we asked her if it was true to the old atmosphere and spirit of the girls as she knew them.

"Miss Hepburn was a perfect choice for Louisa (*Jo*). She typified her fine spirit throughout the entire picture. Little *Amy* (played by Joan Bennett) was very much like May Alcott, even to the curls and the scribbling and her grand lady mannerisms. *Meg* (played by Frances Dee) was so very much the woman I knew as Anna Alcott, my own mother-in-law, that her presence on the screen brought back a thousand memories to me."

MRS. PRATT never knew little 'Beth'. The girl had passed away before she had married into their family. But from what the sisters had related of Beth, Jean Parker had caught her character to perfection. And Jean looked as Beth did, too—a little wistful always, with wide, innocent eyes and a round face. To Mr. Harold Hendee, who had duplicated in the studio sets, the atmosphere of the Alcott family life, Mrs. Pratt sent her sincere appreciation.

As I was leaving this lovely old room, my eye caught a framed motto, painted by May Alcott long ago. It was suspended against the faded old wall paper of that little parlor and it proclaimed to all the world that: "A good name is more to be envied than great riches." The spiritual guide which those little women have radiated through all the years.

Why I Quit Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54]

made that inevitable. So far as any chance for acting is concerned my part wouldn't have taxed the ability of an extra man.

"With all due shame I have to admit that the money they offered me to play the rôle tempted me into making a chump of myself. It was a ridiculously huge salary they dangled in front of me—and I fell."

DOUG, JR. had about finished saying this when a sudden offer came for him to go back to Hollywood. It was an enticing contract offered by RKO-Radio. He turned it down flat.

Then came a copy of the play, "Success Story," they wanted him to do. Fairbanks, Jr. read it over. It was exactly the sort of thing he liked doing. A one-man starring vehicle peculiarly fitted to his talents. And for that reason alone he cabled that he would return.

It might have been a little embarrassing after this diatribe on Hollywood. But the explanation of his sudden change of plans sounded logical. Yet Doug insists he will never return to Hollywood picture-making permanently. He's well established with London Films, Ltd., and his trips to Hollywood from now on will be flyers, for special assignments only.

"For the first time in years I'm utterly happy. I've never had so much fun in my life as I've had making 'Catherine the Great.' Naturally I've no idea what John Public is going to say when he sees the picture. It may be a box-office flop. But whatever its fate, it's the most worth while thing I've ever done.

"And so with the other pictures that are lined up for me. I believe in every one of them. They are all the kind of thing I want most to do. And the men with whom I'm working—from Alexander Korda down—are all inspired with an ambition to prove that commercialism doesn't necessarily have to enter into successful picture-making.

"Creativeness—in Hollywood—is as little appreciated as it is suspected.

"Think of the hundreds of thousands of dollars that have been spent on boosting me as a star! And what I have to say about myself goes for dozens of other men upon whose starring careers tremendous sums of money have been squandered.

"SQUANDERED is the right word. For what inevitably happens to every one of those male stars? In every case, sooner or later, they find themselves cast in a rôle like mine in 'Morning Glory.' And that is the beginning of the end. For you can't play fast and loose with your public.

"When they pay their good money to see a star they expect to get their money's worth

out of seeing him do his stuff. If they discover he is actually of about as much importance in the cast as any of the other bit players, they not unreasonably feel cheated. And it is the star who has to shoulder the blame. Those admirers of his who now decide he has forfeited all right to their admiration are off him for life!

"Hollywood hasn't destroyed Harold Lloyd and Charlie Chaplin. But they're their own bosses.

"Nobody can do them any damage. The picture may be good or bad—but at least it will be a star vehicle.

"But this cannot be truthfully said of any other male star in Hollywood. I haven't the slightest doubt that the biggest (male) star would be sacrificed—if his bosses thought that by so doing they could add to the box-office value of some new girl.

"THE proved popularity of a George Arliss or a Charles Laughton means nothing to those who run the Hollywood show. Where, they will ask you, is their sex appeal? Box-office magnets they'll admit they are—but they don't know the reason why this is so.

"Unaware of the public's appreciation of great acting, they are mystified when a Marie Dressler or a Katharine Hepburn packs 'em in. Such as these truly great artists—in the language of the film factory chieftains—are 'freaks.'

"And so with every *male* star in Hollywood! The best that any of them can look forward to is the ignominy of finding himself cast opposite the woman star who is momentarily in the ascendant.

"And to submit to that sort of thing is too stultifying for most men.

"Imagine a Coquelin consenting to appear as Bernhardt's leading man!

"Picture what Henry Irving would have had to say to the suggestion that he 'feed' a woman star of his day, however great she might have been.

"Why, even such an incurably romantic lover as Nat Goodwin—at the height of his infatuation for the beautiful Maxine Elliott—was the star of the plays in which they appeared together!

"When they talk 'sex' in Hollywood—and it takes an earthquake of the first order to interrupt that talk—they think in terms of beaded eyelashes and lipstick-smeared mouths. To listen to them you'd think the female of the species is not only more deadly than the male—you'd discover the only excuse for the existence of mere males is to serve as unworthy recipients of beautiful sirens' favors.

"So long as Hollywood has the money to spend, she will continue to be able to lure male actors of ability to come in support of some woman star of no particular importance. But sooner or later, unless I am very much mistaken, more and more of the worth while males of Hollywood will reach the conclusion at which I arrived a long time ago.

"When they do, they will follow my example and bid Hollywood a permanent farewell.

"And then they will hie themselves to this tight little isle where there is no mawkish sentimentality about the fair sex, where men still rule the roost, where 'sex' (in the Hollywood sense) is called by its right name and appraised at its true, unimportant value.

"I MAY not make so much money out of these British-made films as I have made in the past in Hollywood—but at least I'll go on having a grand, glorious time. And I'll make only pictures which I honestly believe are worth while. And I'll be the star of those pictures.

"Not one of those three statements can be truthfully made by any male star on the payroll of any Hollywood film factory today. For at the moment any such star may find himself elected to do a stooge act—precisely as happened to me in 'Morning Glory.'"

And that would seem to be that!

"It's funny, Molly—Peggy's always loved the ride before. But she's been acting just this way for a whole week!"

"She's not hungry, either. I've found, Nan, that these symptoms mean it's time for a laxative. Give Peggy Fletcher's Castoria tonight."

"We want to report that Peggy's fine today—a perfect lamb! We both can't thank you enough for suggesting Fletcher's Castoria."

"A good laxative was all the child needed, Nan. And Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children. It's easy to take—tastes good, and hasn't any of the strong drugs in it that make most grown-up laxatives so harsh. But one word of caution—make sure that the signature Chas. H. Fletcher is *always* on your carton!"

Chas. H. Fletcher. CASTORIA

The children's laxative

• from babyhood to 11 years •

Mother, whenever your child needs a laxative—for the relief of constipation, for colic due to gas, for diarrhea due to improper diet, for sour stomach, flatulence, acid stomach, and as the very first treatment for colds—give Chas. H. Fletcher's Castoria.

Her casseroles in oven, Margaret Lindsay, pretty Warners player, is ready to return for a chat with her guests

Casseroles Supreme

IF you are having guests for Sunday night supper and want to be sure of the success of your meal, casseroles will do the trick.

It is the ideal time of year for this sort of dish. "Most housewives have their kitchen ovens turned on anyway. So," says Margaret Lindsay, "why not just pop in an appetizing casserole or two?"

They may be prepared in advance, leaving but a few minutes work before serving.

And, remember, casserole dishes should come to the table sizzling hot.

One of Margaret's favorite cold-weather dishes is plain, old-fashioned beans.

Get the Lady Washington variety, and for a small casserole, soak 1 cup of beans in water overnight. Next morning, bring them to a boil with a little baking soda. Pour this water off, and rinse in a colander with cold water. Then place beans in a casserole with about ¼ pound of salt pork buried in the center. Pour over a mixture of ¼ cup black molasses, ½ teaspoon mustard, 1 teaspoon salt, mixed in a cup of water. Add enough boiling water to just cover beans. Cover casserole tightly, and bake in slow oven for four hours.

A variation may be achieved by adding several onions, celery and green peppers, cut up.

Here is a macaroni au gratin recipe which Margaret says is the best she has ever used.

Break macaroni in small pieces (or use the elbow variety) and cook until tender in rapidly boiling salted water. Drain. Place a layer of macaroni in casserole, then a layer of sliced hard-boiled egg and grated American cheese. Alternate macaroni, egg, and cheese, seasoning each layer with pepper and paprika.

When casserole is filled, pour ½ cup of cream over contents and cover with a final layer of cheese, and buttered bread crumbs. Bake fifteen minutes, or until top layer is nicely browned.

Chicken en casserole—Cut two small chickens in pieces for serving. Season with salt and pepper and moisten with melted butter. Bake in casserole dish in hot oven for fifteen minutes. Then add ½ cup of carrots that have been parboiled and fried in butter with a little onion, and 1 cup of potato balls. Pour over 1½ cups of brown sauce, and again season to taste with salt and pepper. Cover tightly and bake in moderate oven for twenty minutes longer, or until chicken is tender.

Apple Custard—Scald 1 cup of milk and pour over ½ cup wafer-thin slices of apple. Beat 1 egg, add 2 tablespoons sugar and stir into cooled milk and apple mixture. Add pinch of salt and ¼ teaspoon vanilla. Sprinkle top with grapenuts and nutmeg and a little cinnamon. Bake in slow oven about forty minutes. Use a casserole, of course, but do not cover.

Another delicious apple dessert is made in the following manner: Peel and slice four apples. Place in buttered casserole and sprinkle with 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg. Add 1 cup water, 1 teaspoon lemon juice. Work together 1 cup sugar, ¾ cup flour, and ½ cup butter, until it is crumbly. Spread these crumbs over the apples. Bake, uncovered, in moderate oven for half an hour.

Fan Club Happenings

CHICAGO movie fan clubs have planned a "Penny Social" to be held at the Hotel Sherman, January 25th. They expect a number of gifts from stars they sponsor.

These will be sold along with other gifts donated by club members.

The funds derived will be used to further this work.

A note received by the PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan Clubs from the Buddy Rogers Club, 53 Park Blvd., Malverne, New York, of which Jacqueline Lee is president, states that a one year membership will be given free to the first fan who writes to her from a foreign country.

Prospective fan club members may write to any of the following clubs and receive a copy of their latest bulletin:

Buddy Rogers Club, 53 Park Blvd., Malverne, New York.

Ruth Roland Club, 4822 Meade Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Billie Dove Club, 5737 South Artesian Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Johnny Downs Club, 3506 West 64th St., Chicago, Ill.

Screen's Fan Club, 66 Milwaukee Ave., Bethel, Conn.

Movie Fan Friendship Club, 226 East Mill St., Staunton, Ill.

Official Joan Crawford Fan Club, 973 Fox St., Bronx, New York.

Bing Crosby Club, 109 Orchard Road, Maplewood, N. J.

Norma Shearer Club, 1947 Broadway, New York.

Along with the "Rambles," official publication of the Norma Shearer Club, came a beautiful photograph of Jean Harlow. Hans Faxdahl, president, always includes one or two photographs with each issue.

Some dandy snapshots of Ruth Roland and Lillian Conrad have been received. Miss Conrad is president of the Roland Club.

She also sent a list of snaps that she has for sale of many prominent stars taken in various cities.

A note from the Tri-C Club of Syracuse states that Buddy Rogers was their guest at a recent dinner-dance.

Fay E. Zinn, president of the Bing Crosby Club, 109 Orchard Road, Maplewood, N. J., advises that the club plans a big reception for Bing when he makes his contemplated personal appearance in New York.

The PHOTOPLAY Association received many bulletins last month, including Crosby Comments, The Rogers Review, Bodil and Her Fans, Rambles (Shearer Club), Among the Stars (Screen Fan's Club), Peggy Shannon News, Ruth's Rambles (Ruth Roland Club), The Crawford Chatter, Nils News (Nils Asther Club).

The Association will appreciate word from any clubs that have obtained members through the publicity received in PHOTOPLAY. Many inquiries are received each day and we furnish these prospects with the name and address of the club they desire.

There's a BARGAIN IN BEAUTY at your grocer's

WHAT a thrill it is to slip into these modern clothes—so flattering to delicately moulded curves. To know, as you wear them, that your face is as lovely as your figure, your eyes bright with health and happiness!

To look well in the new styles, many of us must reduce. In dieting, be sure your menu contains adequate "bulk" to prevent faulty elimination. This condition may endanger both health and complexions. It may be corrected by eating a delicious cereal.

Just ask your grocer for a package of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN—rich in "bulk" and vitamin B to aid regular habits. ALL-BRAN is also a good source of iron for the blood.

The "bulk" in ALL-BRAN is much like that in leafy vegetables. Two tablespoonfuls daily are usually sufficient. How much pleasanter than taking patent medicines!

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is not fattening. Sold by all grocers in the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

GLORIA STUART, *piquant Universal Pictures star, has a perfect figure for the season's slim-hipped silhouette, as this delightful town tailleur clearly shows.*

KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

The Lady Who Laughed at Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77]

each summer the University Players served dramatic fare for vacationers.

Look, Priscilla. Standing next to Charles Leatherbee is his best friend, Henry Fonda. Hank had just come on from Omaha where he'd run a night club, and Charlie cast Peggy and him as the leads in the season's first show.

There they are in costume for "The Devil in the Cheese."

IT was during the run of the play that Peggy began to loosen up a little.

She had been sort of stiff at first, a little clannish, moody and not disposed to mingle much with the gay crowd of Harvard and Princeton boys and Vassar and Smith girls who comprised the company.

"Then she fell madly in love with Hank and her whole character changed. She was like a flower in bloom.

She'd never been particularly beautiful, but she glowed that summer with something more lovely than mere beauty.

"She used to tell us she'd never fallen in love before. She'd never had a real affair. Didn't think she'd ever have another. That first ecstasy was too marvelous to ever try to recapture with anyone else. She was going to marry Hank and together they would soar to stardom."

Yes, that's Peggy all right. She was a little stouter physically, a little more stolid mentally. The same rough clothes she made famous in Hollywood, too.

Cape Cod laughed at those dirty corduroy slacks and plain pongee shirts long before bejeweled movie stars raised their mascara over a colleague's costume.

Turn the page, Priscilla, the New York pictures come next.

A boy who was in the cast of "The Modern Virgin," her first big Broadway hit, pasted this one in our imaginary album.

"She was still in love with Hank the winter the critics gave her columns and the audiences adulation.

"I used to see them walking around New York, hatless, hand in hand, courting like two kids in their 'teens, fresh and unspoiled.

"They didn't have much money, but to look at them you'd think they owned the old island."

Why Suffer?

KALMS RELIEVE "FUNCTIONAL" PAINS QUICKLY

It's needless to suffer physically and endure mental anguish caused by the functional pains of the period. For Kalms can relieve those pains quickly. Headaches, neuralgia, pains of neuritis, and muscular aches and pains are promptly relieved by a small dosage. Kalms were developed in the Johnson & Johnson laboratories and contain nothing a physician could not endorse for the condition indicated. One tablet is enough for most cases. Buy Kalms at your druggist's in convenient purse-size boxes of 12 tablets. Mail coupon below for free sample.

Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.
Please send me a FREE Sample of Kalms.
P-3

Name_____

Address_____

"He's the worst hen-pecked man in Hollywood—he's a yes-man all day and a yes-ma'm all night"

They dined in pocket handkerchief gardens behind Greenwich Village restaurants and the viands seemed more savory than any on Park Avenue.

They danced amid Don Dickerman's frolicsome decorations in funny little cellars and enjoyed it more than the Ritz.

They subwayed to Brooklyn at night to view the panorama of New York's bizarre fairyland of lights.

They took the ferry to Staten Island, relishing it more than a Mediterranean cruise.

They rode on bus-tops up Riverside Drive with keener thrills than many who race imported motors along the Corniche.

They sat on park benches in the Square watching the pigeons with more pleasure than richer romantics find in grandstand boxes at the Derby.

THEY adopted as their theme song that lilting tune from the Garrick Gaieties about the "girl and boy who turned Manhattan into an isle of joy."

They teased each other playfully, laughing over ridiculous jokes and phrases that had meaning only for them.

They play-acted in the park, assuming characters for hours—Hank a country hick and Peggy a temptress from the Great White Way; Hank a gangster and Peggy his faithful moll.

They had a limerick competition, devising absurd doggerel with which they regaled their friends.

They ignored the past and the future and were light-hearted and gay, living in the ecstasy of the moment. Their eyes sparkled. Their lips were merry. And people turned for a second look at them and said:

"How lovely to see a couple so radiantly happy!"

So they were married.

And then, as Peggy was pushing toward success so intensely while Hank met with only disinterested mumbles from managers, something happened.

No one knew just when the break came, for few of their friends had been told of that early morning elopement.

Only a handful of intimates even knew the young couple were living together.

Then one night Hank came back to Charlie Leatherbee's apartment, which he had shared, and said:

"Peggy's going to get a divorce. Quietly, of course, since so few people knew we were married anyway."

And since then, Margaret has been laughing cynically.

Laughing at love. Laughing at Hollywood.

SHE doesn't believe much in either one of them now.

She found that the one didn't last in spite of all her dreams and plans and hopes. She doubts if the adoration which Hollywood has heaped on her will prove even as durable as the sentiment which led her in and out of a divorce court.

Yes, Priscilla, that's her most recent photograph.

It was taken the day she left for New York. She'd just seen "Only Yesterday," which the press and the populace acclaimed so wholeheartedly.

But to Peggy it was all so much bushwa, all this ballyhoo, all this bother about trying to make her a screen star.

"I don't think I'll be back," she said to Johnny Johnston, Universal's publicity director who had been one of her few confidants during her Hollywood hegira.

And it was Johnny who snapped this last picture in our album to date.

Across the empty page which follows he has scribbled:

"She'll be back, all right. That girl has something Hollywood wants!"

And sure enough she is back now, playing the rôle of *Bunny* in "Little Man, What Now?"

Meet the GIRL MEN Want to KISS

She knows how to Accentuate Natural Loveliness without risking that painted look

MEN don't want to kiss paint. Many a man has said: "It spoils all the illusion if you have to wipe your lips after kissing a girl."

So meet the girl men *want* to kiss. Her lips are neither a coarsening streak of paint, nor a faded, colorless line. Instead she has accentuated the cupid's bow of her mouth with a lipstick that gives the healthy, youthful glow that men admire without that painted look. Only Tangee could do this for only Tangee incorporates the magic color-change principle that makes it intensify natural coloring.

LOOKS ORANGE—ACTS ROSE

In the stick Tangee looks orange. But put it on and notice how it changes on your lips to the one shade of rose most becoming to *you*. No smearing, and no red spots on teeth or handkerchiefs when you use Tangee. Tangee becomes a very part of you, instead of a greasy coating, hence is longer-lasting than ordinary "paint" lipsticks.

Moreover, Tangee is made with a special cream base so that it soothes and softens lips while it adds to their allure. No drying, cracking or chapping of lips when you use Tangee.

Get Tangee today—39c and $1.10 sizes. Also in Theatrical, a deeper shade for professional use. Or send 10c with coupon below for 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Kit containing Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder.

Cheeks must not look painted either. So use Tangee Rouge. Gives you the same natural color as the Lipstick. Now in new refillable gun-metal case. Buy Tangee Refills and save money.

UNTOUCHED—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded look.. make the face seem older.

PAINTED—Don't risk that painted look. It's coarsening and men don't like it.

TANGEE—Intensifies natural color, restores youthful appeal, ends that painted look.

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

Don't be switched!
Insist upon Tangee. And patronize the store that gives you what you ask for.

★ **4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP KIT—10¢**

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY, Inc. P-24
417 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Rush Miracle Make-Up Kit containing miniature **Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder.** Enclosed find 10¢ (stamps or coin).

Check Shade ☐ FLESH ☐ RACHEL ☐ LIGHT RACHEL

*Name*_____

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in darkening your lashes use genuine, harmless

Maybelline

NON-SMARTING, tear-proof Maybelline is *NOT a DYE,* but a pure and highly refined mascara for instantly darkening and beautifying the eyelashes.

For over sixteen years millions of women have used Maybelline mascara with perfect safety and most gratifying results.

Pale scanty lashes are instantly transformed into the appearance of long, dark, luxuriant fringe with Maybelline mascara—by far the largest selling eyelash darkener.

Have lovely lashes safely and simply with Maybelline mascara. Black for Brunettes, Brown for Blondes. 75¢.

The perfect *Mascara*

SOLD BY REPUTABLE TOILET GOODS DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

The Shadow Stage

The National Guide to Motion Pictures
(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

FRONTIER MARSHAL—Fox

HERE is an unusual Western. Perhaps that's why it's so good. George O'Brien is great as the "dude" marshal who cleans up the wild and woolly town of Tombstone. The thrills, suspense and action are logical and convincing. You'll also like Ruth Gillette's "Western Mae West," and Alan Edwards' polished bad man. Don't let the "Western" tag stop you. See it.

GIRL WITHOUT A ROOM—Paramount

AN amusing concoction for your lighter mood, which kids the pseudo-art racket in Paris. Charles Farrell, a backward Tennessee artist, wins a scholarship, which takes him to Paris to study. After a quarrel with Marguerite Churchill, the real heart interest, he gets involved with a Russian "baby" (Grace Bradley). But it all comes out right in the end when Charlie Ruggles brings the lovers together again. Comedy honors go to Ruggles.

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN—20th Century-United Artists

AS a "Miss Lonelyhearts" column conductor against his will, Lee Tracy wriggles in and out of more mischief! But he manages to win Sally Blane, who disapproves of his work, in the end. Although Lee gives his usual spirited performance, he overacts a bit, which keeps the film beneath his standard. Isabel Jewell, Sterling Holloway and C. Henry Gordon handle their rôles ably.

THE WOMEN IN HIS LIFE—M-G-M

WHEN a famous lawyer, preparing to defend a man for murder, discovers that the victim was the woman he loved, the situation becomes very complicated. However, in spite of being a little too melodramatic, it makes an exciting story that holds your interest throughout. Otto Kruger, as the lawyer, does a splendid job in a difficult rôle. Una Merkel and Roscoe Karns are excellent comedy relief, and Ben Lyon provides young-love interest.

EAST OF FIFTH AVENUE—Columbia

A FAIR melodrama depicting life in a cheap New York rooming house, where ten people, living under the same roof, find themselves hating, loving, cheating and depending upon each other. The entire cast is good, including Dorothy Tree, Mary Carlisle, Walter Connolly and Wallace Ford.

SMOKY—Fox

THE best equine epic made so far. The absorbingly interesting saga of Will James' wild colt, "Smoky," the glory and the tragedy of his life from colthood to a pathetic junk-wagon nag. The gorgeous Arizona scenery rates second to the marvelous performance by *Smoky* himself. Victor Jory is great as the tender-hearted bronco-buster. Will appeal to children and adults alike.

THE THUNDERING HERD—Paramount

AN exciting Zane Grey Western, with such old-time actors as Harry Carey, Monte Blue, Noah Beery and Raymond Hatton lending a note of reality to a well-directed tale. About the historic rush for buffalo hides, and the Indian trading posts. Randolph Scott and Judith Allen give the film a romantic touch.

HE COULDN'T TAKE IT—Monogram

A COMEDY which presents the extremely personable Ray Walker as a ready-fisted process-server. He and pal George E. Stone mix up with gangsters for a series of embarrassing complications, but Ray manages to rescue his sweetheart (Virginia Cherrill) from the toils of her oily attorney-employer. Some very good humor and sufficient story interest.

AS HUSBANDS GO—Fox

IF you're in love with your wife, don't let her go to Paris without you. And if the man follows her home, take him out fishing and wind up with a good binge. That's what Warner Baxter did, and it all worked out fine. Helen Vinson is lovely as the deluded wife. The unsober scene between Warner and G. P. Huntley, Jr. is convincing. Mediocre entertainment.

HORSE PLAY—Universal

IF you like Slim Summerville, you'll probably go for this. As cowboys, he and Andy Devine romp through several amusing situations while pursuing pretty Leila Hyams. With a million dollars paid for his ranch because of ore deposits, Slim and Andy go to England just in time to save Leila from jewel thieves. Fine supporting cast.

HOLD THE PRESS—Columbia

TIM McCOY deserts Westerns for this film and becomes a newspaper man. As a crack reporter, he sets out to expose the city's corrupt parole board. He runs into a nest of racketeers who try to bump him off. But after a series of narrow escapes and exciting chases, right prevails and Tim gets his men. Shirley Grey plays Tim's girl friend. Good suspense.

THE WOMAN WHO DARED—Wm. Berke Prod.

CLAUDIA DELL, as president of a textile plant, defies racketeers who threaten bombing. She falls for newspaper reporter Monroe Owsley, assigned to cover the story. Together they outwit the gangsters. Story is just fair. Entire cast good.

EASY MILLIONS—Freuler Film

ONE little white lie and "Skeets" Gallagher finds himself wading far out in deep and troubled waters that get deeper by the minute. Engaged to three girls at one time, broke and despondent, he finally emerges from his sea of trouble and all is well. Johnny Arthur, as the professorish roommate, is fun. Bert Roach, Noah Beery and Dorothy Burgess add to the mix-up. Amusing and sophisticated.

HER SPLENDID FOLLY—Hollywood Pictures

A FAIRLY good idea gone wrong and produced shabbily must relegate this to the stay-away list. Lilian Bond plays a perfect double for a movie star whose accidental death forces her to play star to protect producer Alexander Carr's film investment. This results in trouble for everybody, but you really won't care. Poor photography and general amateurish treatment.

BIG TIME OR BUST—Tower Prod.

REGIS TOOMEY, as the small time husband with the big time wife, and Walter Byron, as the insidious millionaire whose designs are well under control, do the best they can in a story with a well-worn plot. However, there's a singing voice in the film that will make you forget the annoying manner in which the menace fails to materialize.

EAT 'EM ALIVE—Real Life Pictures

PLENTY of grim thrills in this nature drama which is mostly about snakes and gila monsters in mortal combat, with the white pelicans of Death Valley providing comedy relief. Although elevating in the particular subject, it may prove too strong for women and children. Excellent photography.

THE BIG SHAKEDOWN—First National

GLORIFYING the corner drug store seems to be the mission of this uninteresting picture. Ex-beer baron Ricardo Cortez forces pill-roller Charlie Farrell into faking drugs for his new cut-rate racket. But the fake dope kills Charlie's baby, and he retaliates by dropping Ricardo into a vat of acid. Everybody tries hard, but the story doesn't ring true. Bette Davis is Charlie's wife.

WINE, WOMEN AND SONG—Monogram

WHICH tells, with no new slants, of the love of a mother, Lilyan Tashman, for her daughter, Marjorie Moore. Lilyan, a burlesque queen, initiates her daughter, fresh from a convent, into the show business. The girl falls in love with Matty Kemp, dance director, at the same time becoming prey to Lew Cody, powerful operator. Lilyan finally poisons herself and Lew to insure Marjorie's happiness.

FAREWELL TO LOVE—Associated Sound Film

THIS picture has but two things to recommend it: the excellent singing of the Polish tenor, Jan Kiepura, and the pictorial beauty of the scenes in Italy. Heather Angel, as an Italian peasant, does her best with a colorless rôle. The film will please only music lovers who enjoy hearing Italian opera airs.

The Power Behind the Hepburn Throne

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

success of the exotic actress, in back of the madcap, prankish personality she had presented to the film colony—had stood a shrewd show-woman, counselling the red-headed eccentric at every turn, inventing fresh ways of drawing attention to her, advising her at each step along the treacherous road to stardom.

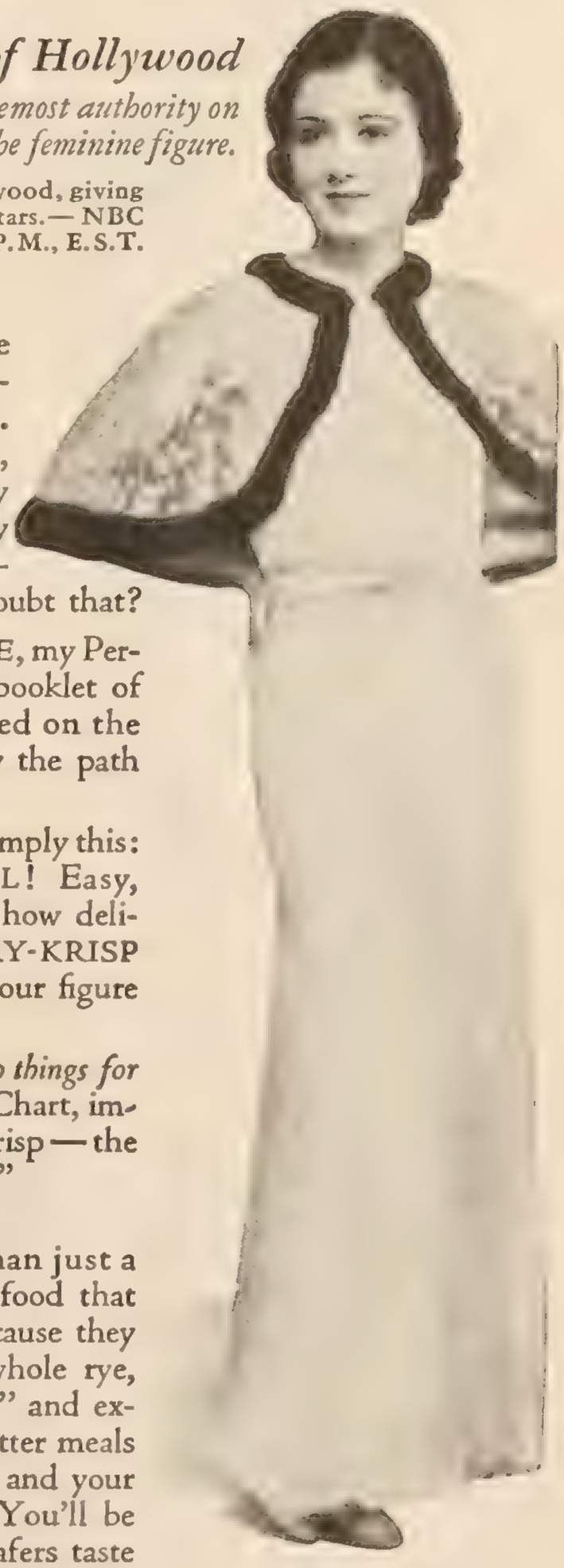
Laura Harding is the name of the mild-mannered miss who has acted as the secret stage manager of Katharine Hepburn's triumphs, and if Hollywood has come to regard the actress as a woman of mystery, even less is generally known about this Manhattan socialite who, it now transpires, has played such an important part in guiding her friend's career.

Daughter of J. Horace Harding, chairman of the board of the American Railway Express Company and the senior partner in the banking firm of Charles D. Barney and Company, Laura Harding became interested in the theater soon after her début. She understudied Lynn Fontanne for six months in "Elizabeth the Queen," had a small part in "Thunder in

"I won't allow you to diet or exercise too much" said Sylvia to Sidney Fox

Sylvia of Hollywood
World's foremost authority on the care of the feminine figure.

Hear SYLVIA in person — telling stories of Hollywood, giving *you* the same beauty advice she gives the movie stars.— NBC Red Network—Coast to Coast—Tuesdays, 10:30 P.M., E.S.T.



SIDNEY FOX, *popular film star, slender, youthful, graceful.*

"YOU can't be really lovely when you're over-tired, or under-nourished, overweight, or under-weight," Sylvia says. "The movie stars know that. They know, too, that when they follow my advice they can improve their whole appearance just by eating foods they actually *enjoy* and exercising moderately. So can you! Do you doubt that?

Well—let me send you, absolutely FREE, my Personal Consultation Chart* and 32-page booklet of the very same diets and exercises I used on the movie stars! They'll show you how easy the path of beauty can be, Sylvia's way.

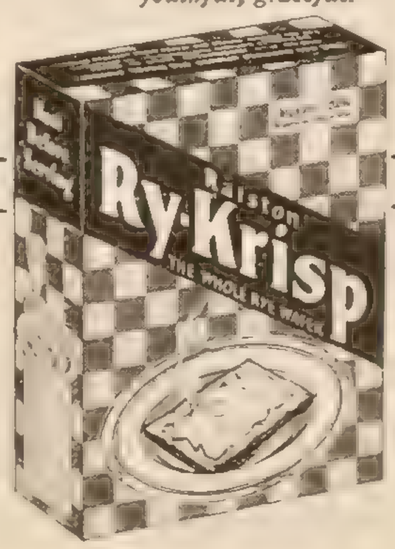
"One of the first steps toward beauty is simply this: EAT RY-KRISP WITH EVERY MEAL! Easy, isn't it? Especially if you already know how delicious these crunchy whole rye wafers are. RY-KRISP satisfies hunger safely and actually *helps* your figure instead of hindering it.

"*If you honestly want to be lovelier, do two things for me.* Send for my book and Consultation Chart, immediately. And begin today to eat Ry-Krisp—the filling but not fattening whole rye wafers."

Ry-Krisp whole rye wafers are more than just a cracker! They're a delicious, wholesome food that grown-ups and children, too, enjoy—because they taste so good! Made simply of flaked whole rye, water and salt—they're safe, "regulating," and excellent for the teeth! For better health, better meals—and a better figure, see to it that you, and your family, too, have Ry-Krisp every day! You'll be amazed to find how good these crispy wafers taste with breakfast, lunch and dinner!

NRA WE DO OUR PART

Your grocer has Ry-Krisp Wafers in red and white checkerboard packages! Save the package top*—it's very valuable!



*SYLVIA'S CONSULTATION CHART—*FREE!* USE THIS COUPON

Madam Sylvia, Ralston Purina Company,
624 Checkerboard Square, St. Louis, Mo.

I enclose one box top from a package of Ry-Krisp. Please send me your Consultation Chart—and your 32-page booklet of diets, and personally illustrated exercises—the same that you use on the movie stars.
(*Offer good only in U. S. A. and Canada.*)

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Address_____

NEW YORK HOME OF Hollywood Stars...

WHEN you visit New York enjoy the comforts of an ideal home and still be in the heart of the Motion Picture Art Centre.

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Parlor with Bedroom and Bath

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the Air," and then left the stage for a season to coach with Frances Robinson-Duff, New York's best known dramatic and voice tutor.

It was in this teacher's studio that Laura met Katharine Hepburn, then struggling rather vainly for Broadway recognition, and a bright friendship was begun which carried Laura to Hollywood as mentor and manager.

For it is now believed by those who know them best that Katharine Hepburn's chief reason for accepting a movie bid was to achieve an acclaim that would rebound to Broadway and insure a theatrical triumph. Fascinated as she may be by pictures, it is the stage which is the chief interest in Hepburn's life, and it was Laura Harding's vision which suggested that fame in Hollywood would bring fortune on Broadway.

IT was during the run of "The Warrior's Husband," in which Katharine Hepburn first won favor on the stage, that Laura Harding definitely abandoned her own stage ambitions to devote her attention to skyrocketing Kate. And in the offer of an RKO-Radio contract, which followed Hepburn's hit in "The Warrior's Husband," the two girls saw their chance to campaign for glory.

For it has been a campaign.

From the first day the pair stepped off the train in Hollywood, hired a swanky Hispano-Suiza and started the town talking about their costumes and customs, Laura Harding has been in a large measure responsible for the breath-taking build-up Katharine Hepburn has enjoyed.

She has passed on the proofs of all publicity pictures.

She has suggested the stunts which have made Hepburn "copy."

She has helped design the costumes which have given the actress such glamour in her pictures.

She has sat in on story conferences, studio bickers and been a constant companion and coach in the long hours of rehearsals before each production.

Best of all, Laura Harding has served to bring Katharine's own well-bred background into the superficial atmosphere of the movie town.

Katharine Hepburn would never have "gone Hollywood" in any event, but the sane balance of Laura Harding's friendship has helped her maintain the stunning individuality she brought West.

Particularly has Laura Harding's inherent business sense aided her friend.

The writer spent the afternoon with them the day Kate signed two contracts that were extremely important to her picture career. One was with the studio, the other with her agent.

In both cases, Laura supplied the business acumen and Kate the fiery eloquence which combined to win for the budding star every disputed point.

As a matter of fact, Katharine Hepburn's contract with RKO-Radio was almost cut short at the conclusion of her very first film, "A Bill of Divorcement," in which she skyrocketted so suddenly to screen fame.

KATE was leaving that night for a quick trip to Vienna. In a few hours she would be flying back to New York and at the moment she was waiting for the studio to make out her final check.

There had been some argument as to the exact amount, and Katharine and Laura retired from the treasurer's office for a cigarette and a confab in the sun.

Their sleek Hispano-Suiza was parked just under the window of David O. Selznick, then production boss of RKO-Radio Pictures. I saw Laura glance up at the open window and nudge Kate.

The actress' eye followed her companion's and she gave an understanding chuckle.

Suddenly, the quiet of the summer afternoon was rent with a shriek.

"I don't give a good so-and-so. I'm not going to let them get away with it. I worked an extra quarter of a day and I want that quarter day's check.

"I don't care what fifteen lawyers or seventeen accountants say. I'm not so crazy to stay in pictures anyway."

With a wink at Laura, answered by an encouraging smile, Kate climbed up on the tonneau of the car, edging nearer to the open window.

"And if I don't get that quarter day's check they can tear up their piffling contract and let the bits blow straight to the devil!"

The girl's throaty voice, pitched to an eager excited note, could be heard all over the quadrangle of the front lot. There was a stir behind Selznick's window curtains and a moment later the telephone in the treasurer's office rang.

Kate and Laura exchanged knowing looks, finished their cigarettes and reentered the building.

When they came out a few minutes later, they were beaming.

"Did you get it?" I asked.

"Don't be silly," cried Hepburn. "Of course we did!"

Just as she had given moral support to the star in her wrangles with studio executives over stories, costumes, casts and contractural differences, so Laura has shared with Kate her two most thrilling experiences in Hollywood.

BOTH adventures came dangerously near being tragic. The first was a wild midnight cruise in a coast fog in which they were lost for eight hours. The second was a narrow escape from attack at the hands of hoodlums.

It was their first winter in California that Kate and Laura accepted an invitation from Christian Rub, then touring with the road company of "Grand Hotel," to join a yachting party.

With Rub and another man, the girls motored down to Long Beach and boarded a small boat. The four amateur sailors had crossed to Catalina and were on their way home when a terrific gale came up and blew them off their course and out to sea.

"Night fell before we could get straight on our course," Laura recalls, "and shortly afterwards a dense fog added to our predicament.

"Soon we had completely lost our bearings. None of us knew much about sailing and for eight hours we drifted in the darkness, soaking wet, chilled to the bone and all of us fearful that we would never come out of it alive.

"Finally about four o'clock in the morning we saw a necklace of lights ahead of us, shining faintly through the mist. We pulled down the sail and slowly sculled our way toward the lights, wondering where we were, what port we were nearing.

"When we finally reached shore we found we were at the very dock in Long Beach from which we had set sail!"

It was Katharine's tomboy zest for the adventurous which nearly proved disastrous again a few weeks before she left for New York this last time. With Laura, Katharine decided one afternoon to explore a particularly wild canyon in back of their home at Beverly Hills.

THE girls, dressed in short walking skirts, were climbing one of the ridges of the canyon when two shots were fired in the gulley below them and two bullets cut the underbrush a few feet away from them.

"Watch where you're firing!" shouted Katharine and turned to see three men running up the side of the hill toward the girls.

"That was just to show you we were here, to stop you so we could get acquainted," guffawed one of the men.

The girls took to their heels, but for several hundred yards were in plain sight of the tramps, who kept firing after them.

"The bullets kept coming within a few feet of us and I thought we'd be hit any moment," recounted Laura, "but I have never seen anyone so courageous as Kate. Finally after reaching the top of the ridge we circled a mile or two and got back home safely."

A single policeman, sent out to investigate when the girls reported the incident, was routed by the vagrants and when he returned with aid they had gone.

When Katharine Hepburn left for New York and rehearsals in the new Jed Harris stage production, "The Lake," Laura remained in Hollywood to oversee the closing of their house, pack up odds and ends and attend to a dozen last minute matters.

But Laura followed almost immediately, and there is little doubt that while Katharine Hepburn works to perfect her lines, Laura Harding is near at hand—coaching, suggesting, helping.

Back of the West Front

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

and the recent "I'm No Angel," has no degree from a college. In fact, she never even saw a high school diploma. But she has a highly developed instinct for the theater. She has something more valuable to the artist than a university education—real knowledge of life and human understanding.

These are the attributes which will keep the Mae West hysteria at a high pitch long after the public has forgotten that curves are desirable and long after her title, "Queen of Sex," has been shelved for one of greater dignity. I can see Miss West playing *Madame Sans Gene* and *Nell Gwyn*. Both of these historically famous ladies have been portrayed in the theater by actresses of the highest rank, but under the West banner I believe they would receive an individual touch which would stamp Mae as an artist of standing.

HOWEVER, during all these years that I've been following the West career, I've learned other things than what one observes before the footlights. A great deal of the lady's character make-up. And that is comprised of a very complex, puzzling group of traits.

Her press-agents have been presenting the star with a "Diamond Lil" frontage and a lily-white background. Which is—and is not—quite true.

Born in Greenpoint, the Bowery section of Brooklyn, of a father who earned his living from the prize-fighter's ring, she was cast on her own at an age when most girls are still sheltered by their parents' wings. And what she saw of life she has interpreted on stage and screen.

Before that 1912 engagement as a single in vaudeville, Mae West had been a child actress, then a chorus girl in a burlesque show, the heavy in an acrobatic act, and a featured player in a Ziegfeld show. Quite a while before Gilda Gray claimed the shimmy as a dance of her origination, Mae West had introduced it into her vaudeville act as the "she-waddle."

Mae West is like the Royal Mounted Police—she always gets her man. In her pictures I believe we find her so amusing because she does the things we women would like to do—but do not dare! Just as in every man there is a bit of the feminine, so in every woman there is a bit of the masculine. Man is supposed to be the hunter—the one who does the chasing, but every woman at times would like to have a hand in running game to cover. Tradition, conventions of polite society, demand that woman sit back and wait for the man to make the approach. And every woman sitting in her audience also would like to say to the man who apppeals to her, "You can be had," and then go after him. And despite all the philosophy to the contrary, and because of the physical evidence from the real stag draw which Mae West's pictures win, the men are not altogether averse to a little coöperation from the female in courtship.

IN an interview, before her name was well-known even along the Broadway Rialto and long before Hollywood embraced her, she said to me, "I think I'll go to Paris and get myself a king—they can be had." Of course, Mae was only joking when she said that. But I believe that if Mae really did want a king, he wouldn't have a chance.

It is characteristic of Mae to wisecrack a tragic or sentimental situation. In explaining how she gets some of her unmoral characters of the screen past the censors, she said to me, "I always use gags and wisecracks to get away from the sentimental. You get a laugh out of the audience and they forget to be sympathetic. F'rinstance," she exemplified, "I'm a dame tryin' to steal another woman's husband, and she comes to me weepin' and remonstratin' and I says to her, 'Aw, go on! You've had him long enough!' "

I LAUGHED and she turned triumphantly. "You see, I get a laugh and then where's all the tragedy? It's just a gag."

Another highlight of the star's personality is her generosity and loyalty. The Clarence Morgenstern who booked her in the Family Theater in her obscure days was the man she sought to produce her play, "Sex," which ran for ten months on upper Broadway. After, the play was banned by the censors, and for the production Miss West and her business associates found themselves in the toils of the law. Morgenstern deserted the West productions for plays less likely to stir the ire of the law, but, alas, they proved to be less lucrative.

When the glittering marquee over the Paramount Theater on Broadway announced in electric letters four feet high: "Mae West on Stage and Screen," the pedestrian traffic before that theater became a tangled snarl of West admirers. You might have thought that the theater was giving away gold bricks to alleviate the depression—but it was only a city gone mad over a new face in the cinema.

In the midst of this adulation, physically weary from the strain of four personal appearances a day, Mae did not forget that friend of her early career. "What's become of Morgy?" she asked. No one knew where he could be found. He no longer had an office in the theatrical belt. The depression had eliminated him as a Broadway producer. But Mae knew where he lived. The humble home in City Island, a suburb of New York, had no telephone. So one night after her last performance, she pressed through the waiting throng of admirers, denying eager reporters an audience, and stepping into her car directed the chauffeur to drive to City Island.

IT was through Mae's generosity that Morgenstern made a comeback to his old haunts.

Mr. Morgenstern, in speaking of this episode, told me that no matter how much Mae earns—she passes it out to those less fortunate. Her Broadway production of "Diamond Lil" netted her almost half a million dollars in royalties and in salary, but due to her large gifts and loans to friends, at the end of the run she was broke. So much so, that she accepted a comparatively small sum for her rôle in "Night After Night."

Clarence Morgenstern related to me another incident which is indicative of the actress's loyalty. During the run of "Sex," he found it necessary to discharge an electrician of the play's crew. Mae, on hearing of the man's dismissal, would not go on unless the man was reinstated. And she held the curtain fifteen minutes until her demands were met.

Harold Spielberg, the lawyer who defended her during her trial for participation in the censored play, "Sex," said that her chief con-

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cern during the ordeal of the trial was not for herself but for her cast. Barry O'Neill, the leading man of the play, is an Englishman of good family background. Spielberg, in speaking of this, said Miss West pleaded with him, "Get Barry out of this—I don't care what happens to me."

O'Neill and the other members of the cast who were on trial escaped a jail sentence through Mae's efforts. And even when she was behind prison bars—for a brief time—she did not spend her time in self-pity, but was solicitous of the welfare of her fellow prisoners. The only time she sent for her lawyer during the serving of this unjust sentence was when she paid him to defend a young mother who was waiting trial on a petty larceny charge. Not only did she pay attorney's fees for the woman, but she saw that her family were provided for during her imprisonment.

Someone has said that no charm is lasting unless one is considerate and kind to other people—for charm is a spiritual quality that radiates itself through a physical medium. "Spiritual and charming" may seem strange adjectives to apply to the *Diamond Lil* of stage and screen, but when you analyze Mae West's character, they fit the "Queen of Sex" like the proverbial glove—for she is kind and considerate, even though she attempts to wisecrack you out of thinking she is sentimental and sympathetic.

Two "Toughs" from the Chorus

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

our theater and got the job vacant in our company. I taught him the dance steps we were doing.

"Would you believe it that he's a limber son-of-a-gun? He doesn't unbend much in pictures, but how he can stretch those long legs of his! Has slack ligaments, or something. He could do splits at the crack of a drumstick."

Jimmy says he envied this double-jointedness of Allen because he was muscle-bound himself. They got an apartment with two other men in the chorus for the remaining two weeks of the Boston run.

"We were financially sad," Jimmy explains. Their salary was thirty dollars a week, but they had to send practically all of that back to New York to cover debts. One day the now-noted pair were down to fifteen cents. They flung it down at a one-arm lunch stand for coffee and a doughnut.

"That was the day Jimmy saw a beautiful girl, who was also in the 'Pitter Patter' chorus, pass by," Allen tattle-tales. "He said to me, 'Gee, I'm crazy about that kid!'" Her name was Billie Vernon and she became Jimmy's missus.

"Well," snorts Mr. Cagney, "*I* recollect a stunning gal in that show whom Allen kind of craved. One night she stopped him backstage, and gave him to understand that he could come up *any* time. He was so scared at her audacity that he ran whenever he thought she was about to speak to him!"

When the theater was deserted, in the daytime, Jimmy used to go in and practice dancing by himself. The intricate effects were a natural for Allen, but not for the red-head. Eventually, however, Jimmy turned into the better prancer of the two. When the show closed in New York, where they went after Boston, he was rewarded with a specialty dance solo on the lengthy road tour.

Both of them express amazement at finding themselves actors.

Jenkins' parents were well-known theatrical people, having headlined in musicals, but the senior Cagneys were total strangers to the smell of grease-paint. Jimmy's papa ran a saloon on the East Side.

"I trouped as a kid with my folks," Allen said to me, "and I loathed the stage. I wanted to be a marine engineer. Studied along that line for two years, and worked in a ship yard for a year and a half for practical experience.

"Then, like lightning, at nineteen I got the acting bug. The quickest way onto a stage seemed to be the chorus. My folks didn't think much of me for débuting that way. Two years of it convinced me I wasn't progressing, so I went to the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York, where my father had once been an instructor."

Graduating from the school which has trained many of our finest performers, his first regular job was a bit in the Broadway production of "Secrets." A succession of good parts in outstanding dramas followed. When Warners decided to film "Blessed

And don't drop any stitches! There's nothing like a crochet needle for keeping girls contented on the set. These four, who worked with Paul Muni in his latest, "Hi, Nellie," made good use of their time between scenes

Event," they imported Allen to recreate his original rôle in it.

Jimmy's luck was slower in arriving. When "Pitter Patter" ended, he and Billie Vernon, who'd murmured "I do," tackled vaudeville. They made precarious sums varying from $12.50 a week up, during the five years they toured the tank towns. Jimmy finally scored as a roughneck in a New York play, and thus found his forte. Three years ago Warners bought "Penny Arcade," in which Jimmy and Joan Blondell were playing, and brought them to Hollywood to do it on celluloid.

The only argument these two regulars have ever had was over a shirt. That was when the chorus wardrobe chief sang out, "There's one size fifteen left!" Both made a dive for the clean shirt. A knock-down, drag-out scrap, friendly-like, ensued, ending by Cagney tossing Jenkins into the farthest corner of their dressing-room. "I guess that was due to his constant smoking," Jimmy expounds. "I never puffed."

ASIDE from performing, Jimmy was "dresser" to the star. It was his duty to be completely responsible for that gentleman's attire and he came to feel like a one-man cleaning establishment.

Cagney and Jenkins remained friends, although they never worked together again until Warners cast them in the same pictures. And each swears that the other has been unaffected by Hollywood.

"Jimmy's still a great guy," Allen professes. "Maybe he's mellowed a trifle, but he hasn't acquired the usual stellar swell-head. He always enjoyed fine music and loved to read. Now he can go to all the concerts he wants and buy books by the dozens." Not being addicted to Beverly society, Jimmy and his Billie have plenty of time for these quiet forms of recreation.

"The chances are a hundred-to-one against a successful Hollywood marriage," Allen contended with the cynical expression on his face of the show-me bachelor. "The trouble is that people who've never had big money are showered with it. They go wild. Or meet a third party who's anxious to chisel in."

And yet shortly after making this statement, Allen stepped happily to the altar with Mary Landee. So, after all, he followed the example of the Cagneys happy union.

The Cagney-Jenkins' mutual hobby is boating. Every summer when Jimmy came into New York from a season on the road, they used to hang around the shipyards, examining the latest models. They frequently chugged up the Hudson in Allen's outboard motorboat, taking a tent along and camping overnight.

In disposition these two toughs from the chorus are very different. Jimmy, in spite of his red hair, is ready to make friends with everybody and is generally easy-going. Allen is aloof and has few intimates.

"My likes and dislikes are so extreme," he analyzes, "whereas Jimmy is tactful and can be 'middling.' He is studious, and a little light fiction is the extent of my reading."

Nevertheless, of the two, Allen's preparation for drama was much more thorough, thanks to his training at the dramatic academy. Hard knocks taught Jimmy.

"AND they're silly," Jimmy insists, "to keep Jenkins in mug parts. Why, I saw him do a dressed-up rôle on the stage. He wore a tailor-made suit, sported a mustache, and he was as dapper as could be!" Loyally, Cagney argues with the studio executives not to push his pal into a rut.

It's a long way from that tiny dressing-room four flights up in the back-stage loft, which they shared in Boston, to their present fame and fortune. Jimmy cashed in on his memories when he was called upon to portray the dance director in "Footlight Parade." As for Jenkins, the only thing which might be a tip-off to his chorus past is a sartorial habit. He prefers berets to hats.

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Sylvia Gives Clara Bow Some Timely Advice

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

grand! Now stiffen the knees and pull yourself forward—with your arms still straight out—until your head is touching your knees. If you're stiff you've got to work and work hard until you can do it. But all the time keep your body relaxed. And all the time keep thinking about that bump. While your head is on your knees make your shoulder-blades squeeze the bump. Now roll back, rolling all the way along the spine and touch your toes over your head with almost the entire weight of the body resting on the bump. Why, you can just feel that bump smashing off! My, it's great. Start out by doing this roll back and forth ten times a day and then work up to twenty! You've got to do it, Clara, and, incidentally, it's good for the entire figure. It's a good exercise for the diaphragm, for the hips, the legs, for the upper arms and round shoulders. It will also strengthen the spine and help you to hold yourself straight.

To tell you the truth, Clara, I was amazed that you were so plump when I saw you do that zippy hip-swinging dance in "Hoopla." Darling, that was hot. But while the audience was admiring it for its hotness, I was thinking what a great reducing exercise it was. So keep it up even when there aren't any cameras around. Swing the fat off, Clara, and I don't think Rex Bell will mind being an audience of one when you take *that* exercise.

And that brings me to a point I've been wanting to make to all you picture girls. I know what you do. You absolutely forget about your figures between pictures. And don't begin your exercises and diets until just a couple of days before you start a picture. You know how college students "cram" for an examination? Well, that's what you girls do before you start work. You "cram" your reducing. What you've got to do is to take the proper exercises and diets whether you're working or not. Get the habit of exercise. Do it *every day*. Then it will come easy. Just you see!

Clara, you're a serious artiste now. Out in Hollywood when you're working you don't let people come on your set to stare at you. You take yourself seriously. And I'm for you, darling. I'm serious, too, and I want to see your figure and your face measure up to your acting. I want you to take this advice in the spirit in which it is written—a very sincere spirit.

I could have written this to you and sent it to you through the mail marked "strictly personal," but I want other girls who have your problems to have the benefit of it, too. And if you don't believe I'm giving you the right dope just ask those other girls who read my articles. They know it can be done. They face their figure problems just as you must. It's important, Clara. Now hop to it. First take off the excess plumpness on your face. While you're doing that, get to work on that bump on the back of your spine, and the exercise I've given you for that will take down your figure generally.

Oh yes, and just one more thing. I know you love to ride horseback. I know that it's grand to go galloping all over the country with Rex when you're on the ranch. But don't do too much horseback riding. It spreads the hips, darling.

Okay, Clara, I'm signing off now. And I hope the next time I see you on the screen you'll look as beautiful as I *know* you can look. Remember, I'll have my eagle eye on you. You're a great kid.

I like you, and I know you've got sense enough to realize that everything I've told you is for your own good.

Love and good luck, and goodbye to those extra pounds.

Your friend,

SYLVIA.

Answers by Sylvia

TROUBLES, bothers, worries—what a joy it is, girls, to be able to help! You see here the kind of helpful advice Aunt Sylvia gives others. If you want help, simply write Sylvia, care of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope. No obligation—glad I can be of assistance.

SYLVIA

Dear Sylvia:

I do admire a long, narrow face so much but my face is round and I hate it. Is there anything I can do for it? I know you've often said that you can't change the bone formation, but maybe there is something else I could do?

G. H., Fort Worth, Texas

Well, can you beat it? I'm glad your letter came this month. Because my article in this issue is advice to Clara Bow about just that very thing. Read it and take it to heart. I knew I was right in telling Clara what to do publicly instead of privately. When you are reading this article, Clara will be reading it, too. Both of you must do what I say. You'll both be rewarded.

My dear Madame Sylvia:

I have been afraid to squeeze off the flesh as you recommend because my husband tells me it will make my flesh flabby. Is that true?

Mrs. F. F. W., New Orleans, La.

How can the flesh be flabby when there isn't any flesh there, darling? Seriously, you mustn't fear anything like that. If you squeeze off the fat as I tell you, you won't be flabby because you work on the muscles. You do not stretch the skin. You work from underneath, dipping *under* the skin to get at those fat cells and the muscles. I've never had any complaints about flabbiness—and I've been handing out advice for a long, long time.

My dear Madame Sylvia:

I am nervous and someone told me that it would make me sleep better and feel better if I took very hot baths before I went to bed at night. I've been doing that for months, but I seem to feel so pepless.

B. D., Jacksonville, Fla.

Well, if you want to kill yourself, keep on taking hot baths. And I wish people who give out advice when they don't know what they're talking about would take a jump in the lake! Stop the hot baths at once! Take a cool shower in the morning. Rub your spine briskly with a Turkish towel for twenty minutes. To sleep well work at the back of your neck with your hands until the muscles there are all relaxed. Then work on your spine. Then, with two fingers, work in a small circle in a rotary movement just at the corner of each eye. That will put you to sleep. Hot baths sap all your energy. No wonder you don't have any pep.

Undraping Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

"She Done Him Wrong" has had on hips, bosoms, and millinery. Remember Garbo's pill-box hat. We thought it was hideous. But we wore it—and liked it!

The various fashion creators and designers in Hollywood studios all agree on one point: that the effect of seeing so many undressed girls on the screen will be psychological. The eye gradually becomes accustomed to the undraped feminine body, and there is no shock left.

THE immediate result, according to Travis Banton, designer for Paramount stars, has been a desire for contrast.

"This winter, women have been covered up as never before. Muffled about the neck, draped in long, intricate sleeves and trailing skirts. The only area left exposed has been the back. This has been due to a conclusion that a woman does not have to show all her anatomy to be alluring.

"But fashions will swing around, this spring and summer, to the *very* low front, exposing the swelling bosom—due to the Mae West influence. (Banton designed the West costumes.) The extreme uncovering they have seen so frequently on the screen has made all women body—and leg—conscious. They will take better care of their bodies, as more and more of them are exposed. We will have transparencies at the hem and above returning, and the long *Directoire* split up the side of the sheath skirt, as far as the knee, or farther.

"*Women of fashion will never copy chorus girls*—but the influence of the theatrical costume will be felt more than ever, but modified. Already we have glitter in the daytime, which has heretofore been regarded as extreme, and we have the feeling of ornament.

"The new Dietrich costumes in 'Catherine the Great,' in which she is incredibly beautiful, will emphasize more than ever the importance of shoulders and bust. Her gowns are brought way down in the front to the lowest possible degree, clearly showing the deep line between the breasts. The back is also very low. Women in the audience, seeing how exquisitely beautiful and feminine she looks, cannot help being influenced in their own clothes."

Adrian, at M-G-M, sees it this way: "Musicals with undressed girls will certainly bring about a terrific reaction toward dressing up. They will vie with the nudist colonies in making clothes important, because the more one sees of the dancing girls, the more one realizes the *value of clothes* in enhancing feminine charm.

"THE effect on fashion will be certain, but indirect. The swathed neckline will change. The new spring clothes will show radical and unusual collar treatment, and *extremely* low *décolletage* for evening.

"Already, the thrill of near-nudity in the chorus girl is beginning to diminish. We are becoming satiated. The most beautiful and expensive chorus number we have in 'Going Hollywood' is one in which the girls wear gorgeous medieval costumes—and on each one was lavished the same amount of care, time and expense that we ordinarily spend on a star's creation. We felt that after the deluge of flesh, the girls looked more alluring in these feminine costumes than when practically naked.

"Nudity, to my mind, robs the figure of all imagination and real beauty."

Orry-Kelly, at Warners, has an interesting theory. "No matter how far we may stray away," he says, "eventually we always return to the Greek simplicity. The Greeks loved their bodies and dared to show them. They were a race of body-worshippers. We are approximately the same, here in Hollywood.

"Fashion is fickle. All winter, women have been bundled to the chin. In three months' time, the pendulum will swing around to ex-

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treme exposure of the breast, and more luxurious materials than ever. The newest invention of fashion is the five-o'clock-dress, and the most sensible. In it, a woman of fashion may dress for a cocktail party, dinner, and the theater or any event after—and be suitably gowned throughout the evening. Many of these dresses are made very *décolleté* with a little formal jacket that can be removed. Many with no jacket will be ingeniously devised to unfasten about the neck, front and back, as the evening grows later. This dress has captured feminine fancy and will stay in for a long time."

KALLOCH, at Columbia, designed costumes for the famous Ziegfeld. He says, "Clothes are the first indication of the reaction of a country.

"We are experiencing a great relaxation from worry—the same thing that occurred immediately after the war, when people said, 'Let's be gay, let's be naughty, in spite of everything. Look what we have been through!'

"The *instant* response in pictures was the cycle of bright, happy musicals, with the laughing, half-naked chorus girls.

"The identical thing happened during the *Directoire* period, which is having such a pronounced effect on current fashions. The ladies then not only stripped themselves to the most diaphanous costumes—they moistened their gowns with scented oil and perfume so they would cling voluptuously to the body! Then they went out with them on, wet, and that accounts for the terrible epidemic of pneumonia that year.

"We are doing the same—in a modern, modified way. The move toward undressing on the screen will keep moving, and the fashion results will be felt very soon. Musicals are a symptom and a stimulation toward what women *want* to do—reveal more and more of the lovely bodies on which they are lavishing more care than ever before.

"We are making a bride's dress for Claudette Colbert, which has dignity—but is still a little on the gay side. Maybe the gaiety of the nation is yet a little forced—for the moment everyone is acting, which is fun to watch. The repeal of prohibition has had a definite influence on clothes, jewels and manners. On the depression, which we now speak of positively in the past tense. All these things show startlingly in pictures and fashions.

"Just as the Sennett bathing beauties had their effect on revolutionizing the bathing-suit right down to the present wisp it has turned out to be—so musicals and all other pictures have their lasting 'say' in all types of clothes.

"We recently designed a fur evening coat for Elissa Landi—with the whole back cut out to the waist! And Elissa, one of the more conservative stars, wore diaphanous draperies that *covered* her exquisite body—but certainly revealed it at the same time.

"The idea of suggesting undress has always been more seductive than stark nakedness. The naughtiest lady in pictures or any place else is more sex-alluring when slightly covered and *suggesting* her possibilities, than entirely *sans* raiment. There is always that piquant idea of wondering 'What has she?' Much more intriguing than 'That's all there is—there isn't any more!'

"The *Directoire* split up the skirt and the stock-collar look are returning fast. The small hips, long lines, general pushing-forward of clothes—that 'I'm-going-to-be-there' look—the Winged Victory, with the wind blowing the other way.

"Because the motivating idea in clothes now is 'We must get out, get away, let's go forward into something better.' Witness the airplane dresses and that general flying-hither-and-yon appearance.

"These trends will have more impetus from pictures than from any other medium. Everything concerns movement, the whole silhouette—and this is a direct result of pictures. Shine, color and glitter—well-dressed women are even wearing spangles to luncheon—very subdued spangles, done awfully well, of course. The only difference between late afternoon and midnight gowns is in the addition of jewels.

"The whole idea is sheer delight—abandon—forced or not, it doesn't matter. It gets people in a light mood, lifts them out of the heavy, tired fog in which they have been lost.

"PICTURES, especially musicals, have been the first to promote this cheer-leader attitude. What could be more merry and carefree than a group of half-clad chorus girls, prancing nimbly across the screen, full of the joy of living? That is the mood all women want to approximate, these days. They can't prance or go half-clad—but they can convey the *impression* with clothes.

"In my opinion, those who appreciate the value of contrast will realize that they can do it with a flash at an ankle, a rounded breast, or a hip-bone, more than they can by stripping."

So—there you have the elaborations of four of the leading stylists of the world, who have all draped—and undraped—Hollywood.

I Meet Miss Crawford

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

picture, with only hard-boiled directors and cameramen to look on. Then the picture goes out into the world—and I am left behind, never to hear a single round of any warm, cheering applause it may bring. It is as if we could never get closer to those we love than through letters. But, of course, the stage is small and limited, while the whole world—all of life and history—is within the range of the pictures."

I asked her how far they could go—what heights they could reach.

SHE threw back her lovely head and her voice was charged with the passion of a prophetic vision. "Oh, we've just started! We've only now stumbled on the road that finally will lead to perfection. There is constant improvement in the mechanics of camera and sound equipment. Our screen plays are becoming finer and vastly more beautiful. Men of great imagination and talent, such as Thalberg, are more and more approaching pictures as a very great art. It is no longer only a place and way to make fabulous, fantastic sums of money—it is a way to create beauty and express the secrets of the heart. I believe that Irving Thalberg alone will carry far ahead the torch that will light the trail to a whole new conception of the vast possibilities of the motion picture. It is unlimited, inconceivable in its promises."

These cold, black words on white paper fail completely to paint the fire of sincerity and enthusiasm that flamed in her eyes and voice. "I want to be part of this great development," she said slowly. "I repeat, pictures are only beginning to show their potential greatness."

I wanted to cheer. I believed thoroughly in what she was saying and I told her so. Then I asked her about her own future pictures.

"My next picture is to be 'Pretty Sadie McKee'—and I'm ready for my big chance. I'd like to do 'The Merry Widow' with Maurice Chevalier, with Irving Thalberg to supervise it."

"But I had no idea you could sing."

She smiled. "Neither did anyone else. You see, I've been taking vocal lessons, just for some such chance."

That, I imagine, is what many people would call a "break." But I don't call it that at all. I call it *fishing for*, rather than *waiting for*, an opportunity. This slender, talented young person was not content to be merely a very suc-

cessful motion picture star who could play glamorous parts: she insisted on preparing herself so that she could do immortal parts.

It is a restless, boundless ambition that fairly consumes her.

She is eager and determined to plumb the depths of knowledge—to learn anything and everything.

"Oh, I'd like to have time to read all the dictionaries and encyclopedias in the world," she went on breathlessly. "I'm never so happy as when I'm sitting on the floor with a dozen big volumes piled around me. You see, I start to look up one thing and before I finish a paragraph I find a reference to something else I don't understand, and then I have to look that up—and so it goes until I'm buried alive in books. And I love it."

THEN it was that she spoke of young Doug and their shattered romance. I don't know this attractive lad, but I wish that he might have heard just what she said about him. I fancy that I'm fairly case-hardened, but it was brave and beautiful.

"You see, he was wonderfully educated," she explained, "and he'd use big words, and I'd embarrass him terribly when I'd stop him even when there were a lot of people around and ask him what so-and-so meant. I wouldn't know how to spell it even if I could have remembered it, so I couldn't just wait and look it up in the dictionary when I'd get home. So I'd just ask him straight out. Poor Doug! He is a fine person, and we had many happy hours together.

"But, you see, he could never quite get over his two heroes—his distinguished father and Jack Barrymore. He thought he was himself, but for a long time he really was the shadow of those two great actors.

"I suppose it just wasn't in the cards for us to make it go. At first I could not help but be bitter and resentful, but I'm not any more. We learn a lot from the blows that life gives us. In a way, they're infinitely more important to us than the gestures of success that may fall our way."

It was strange to hear such ripe words of philosophy from this extraordinary young woman.

"They made me want to know more about her, so I asked her quite bluntly to tell of herself, what she wanted, how she viewed life.

"I want to read a great deal," she began. "You see, I had such a pitifully little education and now I have to work hard to make up for it. Why, do you know I had never read 'Alice in Wonderland' until the other day on the train coming East.

"And there are thousands of books that I want to catch up with.

"What a sweet and wonderful thing life is," she said excitedly. "I remember a line I saw in a newspaper the other day—'Some people are so afraid to die that they never begin to life.'

"And I want to live—I want to know everything and see everything. I want to travel and be happy all my life. I want to touch the stars."

A TELEPHONE rang. I had overstayed my time. I rose to go.

"I'd like to talk hours with you," she was kind enough to say. "Won't you come back before I start for the West?"

But I was on my way to Washington. I would not be back until after she had left. I said goodbye—and it was like saying goodbye and *bon voyage* to an old friend.

And as I walked down the hall toward the elevator, and in fact the whole evening through, I felt as I said at the beginning of this little piece, "jes' good." I had been with a completely happy person. Life to her was full and beautiful. She had risen out of the ashes and dust; she had found a new world that was fair and lovely.

I don't know much about motion pictures, but I know a little about human beings—and Joan Crawford is a swell human being.

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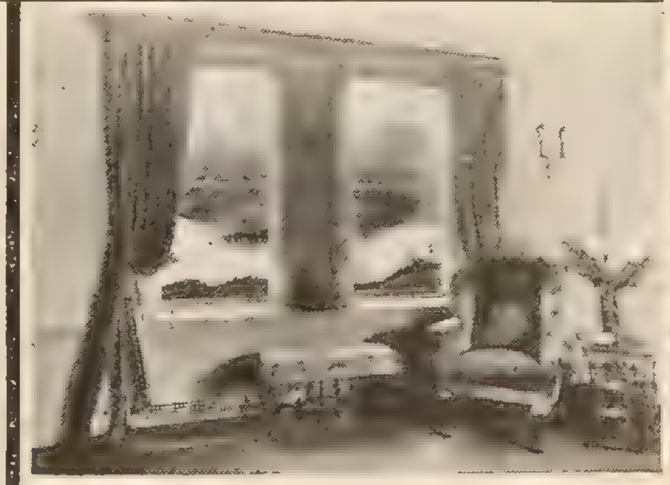

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The Passing Show of '33

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

and twenty-two man-eating lions. He cracks a tomato-colored whip and the animals roll over—dead. They just had a glimpse of Cecil's riding breeches with puttees. Will Rogers drags on a huge hog called "Blue Boy." Clyde Beatty gets intimate with a couple dozen lions and tigers for Universal's "The Big Cage," Paramount gets hysterical with "King of the Jungle," and Fox shoots the works in "Zoo in Budapest." Starving actors in stolen bearskin rugs get work for the first time in years.

The spotlight is suddenly swung to a tweed-clad figure who waves a gloved hand at reporters, who are too stunned to wave back.

GARBO, she come back, by yumpin yimminy, just as Georgie Raft, with his three hundred and sixty-five suits, seventy dozen handkerchiefs, six jars of hair slickem and two bodyguards, walks out of Paramount's life. Georgie won't be naughty in "The Story of Temple Drake," but Jack LaRue, with five sisters, one mother, two dogs and a pot of spaghetti, will.

Constance Bennett waves a fond farewell to the Marquis, who sets sail for the South Seas to make a picture, while Cecil De Mille starts his famous hunt for "The Perfect Virgin."

The whole world becomes curve conscious as the Mae West vogue grows. People curve in places they haven't curved in for years. Bicycles come and go, and so does Charlie Laughton. With a goatee.

Warner Brothers paste tin-foil on a fast train and the "42nd Street Special" shuffles off to Buffalo.

And now the whole company, from electricians to star, is frozen into a silence that reaches throughout the land as Mary Pickford announces her separation from Douglas Fairbanks. There is grief in Mary's eyes, and all Hollywood bows its head at the passing of this great romance.

Douglas remains in England. And Mary files suit for divorce.

Lionel Barrymore comes screaming in, wearing his usual knickers and waving a dilapidated object. He has just found his *Rasputin* whiskers, mislaid in 1932.

A baby epidemic sweeps the land. Actors go about tiptoeing so as not to wake up baby. The Dick Arlens get themselves a baby boy, but the strain proves too much for their friend, Bing Crosby, who takes to his bed. Then the Crosbys get one, and Bing takes to two beds somewhere down "The Old Ox Road."

DE MILLE finds his "Perfect Virgin," who proves to be only the wife of a famous wrestler. Al Jolson pokes Walter Winchell in the neck at the prize-fights, and Walter promptly sues Al for a pain in the neck.

Sammy Goldwyn makes "Nana" twice. (The first time Pert Kelton stole the show from Anna Sten.) And Connie Bennett greets hubby, back from the South Seas.

De Mille sets sail for Hawaii with "Four Frightened People," and returns leaving one thousand natives not only frightened, but scared stiff.

Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill both deny their engagement.

Wine cards suddenly pop up all over town. When you hear the sound of the gong, it's cocktail time in Hollywood. The gong rings constantly.

More divorces crowd the center of the stage as the baby epidemic act goes off in ermine-lined perambulators. Carole Lombard flies off to Reno, leaving Bill Powell flat, but suave. The Adolphe Menjous and the Richard Dixes sever knots, while the eternal triangle is enacted by such capable artists as Adrienne Ames, her husband and Bruce Cabot. It's a touching little drama. "Just a friend," screams Cabot. Then comes the pay-off. "Just a husband," screams Bruce as Adrienne walks him from the altar to Honolulu.

Connie Bennett again waves bye-bye to Hank, on his way to Europe. Virginia Cherrill bounces a glass off Cary Grant's head and both deny their engagement.

Sylvia Sidney walks off "The Way to Love" set and goes to Europe. Paramount froths at the mouth. But Georgie Raft sees the light in the window and returns to the old mortgaged homestead.

Zanuck walks out of Warner Brothers' life and gives birth to 20th Century Productions. Papa and baby doing fine, with Warners and Zanuck racing neck and neck to see who makes the same picture first. Score—2 up for Zanuck.

CLARK GABLE loses, 1. tonsils, 2. appendix, 3. ten pounds, 4. a lot of popularity to Lee Tracy.

A new menace creeps on. *Strikes.* Electricians and cameramen strike, causing themselves grief and the companies delay.

Dietrich goes to Europe and comes home. To Joey Von Sternberg and the same old pants. Baby LeRoy learns one word in the year 1933. It's "Nuts."

Cheers greet Irving Thalberg and Norma Shearer on their return home.

With a rat-a-tat-tat and a do-deo-do-do, the stage is cleared, making way for the big musical acts.

Song writers, dance directors, chorus girls, prancing up and down staircases, playing lighted violins or jumping in and out of pools, hold the stage. Hollywood breaks out with an Albertina Rasch.

Radio stars barge in and barge out. Crosby, Ed Wynn, Kate Smith, Jack Pearl all hit town, with Crosby the only "hold-over."

Virginia Cherrill and Cary Grant both leave town and deny their engagement. Lupe becomes Mrs. Weissmuller, and with the tall and stately Sandra Shaw, Gary Cooper headed for "The Last Roundup."

At the sound of a little flute, the audience rises to its feet and goes mad.

"The Three Little Pigs" sweep the country with the whole world wanting to know—"Who's afraid of the big, bad wolf?" Zulus ask it. Hindus ask it. Eskimos ask it.

Harpo Marx rushes off to Russia and United States immediately recognizes Russia. To avoid disaster when the Russian blondes get chased silly.

Max Baer comes to town and becomes the hero of the hour. Once again Connie Bennett greets her little rover, home from Europe. And Jean Harlow throws a bombshell into the third act by eloping with her cameraman.

Sylvia Sidney comes home to mama Paramount, and Crawford goes bye-bye with Franchot Tone. Just friends, they say.

APPLAUSE, deafening applause, greets the old tried and true stars who now come marching triumphantly on. May Robson, Marie Dressler, Mary Boland, Alison Skipworth. It's their year. "God bless 'em," cries all Hollywood, and pauses a moment to bow its head in memory of a dear departed one, Louise Closser Hale.

Again the audience rises and cheers as climax after climax breaks through to the finale.

Garbo chooses Gilbert for her picture and the world approves. And then, out on a Mexican balcony for a final farewell, trips Mrs. Tracy's little boy, Lee, wrapped in a sheet. "Whoopee," yells Lee at a passing parade and the sheet slips, and so does Lee. Into a Mexican hoosegow.

And the audience files out in shrieks of laughter as the final curtain descends on Hollywood's Revue of the Year 1933.

Bert Wheeler can't do any work unless his stooge, Johnny Kelly, is around to help him. Bert first noticed Johnny opening and closing doors for movie stars at the Brown Derby restaurant. Bert liked his grin and hired him. Now Wheeler's favorite expression is, "Has anybody here seen Kelly?"

Everybody's Stooging Now

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

"Sho'," explained the Southerner, "main paht of Gaw-gah!"

When "Cracker" started getting more laughs on the sets than Oakie himself, Jack took him into a stooge partnership in self-defense, although to this day it is usually "Cracker" who makes a stooge out of Jack with his unsuspected and devastating wit-cracks. He is a sort of court jester, although to justify his being on the Oakie pay-roll, "Cracker" manages a number of Jack's personal affairs—and if you saw "Too Much Harmony," you'll remember the mush-mouthed results of "Cracker's" linguistic tutelage. When Jack Oakie goes completely Dixie in the funniest scene of the picture, "Cracker" Henderson, his stooge, is indirectly making his screen début.

Perhaps the best stooge-supplied star in Hollywood is George Raft with his former stooge, Sammy Finn, whom Hollywood dubbed "The Killer," and his present satellite, Mack Gray.

Sammy, an old friend and former roommate of George's in New York, came to California for his health. When George came out, they met and pooled living expenses. Then came Raft's screen "arrival" and Sammy, who had plied the prosaic trade of a dealer in women's wear, was immediately surrounded by an aura of sinister rumor. It was bruited about that he was a bad, bad gunman and really George's bodyguard. Hence, "The Killer." However, Mr. Finn recently abandoned active stooging to revert to trade, opening a dress shop on Hollywood Boulevard. And Mack Green, now Gray, stepped into the heroic spot.

MACK, whose vocation is training fighters, knew George in the old lightweight ring days, and having a run of bad luck out on the Coast when the depression kayoed gate receipts, followed his former client into the studios. He has worked in every Raft picture. Maybe you've seen him—a tall, Ichabod Crane person. There isn't a more adhesive shadow in Hollywood. Wherever George goes, Mack is sure to be close around.

Recently they took a cross-country automobile trip together, and when they returned to Hollywood, Mack Green was Mack Gray.

George didn't care for Green—it is his pet-peeve color!

Stooges, however, are not necessarily satellites. Sometimes Hollywood endows a stooge with mysterious powers.

AFFORDING the best example of the big shot Hollywood stooge is John Barrymore's manager and perennial censor, Henry Hochener, a former school teacher, who has been Barrymore's professional protector for some years. Studios find him the formidable gate through which, and only through which, Barrymore can be reached, quoted or even observed. That's his job, and he does right well by it. His stipend is rumored to be well up in the five figure columns yearly. On occasion, he has been known to even countermand John's orders, rescind his promises and give him advice.

Advice, as a matter of fact, is one thing generally conceded to be the prerogative of a Hollywood stooge. Al Jolson says he is always asking his driver, Jimmy Donnelly, for advice, and then, like a darn fool, not taking it!

Donnelly has been Jolson's perfect stooge for almost fifteen years. On the face of things, he's Al's chauffeur, but actually he's more like a member of the family. Often Al seeks his advice on financial matters. Donnelly, by the way, has himself become a man of means, although he still prefers to be Al Jolson's stooge.

Recently, when Al was called to New York, and wife Ruby Keeler was forced to stay in Hollywood for a picture, Donnelly remained behind to look after Ruby.

When Al finally came out again for "Wonder Bar," (the screen version of "Wunder Bar") the nightly game of "hearts" was resumed. That's one duty Al requires of his stooge—to buck him in his favorite card game.

Often Hollywood stooges are picked up in the oddest places! Victor McLaglen's exotic stooge, Abdullah, hails from Mesopotamia. McLaglen found the stooge when he was the

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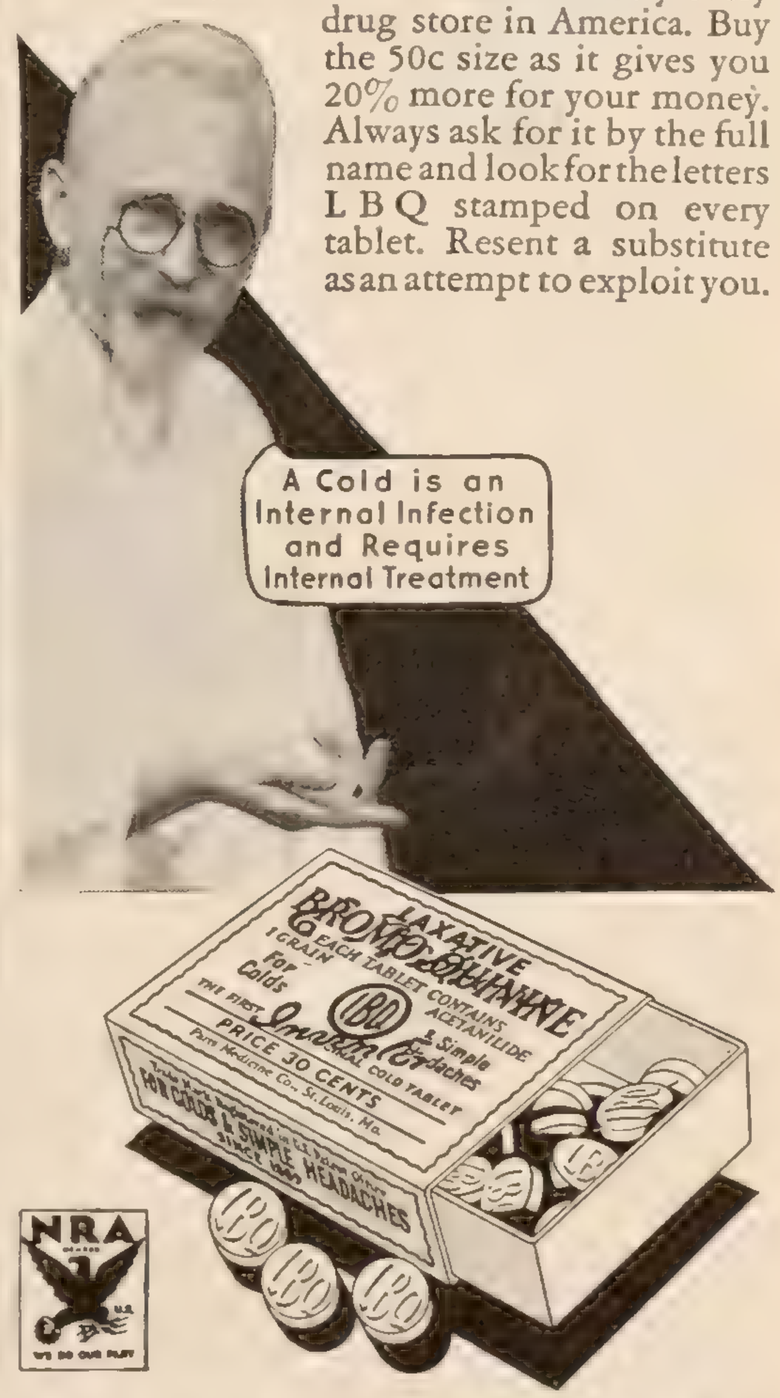

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ruler of fabulous Bagdad during the war. (McLaglen ruled the city of the Arabian Knights during five years of service for the British, you know.) Abdullah still performs the same primary duties he did in Bagdad, supplying boxing and wrestling opposition to keep Vic in trim. Besides, he's a one-man audience and severe critic of every film rôle.

Bert Wheeler found his stooge, however, much nearer home—at the entrance to the Hollywood Brown Derby where Johnny Kelly's business was opening and closing the door for movie stars, accompanying his actions with a spread-eagle grin. The grin struck Bert, who offered him a job, and now "Has anybody here seen Kelly?" is the first question Bert asks when he makes a move. For Johnny is a stand-in, valet, chauffeur, fan-mail secretary and social counsel, with a two year record of stand-out stooging to his credit.

SOMETIMES, stooges even get to look like their own particular stars. If you have been one of those embarrassed persons who has upped to John Woodward and said, "Oh, Mr. March—why—uh, I *beg* your pardon!" you will also remember stumbling away groping for your lost nonchalance and muttering, "But he certainly *looked* like Freddie!" And right you are. For a handsomer young fellow you never saw than Mr. Woodward, who came from Columbia University during one of Paramount's college talent searches, didn't click as an actor, settled down instead as secretary, stand-in and wardrobe supervisor to the star he resembles.

Richard Barthelmess' Dutch Petit is another stooge who is a dead ringer for his star.

The usual proprietary attitude of a Hollywood stooge is something which those not stooge-conscious simply are unable to fathom. It enhances the law that "only editors, kings with tapeworm—and stooges—can use 'we' and get by with it."

Marie Dressler's Mamie, her colored retainer of nineteen years' service, plans her meals and even buys Marie's clothes on occasion. She knows Marie better, as Marie has admitted, than herself. Recently, anticipating the star's return from a voyage to Honolulu, Mamie took it upon herself to plan and execute a surprise party for the homecoming Marie, who found six of her most intimate friends assembled at dinner to greet her!

Myrna Loy signs blank checks for her Mexican maid and companion, Caror, to fill out as she needs for household expenses.

And Slim Summerville inadvertently offended his faithful studio stooge, Dave, when he turned up at Slim's Laguna Beach home one evening a little the worse for wear. Slim, who was entertaining, came out to meet him and pressed some bills into his hand. But that wasn't enough. Back at Universal studios, Dave bared his wounded feelings. Slim hadn't asked him in to join the party!

THE parade of Hollywood's best known stooges winds on endlessly—Ramon Novarro's nephew and godson, Jorge Gavilan; Jack Pearl's Cliff Hall (*Sharley*), a professional stooge in its original meaning as well as personal; Tom Mix's John Agee, who is said to have owned the famous Mix string of horses, excepting Tony; Junior Laemmle's protector, Joe Torillo; Schnozzle Durante's Jack Harvey.

But of them all there is one—nameless here—who qualifies as the master stooge of Hollywood's history. Stooging for a single star was mere child's play for this artist. He multiplied his talents until it seemed that he was stooging for everyone in Hollywood. Ten or twelve stars at least proudly claimed him as stooge. But he had even greater ambitions. He wanted to serve his country in his own peculiar way.

He wanted—well, it was only discovered when this patriot tangled with the late Noble Experiment in a little business deal, and was quickly hailed before a Los Angeles night court. He was released, for the frisking of his person had revealed a photograph showing him

walking down a Los Angeles street with his arm affectionately around—of all people—a president of the United States!

Somehow, during a visit of the late Calvin Coolidge to Los Angeles, the stooge had managed to frame a freak picture of himself in a pally pose with Coolidge.

He was the president's stooge, he claimed, and the picture seemed to prove it.

Anyway, the puzzled police let him go.

You don't pinch a presidential stooge.

Can a Man Love Two Women at the Same Time?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

kinds of life. I couldn't forever exchange the niceties of living for the primitive customs and be contented. But I like a little of each, in balanced proportion.

"SOME day," Gary said, a little wistfully, "before I am too old to enjoy the adventure of the thing, I want to go to India, to the jungles of South America, to Alaska. I'll always remember my trip to the African jungle a few years back. It made me realize what a marvelous place this old world really is and how much it has to offer in the way of surprises."

Gary admits that it's this ambition which keeps him going in his work. For he toes a rigid mark in the studio schedule when he's working. Up at six o'clock every morning. Into the studio by eight at the latest. Before his make-up table and into his costumes, ready for work, by nine o'clock every morning. And that, friends, is no mean task especially when you're supposed to laugh and scowl and make love and everything at that early hour.

And all the while Gary Cooper was talking, I kept thinking of the vast number of girls who have elected him their ideal screen romanticist. To phrase it in their own words, "the most wonderful lover in pictures."

I think I found one of the clues to Gary's enormous popularity, aside from the fact that he's terribly good-looking and has the build of a Greek God.

GARY has a very disarming way of looking at one. He looks directly at the person to whom he is speaking, and his clear, blue eyes never flicker for even the fraction of a moment while you are talking. Like the candor of an innocent child who is wondering what life is all about.

He has fine, strong hands, too. Artistic fingers which taper gracefully to rounded nails. The sort of hands which a palmist might say combined a fine sensitivity with a masculine, rugged practicability.

When you have just a flash of Gary's tender attitude with the one girl of his heart as I glimpsed it that morning during his telephone conversation with Sandra, I no longer doubt why Gary Cooper is the favorite screen lover of thousands of girls. And the happy part of it is that Gary seems blissfully unaware of his appeal. He'd laugh it off if you tried to convince him. And I think he'd blush like a schoolboy if he knew all the complimentary things women everywhere say about him. Ask any ten girls, in any walk of life, who their favorite screen romanticist is, and nine out of ten will tell you: "Gary Cooper."

Marion Davies chose him especially to play opposite her in her latest picture "Operator 13." And Anna Sten, imported from Russia by Sam Goldwyn to be starred in future productions, was asked what screen personality she might like for "Barbary Coast," in which she is to star.

She, too, chose Gary Cooper. And that, ladies, seemed to make it unanimous.

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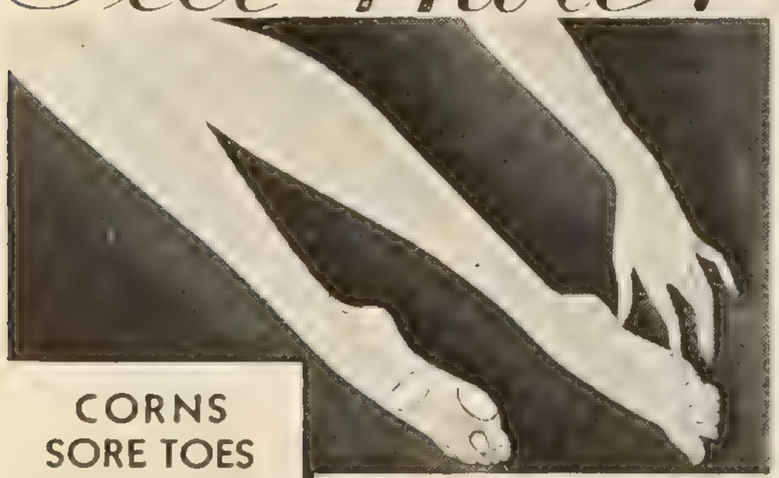

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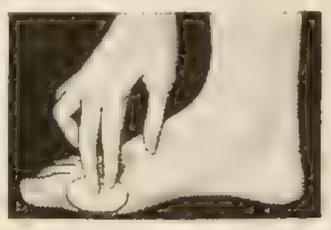

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Buster Crabbe
Bing Crosby
Dorothy Dell
Marlene Dietrich
Frances Drake
W. C. Fields
William Frawley
Frances Fuller
Cary Grant
Shirley Grey
Charlotte Henry
Verna Hillie
Miriam Hopkins
Roscoe Karns
Percy Kilbride
Jack La Rue
Charles Laughton
Baby LeRoy
John Davis Lodge
Carole Lombard
Herbert Marshall
Jack Oakie
Gail Patrick
George Raft
Lyda Roberti
Lanny Ross
Charlie Ruggles
Randolph Scott
Sylvia Sidney
Alison Skipworth
Sir Guy Standing
Kent Taylor
Evelyn Venable
Mae West
Dorothea Wieck
Toby Wing
Elizabeth Young

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Rosemary Ames
Heather Angel
Lew Ayres
Jane Barnes
Mona Barrie
Warner Baxter
Irene Bentley
John Boles
Clara Bow
Nigel Bruce
Joe Cook
Henrietta Crosman
Florence Desmond
James Dunn
Sally Eilers
Stepin Fetchit
Norman Foster
Preston Foster
Dixie Frances
Ketti Gallian
Henry Garat
Janet Gaynor
Lilian Harvey
Rochelle Hudson
Roger Imhof
Miriam Jordan
Victor Jory
Suzanne Kaaren
Howard Lally
Ralph Morgan
Herbert Mundin
George O'Brien
Pat Paterson
Will Rogers
Raul Roulien
Wini Shaw
Sid Silvers
Spencer Tracy
Claire Trevor
Blanca Vischer
June Vlasek
Hugh Williams

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

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Nils Asther
Ralph Bellamy
Constance Bennett
Joan Bennett
El Brendel
June Brewster
Clive Brook
Bruce Cabot
William Cagney
Mowita Castanada
Ada Cavell
Chick Chandler
Alden Chase
Jean Connors
Frances Dee
Dolores Del Rio
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Charles Farrell
Betty Furness
Skeets Gallagher
William Gargan
Wynne Gibson
Ann Harding
Katharine Hepburn
Dorothy Jordan
Pert Kelton
Edgar Kennedy
Francis Lederer
Dorothy Lee
Eric Linden
Helen Mack
Sari Maritza
Joel McCrea
Colleen Moore
Ginger Rogers
Robert Shayne
Adele Thomas
Thelma Todd
Nydia Westman
Bert Wheeler
Thelma White
Howard Wilson
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Charles Chaplin
Ronald Colman
Douglas Fairbanks
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Anna Sten

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George Bancroft
Janet Beecher
Sally Blane
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Arline Judge
Paul Kelly
Fredric March
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Judith Wood
Fay Wray
Loretta Young

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

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Donald Cook
Richard Cromwell
Jack Holt
Elissa Landi
Edmund Lowe
Tim McCoy
Grace Moore
Toshia Mori
Jessie Ralph
Gene Raymond
Joseph Schildkraut
Ann Sothern
Dorothy Tree

Culver City, Calif.

Hal Roach Studios

Charley Chase
Billy Gilbert
Oliver Hardy
Patsy Kelly
Stan Laurel
Dorothy Layton
Lillian Moore
Billy Nelson
Our Gang
Nena Quartaro
Oliver Wakefield

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

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Elizabeth Allan
Agnes Anderson
Max Baer
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Alice Brady
Charles Butterworth
Mary Carlisle
Ruth Channing
Mae Clarke
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Marion Davies
Marie Dressler
Jimmy Durante
Nelson Eddy
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Muriel Evans
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
C. Henry Gordon
Russell Hardie
Jean Harlow
Helen Hayes
Ted Healy
Jean Hersholt
Irene Hervey
Phillips Holmes
Jean Howard
Art Jarrett
Isabel Jewell
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Myrna Loy
Ben Lyon
Jeanette MacDonald
Mala
Margaret McConnell
Florine McKinney
Una Merkel
Robert Montgomery
Polly Moran
Frank Morgan
Karen Morley
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Martha Sleeper
Mona Smith
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Franchot Tone
Lupe Velez
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Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

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Vilma Banky
Vince Barnett
Andy Devine
Louise Fazenda
Sterling Holloway
Leila Hyams
Buck Jones
Boris Karloff
Jan Kiepura
Evalyn Knapp
June Knight
Paul Lukas
Mabel Marden
Ken Maynard
Chester Morris
Charlie Murray
ZaSu Pitts
Roger Pryor
Claude Rains
George Sidney
Onslow Stevens
Gloria Stuart
Margaret Sullavan
Slim Summerville
Luis Trenker
Alice White

Burbank, Calif.

Warners-First National Studios

Loretta Andrews
Mary Astor
Robert Barrat
Richard Barthelmess
George Blackwood
Joan Blondell
Joe E. Brown
Lynn Browning
James Cagney
Hobart Cavanaugh
Ruth Chatterton
Ricardo Cortez
Bette Davis
Claire Dodd
Ruth Donnelly
Ann Dvorak
Patricia Ellis
Glenda Farrell
Philip Faversham
Helen Foster
Kay Francis
Geraine Grear
Hugh Herbert
Arthur Hohl
Ann Hovey
Leslie Howard
Alice Jans
Allen Jenkins
Al Jolson
Paul Kaye
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Guy Kibbee
Lorena Layson
Hal LeRoy
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Dick Powell
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Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago

GEORGE M. COHAN, theatrical genius, approached PHOTOPLAY's interviewer (in midwinter, mind you) bedecked in heavy overcoat and straw bonnet. And, of all things, made this statement: "It's up to you! Write what you think I ought to say and I'll stand for it—every word!" And he really meant it.

John Barrymore

About Colleen Moore, then Kathleen Morrison, we said that if there's any superstition concerning different colored eyes (one of Colleen's appeared blue, the other brown), it's that the person possessing them is sure to succeed.

In an interview with John Barrymore, we described him as "the most commonplace son of fortune who ever lived. One of the few members of his profession who would never be taken for an actor." We marveled at his utter absence of affectation.

We were convinced that the third cycle of motion picture history had closed and that we stood on the threshhold of the fourth

The first period was the pioneer age. The second, the period of achievement—of world-wide recognition that the motion picture is not a "hoodlum toy," but a colossal scientific triumph of human expression. The third period was the film's wild golden age—the age of limitless expense and stupendous salaries. We were happy indeed to be living in the fourth cycle, when the motion picture must triumph as the most human of the arts.

An especially popular lady of the day was Geraldine Farrar, whose life story began in this issue. Such a favorite was she, that we also used her portrait on the cover.

The outstanding films of the month were D. W. Griffith's "The Greatest Thing in Life," with Lillian Gish, and Lois Weber's "Borrowed Clothes," with Mildred Harris.

10 Years Ago

"WHAT Kind of Women Attract Men Most?" That question was propounded thoroughly in our February, 1924, issue. The answer seemed unmistakably to be, "Women who possess a marked degree of personal magnetism, the quality that makes one woman stand out in a crowd. That is what stimulates an unconscious interest in men."

Pola Negri

We advised "very man, woman and child" to see Cecil B. DeMille's latest production, "The Ten Commandments." In our review of the film, we called it "The best photoplay ever made. The greatest theatrical spectacle in history—the work of genius."

Part I of Pola Negri's autobiography appeared in this issue. Her real name is Appolonia Chalupec. When she went on the stage in 1913, she used the surname of Ada Negri, Italian poetess, and the diminutive of Appolonia, Pola.

In an absorbing chapter of "The Romantic History of the Motion Picture," Terry Ramsaye recorded many startling events hitherto unknown to the movie public.

Our gossip columns revealed that the lovely Gloria Swanson was suffering from a case of "Klieg eyes." She was stricken while filming "The Humming Bird."

Doug Fairbanks, Jr., aboard when the Twentieth Century Limited was wrecked, helped doctors with bandages, dressings, and was of great assistance generally. They didn't know who the lad was until it was all over. We said Doug, Jr., just fourteen, was the sort we liked to think of as the "typical" American boy.

Of Elinor Glyn's "Three Weeks," PHOTOPLAY commented: "Camera work done, the film is being edited and cut. Then—the censors!"

On the cover—Corinne Griffith.

5 Years Ago

IN OUR issue of February, 1929, we told of the meeting of John Barrymore and Dolores Costello. And described in detail their wedding, which had just taken place.

Nils Asther

We said of Nils Asther, "Because he is one of the coming young men of the screen, PHOTOPLAY presents his story. Asther studied with a great actor named Hertel, in Copenhagen. When sixteen, Nils met Mauritz Stiller, who gave him the leading rôle in his current screen production."

There was an article aptly titled, "The Hot Baby of Hollywood, otherwise Lupe Velez." When this fiery Mexican miss was most interested in giving theatricals for her sisters and the servants, she was shipped off to a convent. Later, family finances were low, and Lupe, deciding to do something about it, made her way to Hollywood and film fame.

A photo of Mary Pickford showed her hair cut quite closely at the back—a new fashion of the day. The shingle bob, as we saw it in Mary's first talkie, "Coquette."

Weddings we reported were: Evelyn Brent and Harry Edwards, film director. "Bubbles" Steiffel (Betsy Lee) and Reginald Denny.

All was changed then. B. T. (before talkies) it was customary to see a group of bridge enthusiasts in one corner, someone snoozing in another, and someone else reading the latest thriller, between scenes. But when talkies came in, everyone was constantly on the hop.

Eddie Nugent reported "a terrible murder afoot." He'd heard talk about making "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney."

Of "In Old Arizona," the first outdoor talkie to be made, we said, "The Fox Movietoners have learned how to blend sound, conversation, laughter and music to produce dramatic effects."

LORETTA YOUNG *and* SPENCER TRACY *in a scene from the Columbia picture "A Man's Castle"*

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Who's in the Dog House Now?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73]

and then he wisecracks his way out. Jack also manages to remain pretty steadily in a sub-rosa dog house, so far as his fellow actors are concerned, by the highly unpopular device of stealing scenes from them.

As one sufferer remarked, "Oakie would 'back up' on his own mother." And backing-up, or covering the other players in a scene, is an unforgivable offense—to another actor. All the audience sees in the situation is a lot more of Oakie!

SALLY Eilers married herself a new husband, and moved in the dog house almost simultaneously. She was scheduled to make "Jimmy and Sally" for Fox, with Jimmy Dunn. Sally didn't like the story, so out she walked. Maybe the fact that she wanted to make a picture under the supervision of her new husband, Harry Joe Brown, at Paramount, influenced her a trifle. Anyway, that is exactly what she is doing.

Amicable relations, however, have been resumed with Fox, and all is sweetness and light.

Sometimes, the dog house is a portable establishment. Wally Beery once took it with him up to the middle of June Lake in the High Sierras, and a charming spot it was for a dog house.

Wally's option came up and he wanted the advance of $500 a week, that it called for.

The depression was on, and M-G-M said no!

They'd renew at the old figure. Then Wally happened to see an Eskimo umyak, a little canoe. W. S. Van Dyke had brought it back with him from Alaska.

It looked as if things were going to remain at loggerheads, and Wally was about ready to give in—but not for *nothing*.

He apparently forgot to be the business man in his boyish enthusiasm over the funny little boat. For he agreed to settle the dispute and come back at his old salary—if they would give him the umyak!

The umyak was worth about five dollars.

So Wally forthwith moved out of the dog house—into an Eskimo canoe.

But Wally's most spectacular sojourn in the dog house occurred around Christmas time in 1931. He flatly refused to play the German manufacturer in "Grand Hotel." For three weeks, he remained incommunicado at his home. Telegrams three pages long were dispatched to him—since he refused to answer the telephone.

Finally a telegram arrived telling him that M-G-M would take immediate action in the courts. Wally ignored that, too.

THEN Irving Thalberg, that master of diplomacy, sent him a wire. It was a warm, friendly message, in which Thalberg recounted the number of years he and Wally had been pals—he mentioned the holiday spirit, and in the friendliest fashion, asked Wally to please come to the studio and talk it over.

That turned the trick. Wally was touched, for he is genuinely fond of Thalberg. So Mr. Beery came out of the dog house—and played the part.

Margaret Sullavan, the girl who has been projected to stardom on the strength of one performance in "Only Yesterday," has built her own dog house and is trying her darndest to stay in it, with Universal attempting desperately to keep her out.

The girl, who had an unparalleled opportunity handed her on a silver platter, has pulled at cross purposes with the studio ever since her arrival in Hollywood. She was given a salary of $1,250 a week, and an opportunity seldom equalled. But with the picture half completed, she had a run in with John Stahl, the director, stalked off the lot, and the studio caught her just on the verge of boarding a plane for New York.

This girl is hard to figure, except that she suffers from a strange inferiority complex. In New York, she flatly turned down interviewers, and refused to admit that she was good in "Only Yesterday." But she's back in Hollywood now, hard at work—and keeping one eye on the dog house.

George Brent, according to many, is suffering with wife-advice, which has kept him in the pooch-kennel pretty consistently. He had his contract with Warners suspended, when he refused to play two rôles—one in "Mandalay" and one in "Heat Lightning." Also, he demands more salary.

KAY FRANCIS begged off "Wonder Bar." And the studio gave in because they thought she would be tied up in another production.

Then it developed that she would be finished in time—so the argument began all over again. But Kay doesn't care much for the dog house, so she came back, reluctantly.

Sylvia Sidney shook off the shackles of the dog house at Paramount a while back, when she walked out of the Chevalier picture, "The Way to Love," and went to Europe. A throat affliction endangered her health, according to Sylvia.

The studio maintained they had asked nothing unreasonable of her. Besides they couldn't see how it would benefit the sore throat to take it to Europe.

Ann Dvorak played the vacated part, Sylvia came home in due time, and an armistice was declared by all concerned.

June Gale and her "steady," Hoot Gibson, were photographed at the opening of "Roman Scandals." Isn't that metallic costume June is wearing sophisticated and Oriental-looking?

Charles Farrell had a long-term lease on his own private canine kennel, for declining to resign with Fox. He wanted to be starred in his own right. For almost a year after, Charlie was given a nice, long vacation, during which he had a grand time playing polo, and almost forgot there was such a business as moving pictures. He has broken the jinx recently with "Aggie Appleby" and "Girl Without a Room."

And he's now scheduled to do another picture with Janet Gaynor.

Jack Gilbert is another who recently obtained release from a long incarceration in the durance vile colloquially known as the dog house.

We have called him "poor Jack" for the last time, however. When you see "Queen Christina," you'll know why.

Conway Tearle is practically the original dog house-keeper. He will confess with engaging frankness that he deserved it. In the days when he was "tops," Conway grew too big for his hat—and found himself ostracized from all studios in Hollywood.

AFTER that, he hit the bumps—hard ones. A year or so ago, he staged his remarkable comeback on the New York stage in "Dinner at Eight," playing the broken-down actor fighting to keep up a front.

His lesson dearly bought, Conway has returned to the scene of his former triumphs and defeats—to be signed by M-G-M.

Tearle is out of the kennel for good—and glad of it.

Bing Crosby fights for good stories and finds himself frequently occupying a small dog house for a short time. Dick Arlen likewise put up an argument for bigger and better characterizations—he was tired of playing dull people.

But Dick has really been in the dog house in a big way, with only one official on his home lot.

Dick took Joby Ralston Arlen's old dressing-room, when he went to work regularly at Paramount, several years ago. It is number thirteen, and Dick is very fond of it—and very superstitious about it.

Later on, when more dressing rooms were added, Fred Datig wanted to change the number.

The usually tractable Richard fought like a panther. Change his good-luck number? Over his dead body!

But, reasoned Datig, it doesn't make sense to have number seven, and then thirteen, and then go on to eight.

THE situation reached fever-heat—finally *both* contestants gave in. Datig got the number he wanted on the *outside* door—but every inside door of the three-room suite has a large *thirteen* painted on it.

Jimmy Cagney, George Raft, Dietrich and Von Sternberg, Constance Bennett, are among the many others who have languished for one reason or another in the rarified atmosphere of the pooch-pen.

Stories and salaries are the most frequent reasons for talking back and being excused from the room for a while—until everybody cools off.

Of course, Garbo is the exception. She nearly always is.

The great Greta turned the tables—and put the whole picture business in her own private dog house.

But they always come back—because dog houses are lonely, the publicity service isn't so good. And what is most unendurable of all—in most cases, dog house inhabitants don't get paid!

Hollywood Fashions

by Seymour

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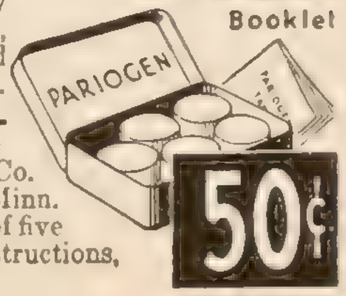

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Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN"—20TH CENTURY-UNITED ARTISTS.—From the novel by Nathaniel West. Adapted by Leonard Praskins. Directed by Alfred Werker. The cast: *Toby Prentiss*, Lee Tracy; *Louise Boley*, Sally Blane; *Benny*, Sterling Holloway; *Mrs. Prentiss*, Jean Adair; *Gaskell*, Paul Harvey; *Richards, Advertising Manager*, Matt Briggs; *Circulation Manager*, Charles Levinson; *Miss Curtis*, Adalyn Doyle; *Kranz*, C. Henry Gordon; *Rose*, Isabel Jewell; *Cora*, Judith Wood; *Horace*, Etienne Girardot; *Miss Howell*, Ruth Fallows; *Miss Lonelyhearts*, May Boley.

"ALICE IN WONDERLAND"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Lewis Carroll. Screen play by Joseph L. Mankiewicz and William Cameron Menzies. Directed by Norman McLeod. The cast: *Alice*, Charlotte Henry; *The Cheshire Cat*, Richard Arlen; *The Fish*, Rosco Ates; *The Gryphon*, William Austin; *White Pawn*, Billy Barty; *The Baby*, Billy Barty; *Two of Spades*, Billy Bevan; *Garden Frog*, Colin Campbell; *Father William*, Harvey Clark; *The White Knight*, Gary Cooper; *Leg of Mutton*, Jack Duffy; *1st Executioner*, Harry Ekezian; *Uncle Gilbert*, Leon Errol; *The White Queen*, Louise Fazenda; *Humpty Dumpty*, W. C. Fields; *The King of Hearts*, Alec B. Francis; *The White Rabbit*, "Skeets" Gallagher; *3rd Executioner*, Meyer Grace; *The Mock Turtle*, Cary Grant; *Governess*, Ethel Griffies; *The Cook*, Lillian Harmer; *The Mouse*, Raymond Hatton; *The Frog*, Sterling Holloway; *The Mad Hatter*, Edward Everett Horton; *Tweedledee*, Roscoe Karns; *The Clock*, Colin Kenny; *Joker*, Baby LeRoy; *Father William's Son*, Lucien Littlefield; *The Sheep*, Mae Marsh; *Five of Spades*, Charles McNaughton; *The Dodo Bird*, Polly Moran; *Tweedledum*, Jack Oakie; *The Aunt*, Patsy O'Byrne; *The Red Queen*, Edna May Oliver; *Plum Pudding*, George Ovey; *The Queen of Hearts*, May Robson; *The March Hare*, Charlie Ruggles; *Dormouse*, Jackie Searl; *The Duchess*, Alison Skipworth; *The Caterpillar*, Ned Sparks; *Seven of Spades*, Will Stanton; *The White King*, Ford Sterling; *2nd Executioner*, Joe Torrillo; *Alice's Sister*, Jacqueline Wells.

"AS HUSBANDS GO"—Fox.—From the play by Rachel Crothers. Screen play by Sonya Levien. Directed by Hamilton MacFadden. The cast: *Charles Lingard*, Warner Baxter; *Hippolitus Lomi*, Warner Oland; *Lucille Lingard*, Helen Vinson; *Emmie Sykes*, Catherine Doucet; *Ronald Derbyshire*, G. P. Huntley, Jr.; *Jake Canon*, Frank O'Connor; *Peggy Sykes*, Eleanor Lynn; *Wilbur*, Jay Ward.

"BELOVED"—UNIVERSAL.—From the screen play by Paul Gangelin. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. The cast: *Carl Hausmann*, John Boles; *Lucy Hausmann*, Gloria Stuart; *Baron Von Hausmann*, Albert Conti; *Baroness Von Hausmann*, Dorothy Peterson; *Eric*, Morgan Farley; *Patricia*, Ruth Hall; *Rountree*, Anderson Lawlor; *Major Tarrant*, Edmund Breese; *Mrs. Tarrant*, Louise Carter; *Carl (age 10)*, Lester Lee; *Tommy*, Mickey Rooney; *Lord Landslake*, Holmes Herbert; *Judge Belden*, Richard Carle; *The Duchess*, Lucille Gleason; *Marie*, Mae Busch; *Mrs. Briggs*, Lucille La Verne; *Mrs. O'Leary*, Mary Gordon; *Charles*, Eddie Woods; *Henry Burrows*, Oscar Apfel; *Helen Burrows*, Jane Mercer; *Yates*, Wallis Clark; *Revolutionist Leader*, Josef Swickard; *Wilcox*, James Flavin; *Mrs. Watkins*, Bessie Barriscale; *The Dancer*, Bobbe Arnst; *Charles (as a boy)*, Jimmy Butler; *Mulvaney*, Fred Kelsey; *Mr. Dietrich*, Otto Hoffman; *Eric (as a boy)*, George Ernest; *Doctor*, Cosmo Kyrle Bellew; *Second Doctor*, King Baggot; *Tom (as a boy)*, Sherwood Bailey; *Jewish Father*, William Straus; *Laurette*, Neysa Nourse; *Alice*, Peggy Terry; *Miss Murfee*, Clara Blandick; *Countess von Brandenburg*, Margaret Mann.

"BIG SHAKEDOWN, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Sam Engles. Screen play by Rian James. Directed by John Francis Dillon. The cast: *Jimmy Morrell*, Charles Farrell; *Norma*, Bette Davis; *Barnes*, Ricardo Cortez; *Lil*, Glenda Farrell; *Lefty*, Allen Jenkins; *John*, Philip Faversham; *Trigger*, Adrian Morris; *Sheffner*, Frank Reicher; *Gyp*, George Pat Collins; *Slim*, Dewey Robinson; *Spike*, Ben Hendricks; *Short*, George Cooper; *Regan*, Robert Emmett O'Connor; *Gardinelli*, Harold Huber.

"BIG TIME OR BUST"—TOWER PROD.—From the stage play "Excess Baggage." Dialogue by George Wallace Sayre. Directed by Sam Neufeld. The cast: *Jimmy Kane*, Regis Toomey; *Betty Roberts*, Gloria Shea; *John Hammond*, Walter Byron; *Winthrop Allen*, Edwin Maxwell; *Paddy Melon*, Charles Delaney; *Louie*, Paul Porcasi; *Lew Feld*, Nat Carr.

"BOMBAY MAIL"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by L.G. Blochman. Screen play by L. G. Blochman. Directed by Edwin L. Marin. The cast: *Inspector Dyke*, Edmund Lowe; *Beatrice Jones*, Shirley Grey; *John Hawley*, Onslow Stevens; *William Luke-Patson*, Ralph Forbes; *Xavier*, John Davidson; *Lady Daniels*, Hedda Hopper; *Civil Surgeon*, Tom Moore; *Martini*, John Wray; *Pundit Chundra*, Brandon Hurst; *Capt. Gerald Worthing*, Jameson Thomas; *Sir Anthony Daniels*, Ferdinand Gottschalk; *Dr. Maurice Lenoir*, George Renavent; *Cuthbert Neal*, Garry Owen; *Burgess*, Huntly Gordon; *Edward Breeze*, Herbert Corthell; *Maharajah of Zungore*, Walter Armitage; *Anderson*, Douglas Gerrard; *Collins*, Harry Allen.

"BY CANDLELIGHT"—UNIVERSAL.—From the play by Seigfried Geyer. Adapted by F. Hugh Herbert and Hans Kraly. Directed by James Whale. The cast: *Marie*, Elissa Landi; *Josef*, Paul Lukas; *Count Von Rommer*, Nils Asther; *Countess Von Rischenheim*, Dorothy Revier; *Count Von Rischenheim*, Lawrence Grant; *Baroness Von Ballin (Louise)*, Esther Ralston; *Baron Von Ballin*, Warburton Gamble; *Ann*, Lois January.

"CONVENTION CITY"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Peter Milne. Screen play by Robert Lord. Directed by Archie Mayo. The cast: *Nancy Lorraine*, Joan Blondell; *Kent*, Adolphe Menjou; *Jerry Ford*, Dick Powell; *Arlene Dale*, Mary Astor; *George Ellerbe*, Guy Kibbee; *Will Goodwin*, Frank McHugh; *Claire Honeywell*, Patricia Ellis; *Mrs. Ellerbe*, Ruth Donnelly; *Holstetter*, Hugh Herbert; *J. B. Honeywell*, Grant Mitchell; *Orchard*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Mrs. Kent*, Sheila Terry; *Phil Lorraine*, Gordon Westcott; *Lulu*, Barbara Rogers; *Graham*, Harry C. Bradley; *Hadley*, Douglas Dumbrille; *Clerk*, Lorin Raker; *McAllister*, Samuel Hinds; *Customer*, William Burress; *Mrs. Orchard*, Virginia Howell; *Zorb*, Egon Brecher; *Travis*, Johnny Arthur; *Boollegger*, Huey White.

"COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW" — UNIVERSAL. — From the play by Elmer Rice. Screen play by Elmer Rice. Directed by William Wyler. The cast: *George Simon*, John Barrymore; *Regina Gordon*, Bebe Daniels; *Cora Simon*, Doris Kenyon; *John P. Tedesco*, Onslow Stevens; *Bessie Green*, Isabel Jewell; *Roy Darwin*, Melvyn Douglas; *Lillian LaRue*, Thelma Todd; *Zedorah Chapman*, Mayo Methot; *Herbert Howard Weinberg*, Marvin Kline; *Arthur Sandler*, Conway Washburn; *Breitstein*, John Qualen; *Henry Susskind*, Bobby Gordon; *McFadden*, John Hammond Dailey; *Sarah Becker*, Malka Kornstein; *Goldie Rindskopf*, Angela Jacobs; *Lena Simon*, Clara Langsner; *Peter J. Malone*, T. H. Manning; *Francis Clark Baird*, Elmer Brown; *Dorothy*, Barbara Perry; *Richard*, Richard Quine; *David Simon*, Victor Adams; *Grayfield*, Frederick Burton; *Harry Becker*, Vincent Sherman.

"DANCING LADY"—M-G-N.—From the story by James Warner Bellah. Screen play by Allen Rivkin and P. J. Wolfson. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. The cast: *Janie*, Joan Crawford; *Patch Gallegher*, Clark Gable; *Tod Newton*, Franchot Tone; *Mrs. Newton*, May Robson; *Rosette*, Winnie Lightner; *Fred Astaire*, Fred Astaire; *Ward King*, Robert Benchley; *Steve*, Ted Healy; *Vivian Warner*, Gloria Foy; *Art*, Art Jarrett; *Bradley, Sr.*, Grant Mitchell; *Bradley, Jr.*, Maynard Holmes; *Nelson Eddy*, Nelson Eddy; *Stooges*, Moe Howard, Jerry Howard, Larry Fine; *Author*, Sterling Holloway.

"DARK HAZARD"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by W. R. Burnett. Screen play by Brown Holmes and Ralph Block. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: *Jim Turner*, Edward G. Robinson; *Marge*, Genevieve Tobin; *Valerie*, Glenda Farrell; *Tex*, Robert Barrat; *Joe*, Gordon Westcott; *George*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Bright*, Sidney Toler; *Pres Barrow*, George Meeker; *Mrs. Mayhew*, Emma Dunn; *Fallen*, Williard Robertson; *Schutz*, Henry B. Walthall; *Miss Dolby*, Barbara Rogers; *Plumber*, William V. Mong; *"Soapy" Sam Lambert*, George Chandler.

"EAST OF FIFTH AVENUE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Lew Levenson. Screen play by Jo Swerling. Directed by Albert Rogell. The cast: *Vic*, Wallace Ford; *Kitty*, Dorothy Tree; *Edna*, Mary Carlisle; *Lawton*, Walter Connolly; *Baxter*, Walter Byron; *Gardner*, Lucien Littlefield; *Dr. Morgan*, Willard Robertson; *Mrs. Lawton*, Louise Carter; *Mrs. Conway*, Maude Eburne; *Cronin*, Harry Holman; *Lizzie*, Fern Emmett; *Rosie*, Bradley Page; *Miss Smythe*, Kate Campbell.

"EASY MILLIONS"—FREULER FILM.—From the story by Edgar Franklin. Adapted by Jack Jevne. Directed by Fred Newmeyer. The cast: *John Harley*, Richard "Skeets" Gallagher; *Harry Wolcott*, Johnny Arthur; *Helen Stephens*, Merna Kennedy; *Althea Wicks*, Dorothy Burgess; *John D. Wicks*, Noah Beery; *Mildred Ames*, Gay Seabrook; *Betty Kenningham*, Pauline Garon; *Aunt Faith Harley*, Ethel Wales; *Dr. Fosdyck*, Arthur Hoyt; *Wilbur Alderston*, Bert Roach; *William Potter*, Walter Long; *Simon Braisted*, Henry Rocquemore; *Link*, Theodore Adams.

"EAT 'EM ALIVE"—REAL LIFE PICTURES.—Directed by Harold Austin. Photographed by Jay Turner.

"FAREWELL TO LOVE"—ASSOCIATED SOUND FILM.—From the German film "Die Singende Stadt." Directed by Carmine Gallone. The cast: *Giovanni Gavalloni*, Jan Kiepura; *Claire Winter*, Betty Stockfield; *Hon. Roddy Fielding*, Hugh Wakefield; *Carmela*, Heather Angel; *John Barlow*, Philip Easton; *Chi*, Francesco Maldaccea.

"FRONTIER MARSHAL"—Fox.—From the novel by Stuart N. Lake. Screen play by William Conselman and Stuart Anthony. Directed by Lew Seiler. The cast: *Michael Wyatt*, George O'Brien; *Mary Reid*, Irene Bentley; *Abe Ruskin*, George E. Stone; *"Doc" Warren*, Alan Edwards; *Queenie LaVere*, Ruth Gillette; *Hiram Melton*, Berton Churchill; *Oscar Reid*, Frank Conroy; *Ben Mirchison*, Ward Bond; *Judge Walters*, Edward LeSaint; *Editor Pickett*, Russell Simpson; *Jerome*, Jerry Foster.

"GALLANT LADY"—20TH CENTURY-UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Gilbert Emery and Douglas Doty. Screen play by Sam Mintz. Directed by Gregory La Cava. The cast: *Sally*, Ann Harding; *Dan*, Clive Brook; *Phillip Lawrence*, Otto Kruger; *Mario*, Tullio Carminati; *Deedy*, Dickie Moore; *Maria*, Janet Beecher; *Cynthia*, Betty Lawford; *Mrs. Lawrence*, Ivy Merton; *Aunt*, Theresa Maxwell Conover; *Nurse*, Adrienne D'Ambricourt; *Butler*, Charles Coleman.

"GIRL WITHOUT A ROOM"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Jack Lait. Screen play by Frank Butler and Claude Binyon. Directed by Ralph Murphy. The cast: *Tom Duncan*, Charles Farrell; *Vergil Crock*, Charlie Ruggles; *Kay Loring*, Marguerite Churchill; *Nada*, Grace Bradley; *General*, Gregory Ratoff; *Arthur Copeland*, Walter Woolf; *Trotsky*, Leonid Snegoff; *Walksky*, Mischa Auer; *Gallopsky*, Leonid Kinsky; *Sitsky*, Alex Melesh; *Pierre*, August Tollaire; *Henri*, Adrian Rosley; *De Bergerac*, Perry Ivans; *Art Judge*, William P. Colvin; *Street Singer*, Sam Ash.

"HE COULDN'T TAKE IT"—MONOGRAM.—From the story by Dore Schary. Screen play by Dore Schary and George Waggner. Directed by William Nigh. The cast: *Jimmy Case*, Ray Walker; *Eleanor Rogers*, Virginia Cherrill; *Sammy Kohn*, George E. Stone; *Sweet Sue*, Stanley Fields; *Grace Clarice*, Dorothy Granger; *Mrs. Case*, Jane Darwell; *Nick*, Paul Porcasi; *Oakley*, Donald Douglas; *Blonde*, Astrid Allwyn; *Radio Announcer*, Franklin Parker; *Driscoll*, Jack Kennedy.

"HER SPLENDID FOLLY"—HOLLYWOOD PICTURES.—From the story by Beulah Poynter. Directed by William O'Connor. The cast: *Joan McAllister*, Lilian Bond; *Laura Gerard*, Lilian Bond; *Solomon Ginsberg*, Alexander Carr; *Wallace Morley*, Theodore Von Eltz; *Paul de Silva*, Lloyd Whitlock; *Mrs. McAllister*, Beryl Mercer; *Charlie Hemingway*, Frank Glendon; *Sally Lee*, Roberta Gale; *Anastasia*, Frances Lee.

"HOLD THE PRESS"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Horace McCoy. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: *Tim Collins*, Tim McCoy; *Edith White*, Shirley Grey; *Abbott*, Wheeler Oakman; *Frankie White*, Henry Wadsworth; *Bishop*, Oscar Apfel; *Sereno*, Bradley Page; *Abbott's Secretary*, Jack Long; *Taylor*, Samuel Hinds.

"HORSE PLAY"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Edward Sedgwick and Ebba Havez. Screen play by H. M. Walker and Clarence Marks. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. The cast: *Slim Perkins*, Slim Summerville; *Andy*, Andy Devine; *Angelica Wayne*, Leila Hyams; *The Duchess*, May Beatty; *Clementia*, Una O'Connor; *Uncle Percy*, David Torrence; *Philip Marley*, Cornelius Keefe; *Oswald*, Ferdinand Gottschalk; *Emily*, Ethel Griffies.

"IF I WERE FREE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the play "Behold, We Live" by John Van Druten. Screen play by Dwight Taylor. Directed by Elliott Nugent. The cast: *Sarah Cazenove*, Irene Dunne; *Gordon Evers*, Clive Brook; *Tono Cazenove*, Nils Asther; *Hector Stribling*, Henry Stephenson; *Jewel Stribling*, Vivian Tobin; *Dame Evers*, Laura Hope Crews; *Mrs. Gill*, Tempe Pigott; *Mrs. Evers*, Lorraine MacLean.

"JIMMY AND SALLY"—Fox.—From the screen play by Paul Schofield and Marguerite Roberts. Directed by James Tinling. The cast: *Jimmy*, James Dunn; *Sally*, Claire Trevor; *Ralph Andrews*, Harvey Stephens; *Pola Wenski*, Lya Lys; *E. W. Marlowe*, Jed Prouty; *Shirley*, Gloria Roy; *Mary*, Alma Lloyd; *Joe*, John Arledge.

"LADY KILLER"—WARNERS.—From the story by Rosalind Shaffer. Screen play by Ben Markson and Lillie Hayward. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. The cast: *Dan*, James Cagney; *Myra*, Mae Clarke; *Duke*, Leslie Fenton; *Lois*, Margaret Lindsay; *Ramick*, Henry O'Neill; *Conroy*, Willard Robertson; *Jones*, Douglas Cosgrove; *Pete*, Raymond Hatton; *Smiley*, Russell Hopton; *The Escort*, George Blackwood; *Williams*, William Davidson; *Mrs. Marley*, Marjorie Gateson; *Brannigan*, Robert Elliott; *Kendall*, John Marston; *Spade*, Douglas Dumbrille; *Thompson*, George Chandler.

"MASTER OF MEN"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Chester Erskin and Eugene Solow. Screen

play by E. E. Paramore, Jr. and Seton I. Miller. Directed by Lambert Hillyer. The cast: *Buck Garrett*, Jack Holt; *Kay Walling*, Fay Wray; *Grenaker*, Theodore Von Eltz; *Parker*, Walter Connolly; *Mr. Walling*, Berton Churchill.

"MR. SKITCH" — FOX. — From the story "Green Dice" by Anne Cameron. Screen play by Ralph Spence and Sonya Levien. Directed by James Cruze. The cast: *Mr. Skitch*, Will Rogers; *Mrs. Skitch*, ZaSu Pitts; *Emily Skitch*, Rochelle Hudson; *Cohen*, Harry Green; *Harvey Denby*, Charles Starrett; *Flo*, Florence Desmond; *Cliff Merriweather*, Eugene Pallette.

"RIGHT TO ROMANCE, THE"—RKO-RADIO. —From the story by Myles Connolly. Screen play by Sidney Buchman and Henry McCarty. Directed by Alfred Santell. The cast: *Peggy*, Ann Harding; *Bob Preble*, Robert Young; *Dr. Heppling*, Nils Asther; *Lee Joyce*, Sari Maritza; *Dr. Beck*, Irving Pichel; *Mrs. Preble*, Helen Freeman; *Bunny*, Alden Chase; *Bill*, Delmar Watson; *The Dowager*, Louise Carter; *The Boy*, Bramwell Fletcher; *Eve Lane*, Patricia O'Brien; *Mr. Macy*, Howard Hickman; *Sister Elizabeth*, Thelma Hardwick.

"ROMAN SCANDALS"—SAMUEL GOLDWYN-UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by George S. Kaufman and Robert Sherwood. Adapted by William Anthony McGuire. Directed by Frank Tuttle. The cast: *Eddie*, Eddie Cantor; *Olga*, Ruth Etting; *The Princess Sylvia*, Gloria Stuart; *Josephus*, David Manners; *The Empress Agrippa*, Verree Teasdale; *The Emperor Valerius*, Edward Arnold; *Majordomo*, Alan Mowbray; *Manius*, Jack Rutherford; *A Slave Girl*, Grace Poggi; *Chief of Police*, Charles C. Wilson; *Mayor*, Harry Holman; *Cooper*, Willard Robertson; *Kiep*, Lee Kohlmar.

"SITTING PRETTY"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Nina Wilcox Putnam. Screen play by Jack McGowan, S. J. Perelman and Lou Breslow. Directed by Harry Joe Brown. The cast: *Chick Parker*, Jack Oakie; *Pete Pendleton*, Jack Haley; *Dorothy*, Ginger Rogers; *Gloria DuVal*, Thelma Todd; *Tannenbaum*, Gregory Ratoff; *Jules Clark*, Lew Cody; *Pianist*, Harry Revel; *Buzz*, Jerry Tucker; *Song Publisher*, Mack Gordon; *Vinton*, Hale Hamilton; *George Wilson*, Walter Walker; *Norman Lubin*, Kenneth Thomson; *Director*, William Davidson; *Assistant Director*, Lee Moran. Also: Pickens Sisters, Beverly Hill Billies, Art Jarrett, Virginia Sale.

"SMOKY"—FOX.—From the story by Will James. Screen play by Stuart Anthony and Paul Perez. Directed by Eugene Forde. The cast: *Clint*, Victor Jory; *Betty Jarvis*, Irene Bentley; *Jeff Nicks*, Frank Campeau; *Buck*, Hank Mann; *Lefty*, Leroy Mason; *Junk Man*, Leonid Snegoff; *Smoky*, Smoky; *Narrator*, Will James.

"THUNDERING HERD, THE"—PARAMOUNT. —From the story by Zane Grey. Screen play by Jack Cunningham and Mary Flannery. Directed by Henry Hathaway. The cast: *Tom Doane*, Randolph Scott; *Milly Fayre*, Judith Allen, *Bill Hatch*, Larry (Buster) Crabbe; *Randall Jett*, Noah Beery; *Jude Pilchuck*, Raymond Hatton; *Clark Sprague*, Harry Carey; *Joe Billings*, Monte Blue; *Mrs. Jett*, Blanche Friderici; *Pruitt*, Barton MacLane; *Andrews*, Charles McMurphy; *Old Buffalo Hunter*, Buck Connors; *Catlee*, Al Bridge; *Blacksmith*, Frank Rice; *Middle West*, Dick Rush.

"WINE, WOMEN AND SONG"—MONOGRAM. —From the story by Leon D'Usseau. Directed by Herbert Brenon. The cast: *Frankie Arnette*, Lilyan Tashman; *Morgan Andrews*, Lew Cody; *Ray Joyce*, Matty Kemp; *Marylin Arnette*, Marjorie Moore; *Jenny Tilson*, Bobbe Arnst; *Lolly*, Esther Muir; *Photographer*, Bobby Watson; *Don*, Paul Gregory.

"WOMAN WHO DARED, THE"—WM. BERKE PROD.—From the story by C. Edward Roberts, King Guidice, Robert Webb. Adapted by Curtis Kenyon. Directed by Millard Webb. The cast: *Mickey Martin*, Claudia Dell; *Jack Goodwin*, Monroe Owsley; *Kay Wilson*, Lola Lane; *Charlie*, Douglas Fowley; *Maywood*, Robert Elliott; *Montgomery*, Herbert Evans; *Sciato*, Matty Fain; *Jackson*, Bryant Washburn; *King*, Eddie Kane; *Mae Compton*, Esther Muir, *Phil*, Mathew Betz; *Louie*, Paul Fix; *Tom*, Sidney Bracy; *Police Captain*, Joseph Girard.

"WOMEN IN HIS LIFE, THE"—M-G-M.—From the screen play by F. Hugh Herbert. Directed by George B. Seitz. The cast: *Barringer*, Otto Kruger; *Simmons*, Una Merkel; *Roger*, Ben Lyon; *Catherine*, Isabel Jewell; *Lester*, Roscoe Karns; *Doris*, Irene Hervey; *Tony*, C. Henry Gordon; *Worthing*, Samuel S. Hinds; *Mrs. Steele*, Irene Franklin; *Molly*, Muriel Evans; *Curly*, Raymond Hatton; *Information Girl*, Jean Howard; *Paul*, Paul Hurst.

"YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU"—MAJESTIC PICTURES.—From the adaptation of a modernized version suggested by "The Taming of the Shrew" by Stanley Lupino. Directed by Monty Banks. The cast: *Pamela Berne*, Thelma Todd; *Tom Daley*, Stanley Lupino; *Harry Berne*, John Loder; *Oliver Berne*, James Carew.

Raquel Torres is back on home ground after a sojourn into British pictures. She played the lead in "The Red Wagon." Since her return Raquel is being seen very frequently on the arm of Stephen Ames, Adrienne's ex

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96]

WHEN Marion Davies wants anything, she gets it. Marion thought it would be nice if she had her own private projection room at M-G-M. So there's one being built in her dressing bungalow. It's the only one of its kind in Hollywood.

CLARK GABLE is quite a California booster. During a misplaced warm spell, someone remarked, "This is earthquake weather."

"Oh no," defended Clark, politely, "it isn't the weather that causes the earthquakes—it's the earthquakes that cause the weather!"

Now all he has to do is alibi the earthquakes!

WELL, sir, you just can't beat the philosophy of Stepin Fetchit, the colored boy who created such a stir in Hollywood a few years ago and is now back on the Fox lot for more work.

"Naw, sir," Stepin says with that slow drawl of his, "when I was heah in Hollywood befoh you-all white people was insistin' I save muh money and puts it away in the bank like you all done done. 'Stead I bought muhself some big cars and had a swell time. Oh, I had a grand time, no mistakin'. And now I comes back and you-all who puts your money in the bank done lost it all in the panic and ain't got none anymore while I had that wonderful time to remembers. Why you-all ain't even got that good time to remember. I'm spending this time, too," he grins.

And there's no argument here. Stepin, alas, is right!

DIETRICH was first to appear in feathers, you may remember, when she wore a coque feather boa in "Shanghai Express." She is pointed to with pride by Hollywood when anyone mentions the vogue for feather trimming that has lately swept the country's cocktail bars and dance floors.

Now it's plumes, no less, curled ostrich plumes in decorative bunches on white satin, that ornament one of her most beauteous gowns in "Catherine the Great."

Designer Travis Banton admits no Dietrich picture would be complete without at least one feather-trimmed gown.

A WRITER was discussing Mae Clarke's bad luck with her the other day. "This year you broke your jaw," the writer said, "and wasn't it last year you broke your neck?"

"Oh no," said plucky little Mae, "that'll be next year."

FUNNY that little, wistful, seventeen-year old Jean Parker should have been chosen by the very exclusive Katharine Hepburn as one of her intimates.

The friendship started during the making of "Little Women."

Jean, by the way, is regarded in Hollywood as probably the most promising of all the younger actresses, and no one will even admit that she is not destined for important triumphs. RKO-Radio evidenced their faith in her by putting her in Dorothy Jordan's former rôle in "Wild Birds."

LITTLE Isabel Jewell, Lee Tracy's girl friend, had a heartbreaking time even getting a toehold in the movies. Nobody, it seems, wanted little Isabel. And then M-G-M signed her, after several successful bits, and now just lookee! About every studio in Hollywood is fighting for her services.

Don't ask me why, but that's just the way it is. Motto: If no one wants you, get yourself signed up somewhere and the whole world will fight to get you.

ACCORDING to her cameraman, Katharine Hepburn can change her expression more times to the minute than any other actress on the screen. Here is the surprising explanation Katie gives for her gymnastic features: Her hair is very fine, snarly and curly. Since she was a little girl, she has always made faces in the mirror while her hair was being combed! She still does, and some of 'em are plenty weird.

THE days of Garbo's supremacy are numbered.

No longer may Queen Greta stand unchallenged.

Jean Muir, Warners' new find, who will play her first lead in "As the Earth Turns," and whom experts say is very, very beautiful, takes a number nine to accommodate her oversized gunboats.

The whole movie world has waited for months on end for the first screen appearance of this lady. She is Anna Sten, the Russian actress, brought to America to play the lead in "Nana." Rumor says she's a good bet

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